TRUE WEST

47305
February, 1978
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THE RETURN OF
CHAVEZ
—California Spoiler

AMBROSE BIERCE—A MAN WITH A SWORD IN HIS SIDE

"THE POKER GAME"
By Joe Grandee

"I NEVER KNEW AN ECHOLS WHO WAS WORTH A DAMN"

PIRATE TREASURE ON THE OSO

THEY HANGED JOE NORTH

THE GREAT BLIZZARD OF 1889

ROY BELYEU DIED IN THE RAIN

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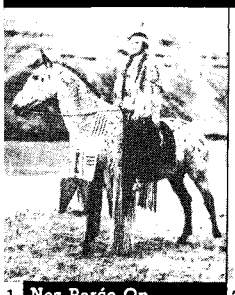
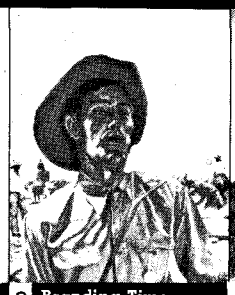

1 Nez Perce On Appaloosa

2 The Scout


3 Branding Time

4 Ceremonial Dance

5 Tribal Costume

6 Pointing Toward Trouble

7 Brisk Causes Frisk

8 Gold On Padre Island

9 Stay Out Of My Territory!

10 The Captive

11 Lightning Got Him

12 No Time To Lose

13 Cowboy Chores

14 Spanish Treasure

15 Spring's Drama In The Desert

16 Old Memories

17 Flathead Indian

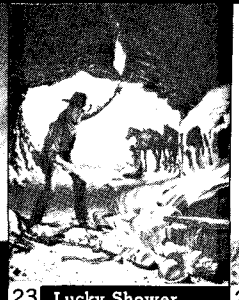
18 Autumn In Colorad

19 Buffalo Hunter

20 Lobos Hold A Wake

21 Old Homestead

22 Cowboy At Sunset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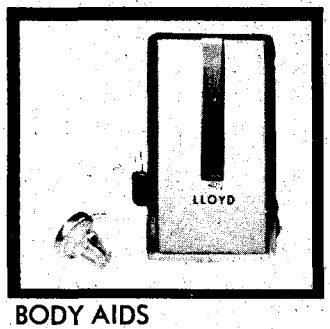

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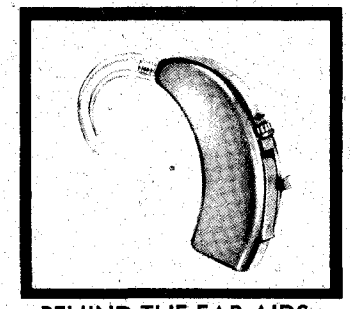

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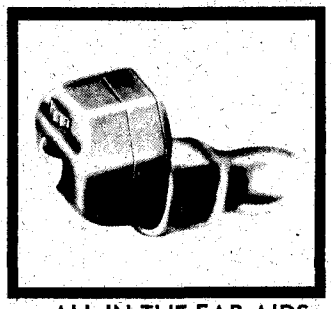

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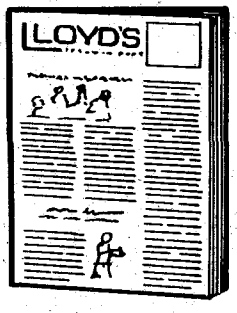

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A Joe Small Publication

January-February, 1978
Vol. 25, No. 3
Whole No. 145

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Grandee
The Poker Game

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Truly Western

Honest Men

In the October, 1977 issue of *True West*, you printed a letter about my hobo restaurant in Wishram, Washington.

My most interesting response to that letter was a note hand-delivered to my door by Hood River Blackie for a friend, Side Door John, now in California. Enclosed was a one-dollar bill to square him and his pal, Black Swede (who John said was now sleeping in a little ghost town in Nevada), for a meal I had given them in 1935.

Side Door John is eighty-seven years old and nearly blind. I didn't realize who Hood River Blackie was until I read the letter and he was gone.—Edith Horne, P. O. Box 163, Wishram, Washington 98673

Chinese Treasure

Our local newspaper carried a story a few months back that might interest treasure hunters. The abandoned Chinese community in Lovelock was about to be demolished for the sake of a freeway. But first, Nevada State Museum archaeologists searched the community for valuable artifacts. What they found, buried under a house, was a crockery pot of gold—112 gold coins worth $26,000.—M. C. Armstrong, 188 Ashlar Dr., Napa, California 94558

If any of you readers still have the Summer '77 issue of *Gold* stashed away, you might like to reread John Flournoy's letter on page 1. John was on the right track.

Nebraska in the '80s

I just finished reading the issue of *True West* for October 1977 which I got through the courtesy of the Library of Congress and your kindness to the blind and physically handicapped. It was the first of yours that I had read although I have been a reader of Western stories for years. I shall be patiently waiting for the next issue.

My father lived in a sod house on the western Nebraska prairie as a boy of ten or twelve in the period 1880-1885. I would like to hear from a descendant of someone who lived during that era.—Clyde Hunter, 1835 S. Manchester, Space 56, Anaheim, California 92802

Telegraphers

I am a long-time subscriber to *True West* and *Frontier Times*, and as an amateur historian I really enjoy reading them.

My father, George F. King, was an old-time telegrapher. I have a certificate in his name, as a member of "Old Time Telegraphers and Historical Association," dated August 7, 1905. I would like to know if anyone has ever heard of the association, if it is still active, and if so, how can I get in contact with it.

I recently donated my father's telegraph instruments to the "Morse Telegraph Club" of Portland, Oregon. They have mounted them for display and installed a nice plate with my father's name, etc. on it. Also I sent them a copy of the certificate.

I would appreciate any information about the old-timers' association, and any stories or books that might include old time telegraphers.—Max S. King, 225 Mallorca Way, San Francisco, California 94123

Correction!

In my letter about the Warner Ranch in the August 1977 issue, I said George Like rode a roan that belonged to Roy Best. This was an error on my part; it was John Like who rode the roan.

I have received two letters from John Like. He was seventeen when he rode that roan and he is now sixty-eight. I never thought for one moment that I'd hear from so many of your readers. People sure read *True West!*—R. E. Young, 1636 Princeton Road, Woodburn, Oregon 97071

Burr Walters

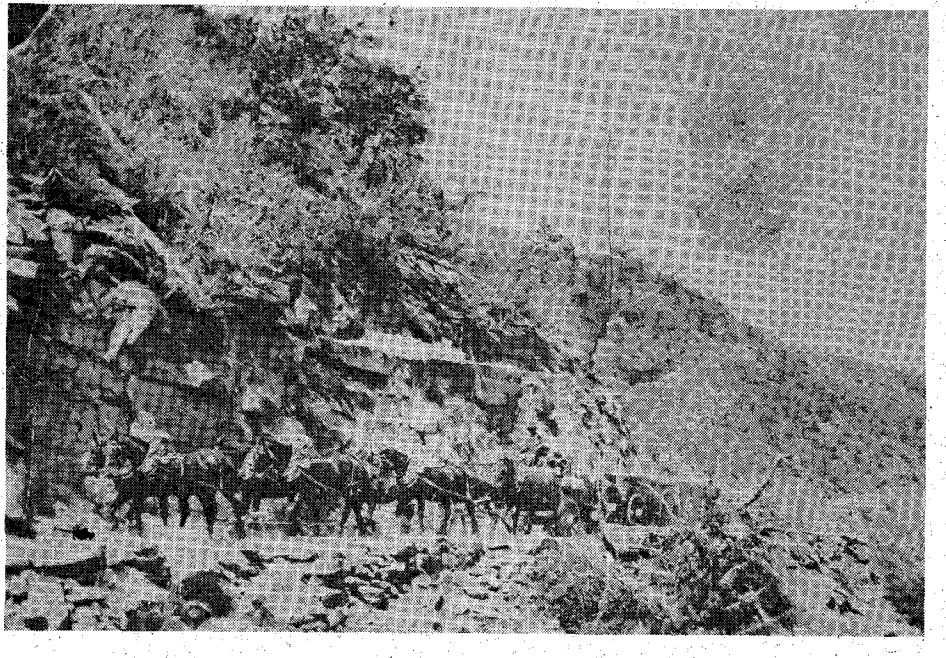
I enjoy your magazine immensely, as I was brought up in an environment of many old-timers and good horses. My father, whose name was Burr Walters, was a teamster and dirt moving contractor during the first thirty years of this century in western Colorado where there are still roads that he carved out of steep hills and canyons. Although they may have been widened and the steep parts flattened, still visible are the marks of the four horse fresno and of the drilling of rock along with the stone head walls and fill retaining walls.

When the Gunnison Tunnel in Montrose County was being constructed my father had a contract to haul the coal that furnished the power for the camp and the machinery. He transported much of the equipment over a road that even today, having been blacktopped and straightened some, is no easy route to negotiate. It is very steep and crooked going down into the Gunnison River Canyon.

In 1917 he hauled vanadium ore out of the Paradox Valley to Placerville, Colorado where the ore was transferred to the railroad, a distance of about one hundred miles. He used three wagons, which were pulled by eight of the fattest, slickest and best pulling horses a person would ever hope to see in one team. At different stops along the way Dad would keep a spare horse or two in case of one getting sick or lame. One of these stops was Norwood. There in the spring of the year when the frost was going, mud would be hub deep when he unhitched for the night and would be frozen the next morning.

At daylight there was on hand a sizeable audience of old skinners and others

Burr Walters coming down Norwood Hill in Colorado, 1918.



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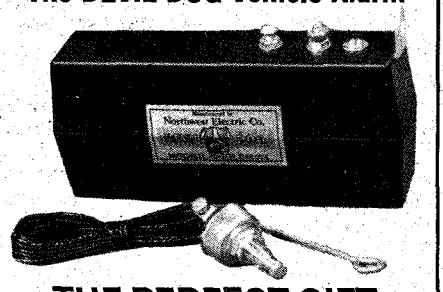

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interested in watching a good team make a hard start. It must have been quite a sight to see all eight head in unison squat, their bellies almost touching the ground, and by a signal that only they and their driver knew, lay into the collar to break fifteen tons of dead weight from the frost to get all twelve wheels rolling. Contrary to what one reads of the mule-skinner or teamster and his loud and vulgar oaths to get a team to move, I will say here that I never heard my dad raise his voice when working with a horse, but rather, he talked in a low tone more like a mother soothing her baby.

After a hard day on the wagon seat, many hours were spent on grooming, checking collars and pads to make sure they fit as they should and/or having to tack on a shoe or two. But this was the life of a long line skinner; he took pride in his work.

I was named after one of the horses in this team, a powerful leader named Roan Joe. When I was born my dad told my mother that he was naming me after the roan leader, and that if I turned out to be just half the man that Roan Joe was horse, his expectations would be fufilled. Hence the handle, "Joe."

When I was nine years old my father and a man named Cooper formed a partnership of Cooper & Walters Const. Co., and were awarded by the forest service a seventeen-mile road contract to be built in the White River National Forest. This was some 300 miles from where we were at the time on the Colorado-New Mexico line in the Four Corners area.

In that day wagons were loaded with all the machinery and tools that were needed to build roads. This included a complete blacksmith layout. Imagine my elation when I was told that my job was to drive the loose horses at a wage of two dollars a day. Of course being nine years old that kind of money sounded like a fortune, but more important was having the chance to ride a horse that far and to herd horses just like real cowboys. My dad bought me a new ten-gallon hat, a pair of leather arm cuffs with stars on them and a pair of Levi Strauss overalls long enough to have a six-horse roll on the bottom. Consequently, I envisioned myself as quite a cowboy. Besides having my faithful big bald-faced horse, Johnny, my dad had traded for a grey Indian pony from the Ute Indian Reservation which I named Grey Eagle. I was pretty well mounted for a button.

My mother would fix a chuck box and toss it in the back of our '28 Chevy. She and Dad would go ahead to pick a spot where Dad thought the wagons should be by nightfall. They would get a fire going, and by the time we had gotten there and had tended to the stock, Mom would have a meal prepared over an open fire ready to serve from ten to twelve hungry men and one starving nine-year-old boy.

I slept with one of the hands. His name was Buel Ebbs, but everyone called him Slim. After a hard day of traveling and having to retrieve our wagon carrying the blacksmith equipment which had overturned in a snowdrift (this was in early June), we camped on the west side of Grand Mesa. I might mention that my mother and I spent the greater part of the afternoon picking horseshoe nails out of the snow. You can bet we were plenty tired.

This particular night Slim and I were sleeping away when Slim felt something on the foot of his bed. I had an old Shepherd cow-dog I called Jack, and thinking it was old Jack who had climbed on for warmth Slim tried to kick him off through the covers without success. Then he pulled his foot from beneath the covers and proceeded to give the dog a good boot. At this time Slim let out a yell that could be heard by all in the camp, as it was a porcupine that had gotten on the bed, and Slim really had a foot full of quills.

The next night we had to make a dry camp a few miles from Debeque. Dad turned the horses up a little box canyon, and he and Slim rolled out of their beds at the mouth of the canyon in case the stock decided to turn back. Well, sure enough, sometime during that moonlit night the horses got by the two sleepers. By the time they realized what was going on, the animals were really heading out. So with no time to dress, the two men took off in their long johns after the horses. My mother related this story many times and always with a laugh as she told of two men going hell bent in their underwear trying to overtake the horses.

After what seemed like forever, we reached our destination up on the White River not far from Trappers Lake. What a beautiful place it was, huge groves of quaking aspens and grass belly deep to a horse. Mule deer were almost at every turn in the trails on which I spent many and many a day with my pony, Grey Eagle. There were beaver dams on the stream that ran right by our camp. Here one could catch a nice mess of brook trout any time he wished. The K-T, a cattle outfit, had this country for their summer range, and an old-time cowboy by the name of Charlie Collins was riding for them. I became his constant companion that summer. How I enjoyed hearing the stories that he used to tell of the days when the Indians and outlaws roamed the West. He might have been spoofing me some, but to a boy my age, I was all ears and believed every word.

These were the greatest years of my life, and I am grateful to have lived then, even though these years were only a small portion of that era.—Joe B. Walters, P. O. Box 10, Meredith, Colorado 81642

Those Texas Trade Days

Back in 1912 to 1916 me and my dad had a blacksmith shop in Decatur, Texas. This was a farming town in Wise County, and the county seat.

At the time I was just a big overgrown kid and I thought I was a pretty good rider so me and some of my buddies decided we would break some bronks for a man who would buy a carload of range bronks and give us boys two or three dollars each to break them. We had a

(Continued on page 56)

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Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

William Averill Comstock

I am in the process of gathering information on William Averill Comstock for an article or a book. Comstock was a scout for General Custer, among others, and scouted out of Fort Wallace eighteen months prior to his death on August 27, 1868. Any anecdotes passed down through the years or any information about personal belongings of Comstock's that have survived and their location would be of the greatest help to this project.—Miss Ida J. Ipe, 972 Campbell Street, Youngstown, Ohio 44502

Bratcher-Huey-Julian

I am interested in the Bratcher, Huey and Julian families, all related. They were from Kentucky and Missouri around 1850-1880. I would like to hear from anyone with information on them. —James Holstine, Star Route, Stringtown, Oklahoma 74569

Lane

A ship in Houston, Texas was named after a male member of the Lane family, probably during the 1800s. Anyone knowing of the Lane family, the full name of the ship, etc., please contact me.

I will also appreciate information on the first name or initial of the father of Crawford Jackson from Palestine, Texas. He rode off on a horse into the wilderness and did not return. Other family information will be gladly exchanged.—Mrs. Audine Adams, 380 Pleasant Drive, Vidor, Texas 77662

Landry

My uncle, Amos Landry, was last heard of in Tucson, Arizona, working for Ray's Bakery. Amos was also known as Frenchie. I would like to know if he had a family.—Mrs. Venetia L. Arceneaux, 2182 W. Landry, Opelousas, Louisiana 70570

Henderson

I would like to hear from descendants of Ema Jane Kertz Henderson. She was born about 1891 in Cheyenne County, Nebraska.—Monty Henderson, Mountain Route, Emmett, Idaho 83617

Culpepper-Salyer-Lemon

In 1908 my grandparents were separated. Their names were Mary Salyer and James Nathanial Culpepper. The two children of this marriage, Maggie May and David Rowell were kept by Granddad over the objections of my grandmother. David is my dad. It has only recently come to my attention that Granddad's second wife was not my true grandmother and I would really like to get some information on Grandmother Mary.

We know that she was an excellent cook and may have worked as one. She had reddish-brown hair and one eye was crossed. In 1902 she was 22 years old, so the chance of finding her alive is pretty dim, but perhaps she remarried and had other children who will let me know about her.

We have checked the archives in Austin, as Mary was from Texas, and found records of death for both Mary Salyer and Mary Culpepper, but they were both of Negro descent and we are white. We heard at one time that Mary was in Waco, Texas working in a candy factory. She had a sister married to a man named Lemon.—Mrs. L. H. McCann, P. O. Box 74, Gillett, Texas 78116

Reed-Farr

My great-grandmother was Nancy Caroline Reed Farr. I believe her father was Sanford Reed. Who was her mother? They lived in southwestern Missouri. The Farr family came to Missouri around 1853 from Blount County, Tennessee. Nancy Caroline had one brother, Richard, and four sisters: Rosie, Floria, Frankie and Mary. Any information on any of these people would be appreciated. —Leta Kosch, 909 N. E. 72, Portland, Oregon 97213

Bertschy

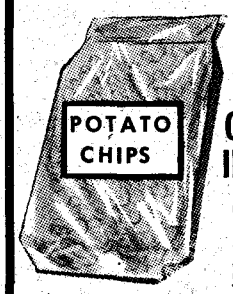
I am interested in hearing from anyone who knew my grandfather, John Bertschy, who lived at Cripple Creek, Colorado.

I have a copy of a letter dated 1919 from a Lena (Bertschy) Glascock, Centerville, Colorado. Lena was the youngest daughter of John's brother, name unknown. She had a sister (also name unknown) living at Florence. Lena had a daughter who worked at Salida.

John Bertschy was married to Harriet Latour, who was half-Indian, about 1872 at Steilacoom, Washington. Harriet's mother was Betty Latour, a full-blooded Steilacoom Indian. Harriet died March, 1893 at the age of thirty-six.

My father, Fred Bertschy, was born March 3, 1875 at Laurence Lake, Washington, near Olympia. My father had a brother who was killed by a train near

(Continued on page 61)



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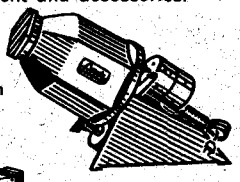
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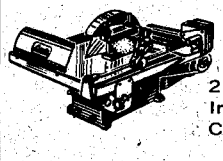
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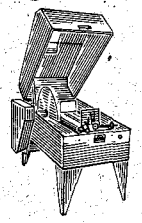
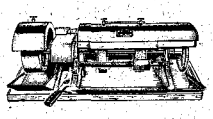
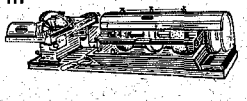
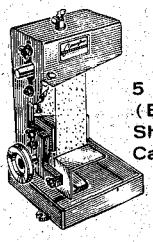

12 Slab Saws Shown In Free Covington Catalog


22 Diamond & Reg Combo Units Shown In Free Catalog


34 Diamond & Regular Grinders Shown In Covington Free Catalog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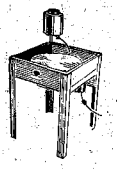
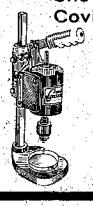

8 Diamond & Regular Horizontal Lap Units Shown In Free Covington Catalog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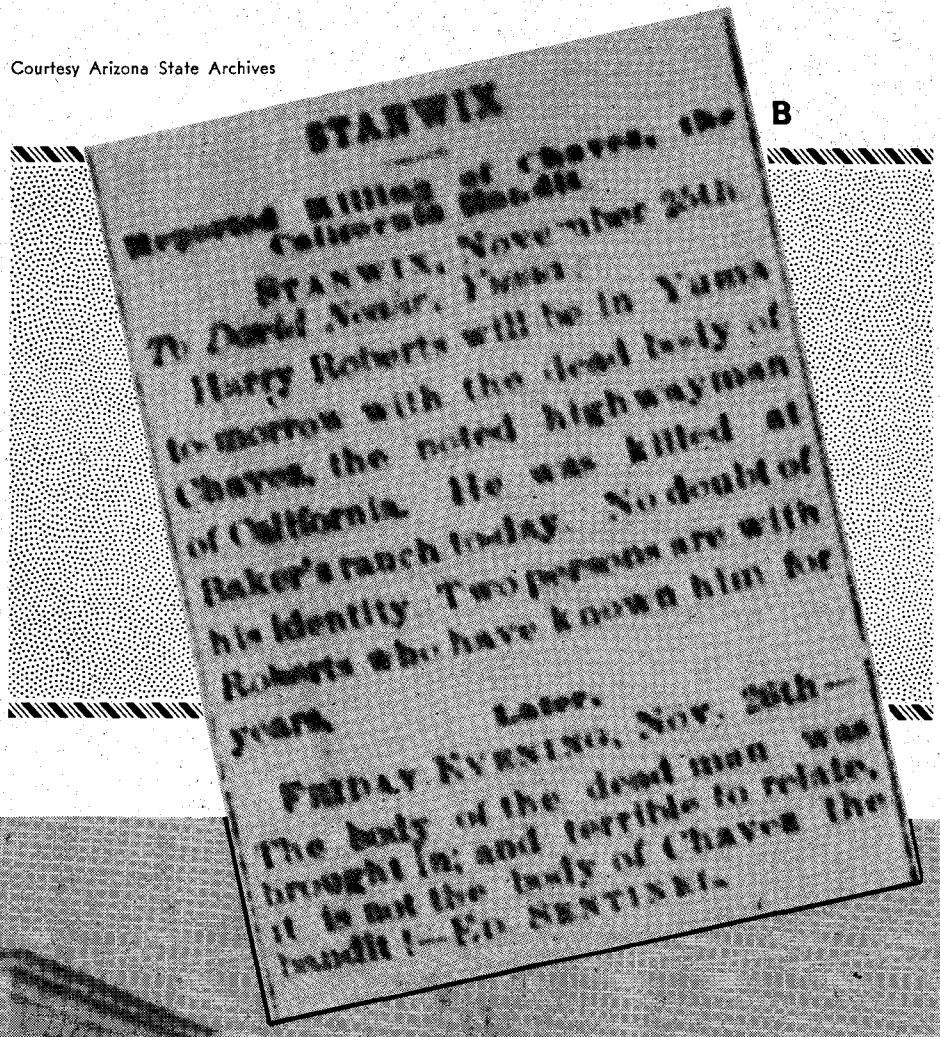
THE RETURN

Courtesy Arizona State Archives

B



STANWIX

Reported Killing of Chavez, the California Bandit

STANWIX, November 25th

To David Nonar, Yuma

Harry Roberts will be in Yuma to-morrow with the dead body of Chavez, the noted highwayman of California. He was killed at Baker's ranch today. No doubt of his identity. Two persons are with Roberts who have known him for years.

Later.

FRIDAY EVENING, Nov. 26th—The body of the dead man was brought in; and terrible to relate, it is not the body of Chavez the bandit!—ED. SENTINEL.

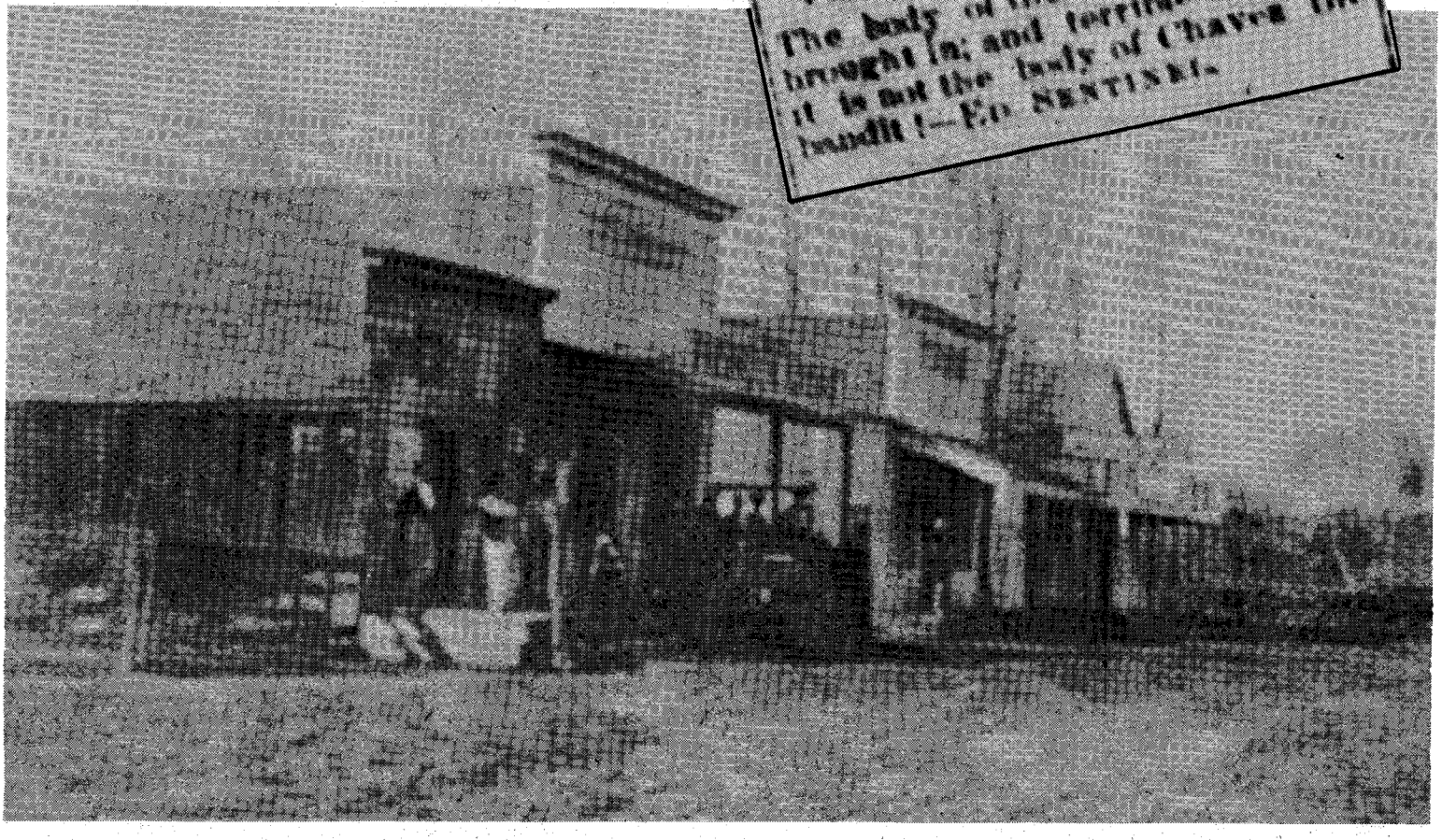
CLEOVARO CHAVEZ was a bandit who once seemed destined to achieve the legendary status of Murietta and Vasquez. Twice he had fled California with posses at his heels and twice he returned to again wreak vengeance on the Anglos. But Chavez pushed his luck, and his second return was his last.

California grew up around its missions. They were beautiful structures in their day, but with secularization many were allowed to crumble from neglect, while others were utilized as public buildings. Some of the lovely buildings were located within a town and were still used as places of worship. Such a place was the Mission San Juan Bautista, in the coast range just east of Monterey. Here the mission was a pueblo and remained in the hands of the church.

Across the mission plaza the town was gradually expanding from the tile and adobe days to the batten-and-board frame dwellings of the steadily arriving

Courtesy Powell Studios, Hanford

A



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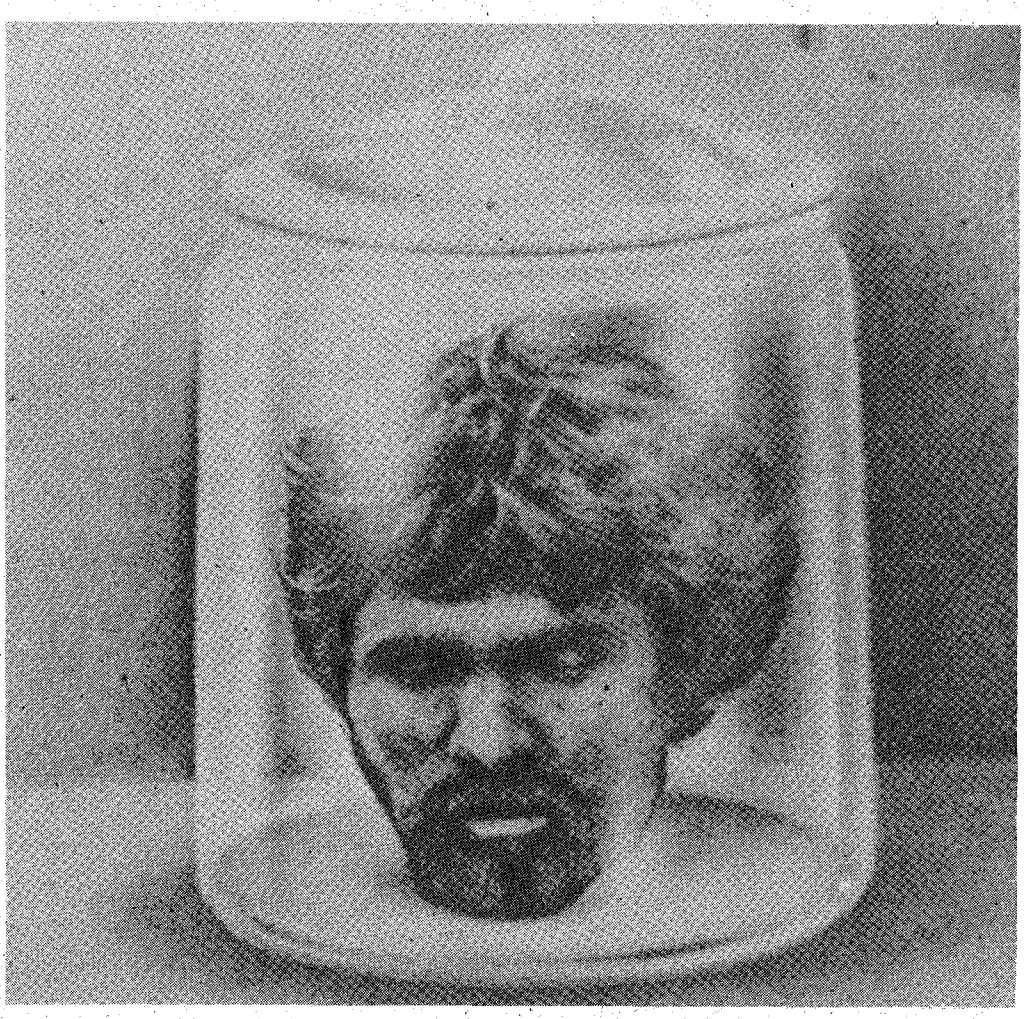
OF CHAVEZ

By WILLIAM B. SECREST
Photos Courtesy Author

Americans. Located on the old Spanish trail known as El Camino Viejo, the town was supply headquarters for the New Idria mines as well as many large ranchos. Throughout the 1850s and '60s the rutted roads leading to and from town echoed to the curses of bullwhackers, the creak of ox carts and the straining of leather harnesses as wagons of every description passed through.

It was an exciting time and an exciting place for boys. Here in the dusty streets young Luis Raggio and Cleovaro Chavez grew up and played together. Educational opportunities were sporadic and limited, but they achieved some book learning in the homes and schools of the period.

Born about 1846, Cleovaro Chavez lived with his family in a crude structure on the outskirts of the village. His friend Raggio lived in town. Luis Raggio Sr. had come up from Mexico when just a boy and was described as an "honorable and courteous gentleman." At various times he was a county supervisor, saloon owner and butcher.



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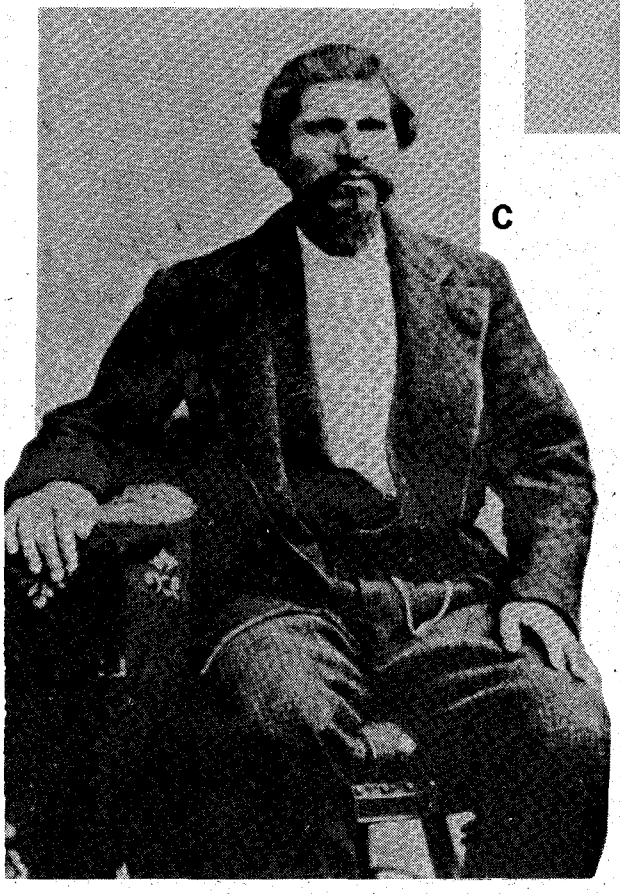

C

A. The town of Kingston, California at the time of the Vasquez-Chavez raid. Jacob & Einstein's Pioneer Store is the second building from left, while Sweet's and the hotel are the next two larger buildings.

B. The first notice of the death of Chavez appeared in the Yuma *Sentinel*, November 27, 1875, and right along with it, a retraction by the paper, a result of rumors that the body was not that of Chavez. An inquest the following week, however, determined that it was Chavez.

C. Tiburcio Vasquez, the malicious mentor of Chavez, taught his lieutenant everything he knew.

D. This is believed by many to be an authentic photograph of the head of Chavez, while others maintain that this grisly trophy was merely part of a scheme to claim the reward offered on the bandit.

Isaac Mylar grew up in old San Juan also and played marbles with young Chavez many times. He described his playmate as "rough, thick-necked, dark and heavy-set," and "hard-looking, almost like an Indian," but not a bad boy.

One day as Chavez and young Raggio were playing in the streets of old San Juan, Luis lassoed his friend and threw him down in the dust. Chavez was injured. Since later descriptions note that he was scarred by a hoof mark on his cheek, he probably was kicked by a horse as the two boys grappled in the street. Chavez was quite bitter over the incident, and the boys were never again on friendly terms.

As a young man Chavez became a sheepherder and vaquero on nearby ranches. He was described at this time as being "about five feet eleven inches in

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height, and is very muscular, weighing over two hundred pounds. His complexion is rather light for a Mexican and he has grey eyes, short whiskers on the side of the lower jaw, small goatee, rather thin, bloodless lips, teeth regular and well preserved, a scar on one cheek, caused by a fall from a horse . . . hair, worn rather long; short thick neck."

EARLY in 1873, when Chavez was working for Estanislaus Hernandez, he met Tiburcio Vasquez. The diminutive Vasquez saw in the formidable bulk of Chavez a prospective lieutenant for his itinerant gang of cutthroats and bandits. In Vasquez, Chavez no doubt saw a California Robin Hood who was making the gringos pay for stealing the Mexican's birthright. Besides, the way Tiburcio told it, crime could and did pay well. Soon, despite the entreaties of Hernandez, Chavez rode off with the bandit chief and his gang.

Born in Monterey County about 1837, Vasquez was a veteran criminal who had served various stretches in prison, being discharged for the last time in June 1870. Partly through fear and partly through adulation, Vasquez was sheltered and hidden by many native Californians.

The gang he put together after his last stretch had held up a stage near Hollister but was quickly shot out of existence by a sheriff's posse. Vasquez himself was badly wounded and spent some time recuperating at the Arroyo de Cantua. It was after his recovery that he headed back to his old stamping grounds and met Chavez. With a new gang at his back, Vasquez sallied forth into the settlements of the San Joaquin Valley.

Vasquez, Chavez and three other bandits rode up to Hoffman's store at Firebaugh's Ferry on the evening of February 25, 1873. Hoffman and several customers were tied up and the place was thoroughly ransacked. When the stage clattered up and stopped in front, it too was pillaged and the Wells Fargo box taken. A Mexican passenger was the only one spared, even the driver being ordered to contribute. Then, as suddenly as they had appeared, the bandits were gone.

That spring the outlaws haunted the lonely trails of the valley and the coast range. Isolated travelers, teamsters and out-of-the-way stores were all fair game.

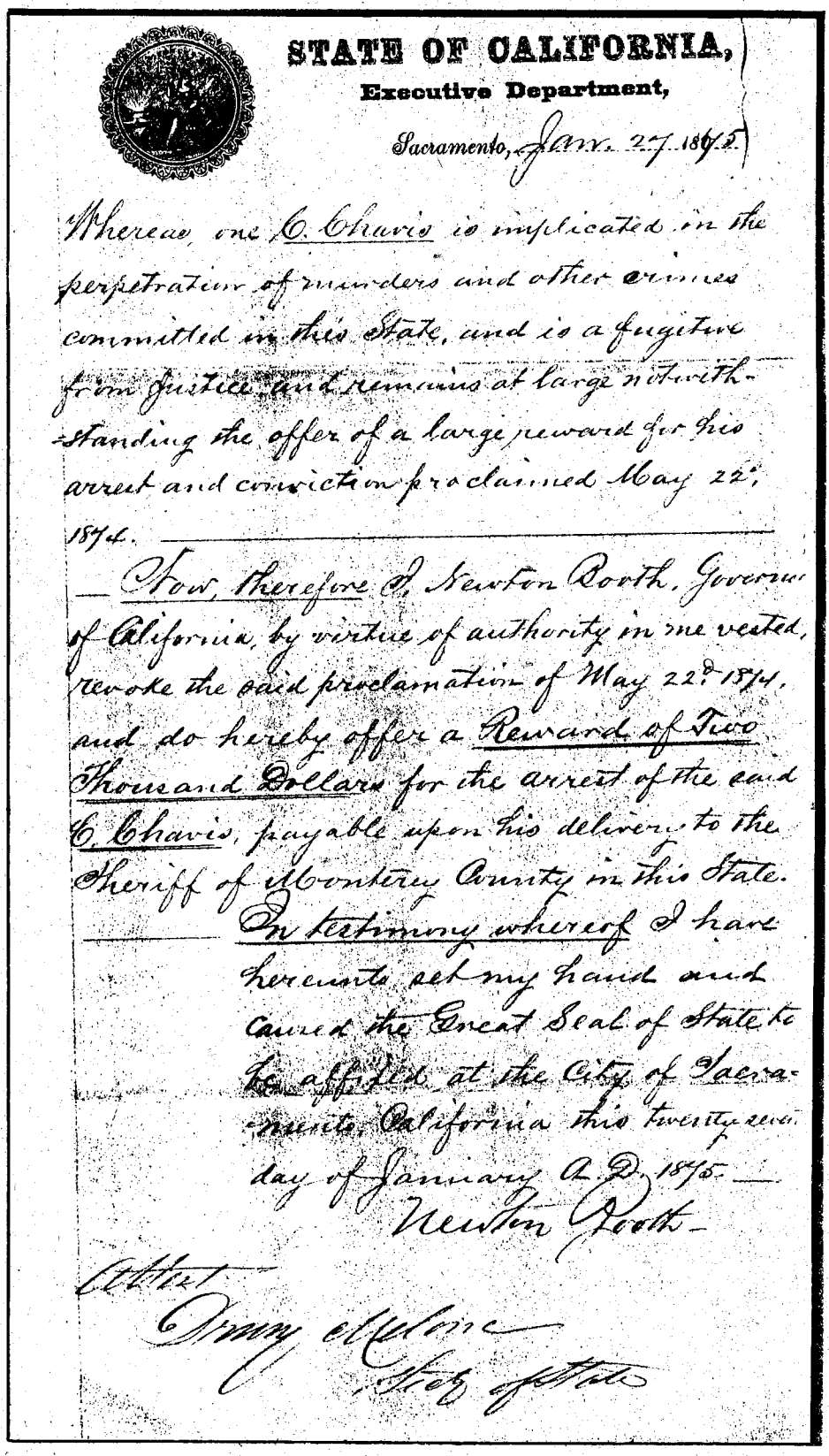
Late in August the gang rode up to the tiny settlement at Tres Pinos, near the New Idria mines on the eastern slope of the coast range. Here, again, the victims were tied hand and foot in what was becoming the modus operandi of the gang. At Tres Pinos, however, three men were shot down and killed in a show of savagery that outraged the state. Andrew Snyder, a storekeeper who escaped, said that Chavez had wanted to kill him also, but Vasquez refused.

After the bloody work at Tres Pinos, large rewards were put on the outlaws' heads, and posses seemed to be everywhere. Chavez alone had a $2,000 price tag on his capture. Sheriff Harry Morse of Alameda County was threading his way through the draws and canyons of the coast range, spurred on by the reward and a special commission. But the Vasquez gang was nowhere to be found.

The bandits struck again on November 10. They appeared at Jones' store three miles below Millerton, where they tied and robbed some eleven men. Posses once more took to the field, but the outlaws had vanished. The day after Christmas Vasquez committed one of the most daring robberies in the history of the West. He held up an entire town!

LOCATED on the south bank of the Kings River in the central San Joaquin Valley, the small village of Kingston was a collection of shops and

Below, the Governor of California, Newton Booth, issued a reward of $2000 for the arrest of Chavez.



STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
Executive Department,

Sacramento, Jan. 27 1875

Whereas one C. Chavis is implicated in the perpetration of murders and other crimes committed in this State, and is a fugitive from Justice and remains at large notwithstanding the offer of a large reward for his arrest and conviction proclaimed May 22d, 1874.

Now, therefore I, Newton Booth, Governor of California, by virtue of authority in me vested, revoke the said proclamation of May 22d 1874, and do hereby offer a Reward of Two Thousand Dollars for the arrest of the said C. Chavis, payable upon his delivery to the Sheriff of Monterey County in this State.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the Great Seal of State to be affixed at the City of Sacramento, California this twenty seven day of January A.D. 1875.

Newton Booth

Attest
Drury McCone
Secy of State

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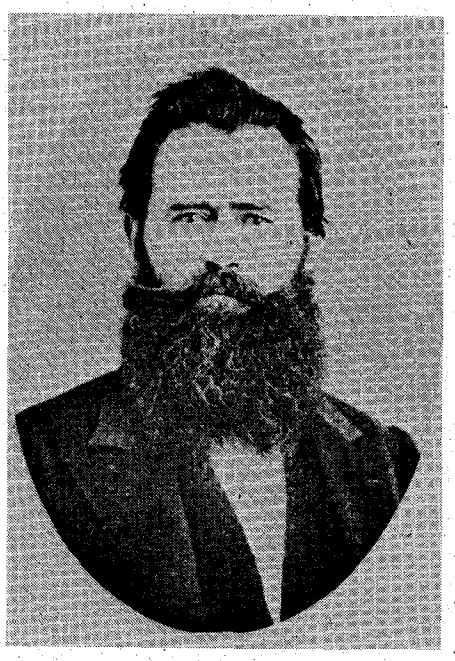


Courtesy Sharlot Hall Museum, Prescott

At left, King Woolsey had a large ranch near Stanwix, Arizona. He employed the men who killed Chavez. At right, William Scodie, whose stage station and road house in Walker's Pass was pillaged by Chavez and his gang in early February of 1875.

Courtesy Kern County Historical Society

homes clustered around a central core of two stores and the Reichert Hotel. Oliver H. Bliss had just completed a toll bridge to replace his ferry and it was noted by the Fresno newspaper as being a "splendid" structure, and so it was.

Kingston was situated on the property of one of the largest landowners and cattlemen of the valley. John ("Jack") Sutherland was an Englishman who had settled in California in 1857. He owned 14,000 acres on the south side of the Kings River and several thousand more on the north. Besides running 15,000 head of cattle and 5,000 horses on his land, he had large bands of sheep. Jack Sutherland was as tough as he had to be in an era when farmers were agitating for a no-fence law. His home was in Kingston and he was the county's biggest taxpayer.

Between 7 and 8 o'clock on the evening of December 26, 1873, Vasquez, Chavez and a retinue of compatriots rode up to the north side of the toll bridge and tied their horses in a clump of willows. Since it was the day after Christmas, Vasquez imagined the town coffers were overflowing. Some eight or ten men were with him that day and they walked quietly across the bridge toward the yellow splashes of light which highlighted the dark silhouettes of buildings.

Reaching the south end of the bridge, the outlaws encountered Bliss who, from his house and stable, had seen them approaching. Several Navy Colts were punched into his stomach and he was told to lie down and keep quiet.

Quickly tying their victims hand and foot, the robbers ransacked the bridge-keeper's pockets, but only came up with nine dollars and some loose change. "Business hadn't been very good that day with O. H.," commented the Visalia *Delta* later. When Bliss complained that he was very uncomfortable, one of the bandits grabbed a blanket from a nearby wagon and put it under Bliss' head.

The bandits next encountered three young men standing by the stable gate. Told to lie down so they could be tied and robbed, two of the men rapidly complied, while the third—Milt Woods—refused. The exasperated outlaws were informed by the fastidious Woods that he didn't want to "soil his good clothes." While his companions were tied and robbed, Woods was escorted to the hotel porch where he was allowed to lie down and be tied. Pres Bozeman, one of the trio, had to give up $180.

Fanning out through the toll gate, the bandits took up positions in the road and outside the three principal buildings. Vasquez, Chavez and several henchmen stepped into the saloon. Ten startled patrons were tied up and robbed. Reichert, the hotel owner, lost $400, while his customers donated varying amounts and many watches and other jewelry. When Ed Douglas refused to lie down, Chavez hit him with his pistol and emptied his pockets anyway.

A bandit named Blas Bicuna stepped into the hotel dining room flourishing a pistol and casting about for victims. Reichert's wife, who was serving a meal, let out a scream and bolted from the room. Lancelot Gilroy, a clerk at the Pioneer Store, was eating his dinner at the time and thought Bicuna had insulted the woman. Jumping to his feet, he floored the outlaw with a chair before even noticing the man was armed. Gilroy, as gallant as his name, hardly had time to enjoy his triumph, however. Another bandit named Gomez jumped through the doorway and snapped his pistol at the young clerk. Luckily the weapon misfired, but a moment later Gilroy had been dropped to the floor by the barrel of Gomez's pistol and he too was relieved of his valuables.

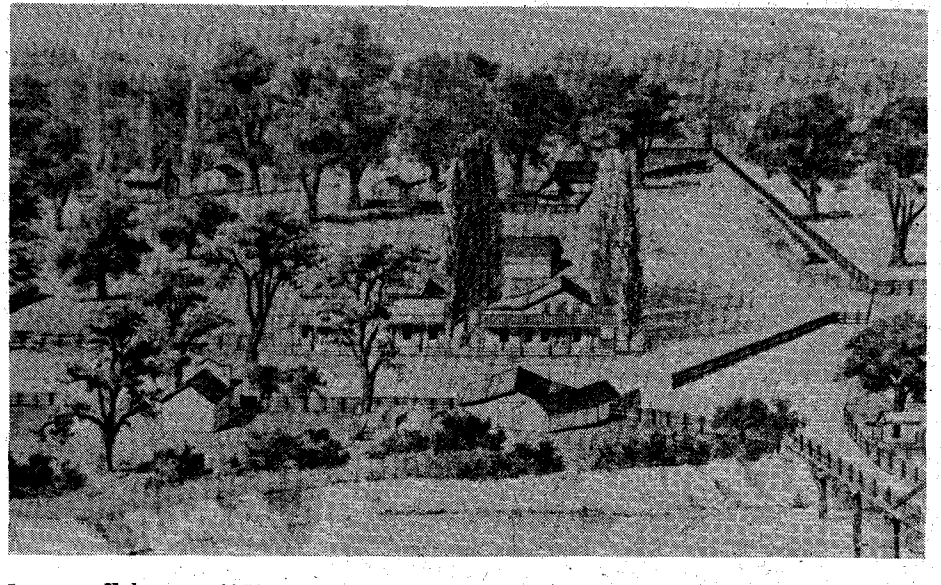
Dragged to his feet and prodded by two pistols, Gilroy was hustled over to the Jacob and Einstein Pioneer Store to open the safe. They surprised Ed Ellinger who was working on the store's books. Taking in the situation at a glance, Ellinger jumped through the door and ran but several other persons in the store were tied and robbed.

Louis Einstein, one of the owners, was told to open the safe, but claimed Ellinger had taken the key. When Vasquez ordered the merchant to open the safe or die, a duplicate key was discovered in record time. Einstein watched as $800 was removed from the safe and stuffed into the bandit's pockets.

JOE ROGERS then entered the store from the rear and when he saw all

Below, Kingston, California, showing Bliss' toll bridge and stable across the street from the hotel.

From Elliot's History of Fresno County, 1882.



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the men tied on the floor he thought a game was being played. After being thrown to the floor, tied and robbed, he sadly realized what was taking place. About this time a little dog entered the store and happily ran from one victim to the next, licking their hands and faces. The men claimed later this was the most aggravating part of the whole affair. Over thirty people had been tied up in the town by this time. Several persons had escaped the bandits' notice and fled in the darkness.

Ellinger had run next door to warn Solomon Sweet and that merchant had immediately peeked out his front door to see what was going on. The guard outside grabbed Sweet by the hair and forced him back inside. After pushing Sweet to the floor, the outlaw tied his hands and feet and tried to remove a ring from his finger. Sweet pleaded that the jewelry was a gift from his wife and, surprisingly, the bandit let him retain it. Fifty-four dollars were taken from the cash drawer, however.

By this time word had been carried to some of the houses in town that a raid was in progress. Afraid to spend any time organizing a sufficient force, Jack Sutherland and Jim Flood quickly gathered several men at the Perry Phillips home, then made their way down to survey the scene on main street. Sutherland had a Henry rifle, while Flood had hastily grabbed a pistol with only one shot left in it. Florence Phillips recalled later, "We women folks sat upstairs and watched the shooting from the Perry Phillips place."

Taking the plunderers completely unaware, Sutherland opened fire, his second shot causing the guard outside Sweet's place to slump against the building. "I'm shot!" he cried out in Spanish.

Vasquez and Chavez realized it was time to make an exit and quickly rallied their men before being cut off from the horses. Singly and in groups the outlaws sprinted towards the toll gate that opened onto the bridge. Flood and Sutherland tried to head them off, but the outlaws fired wildly as they retreated.

Flood fired his one shot of the battle as Sutherland ran up and emptied his Henry at the fast disappearing robber band. And suddenly it was all over.

As citizens began releasing the thirty-odd trussed up victims, others began gathering in the streets. Sutherland and a group of men trotted across the bridge to see what clues could be found. Splotches of blood brought smiles of grim satisfaction. Some of their bullets had found a mark.

"Great excitement prevailed in town," commented the Fresno *Expositor*. "A large crowd speedily collected but nothing was done towards pursuing the robbers that night. The next morning J. W. Sutherland and two others . . . made a search for the robbers. About four miles from Kingston, they discovered a Mexican in the bushes who, on being taken to town, confessed that he was one of the party. . . . He was brought to Millerton on Sunday by Constable Blackburn and Andy Farley, and lodged in the county jail. It is said Bliss objects to paying toll to parties crossing his bridge. . . ."

THE RAID at Kingston caused a sensation. Posses quickly fanned out over the valley. All the local Mexican ranches and villages were investigated, and at one ranch a fresh grave was found to contain a slain bandit. A Millerton posse brought in another of the gang.

Vasquez had recruited many of his men from local inhabitants. The *Californio* population of the valley was badgered so much by the posses that complaint was made to the Mexican consul and gradually the excitement died down.

A letter from Sheriff Harry Morse

John W. Sutherland, considered the "biggest taxpayer in Fresno County," was, during the Kingston raid, the handiest with a rifle as well.

to Governor Newton Booth datelined from the Cholame Valley gives some indication of the manhunt that was going on at the time:

"Sir—I rode 40 miles through the mountains today to go to the outside world and a Post Office.

"Three of the Vasquez party were wounded at the Kingston robbery; one of them, Refugio Montejos, has since died. Another named Manuel Lopez was shot through the neck, and the worst man of the gang, to wit Chavis [Chavez], was shot through the leg. The bone was splintered. I found where Chavis and Lopez stayed all night 5 days after the Kingston affair. Lopez was covered with blood. . . . Chavis was badly hurt and Lopez had to lift him on and off his horse. The leg was badly swollen and was turning black. I have been 4 days hunting the hiding place of Chavis . . . in . . . terrible rough country. We are in the saddle from early dawn until dark. . . ."

Late in January the Bakersfield *Courier* reported Vasquez and his gang camped near Fort Tejon. A posse immediately took up the chase but returned empty-handed.

The following month Vasquez, Chavez and others held up the stage station at Coyote Holes on the Mojave Desert but quickly went undercover again.

Harry Morse finally tracked Vasquez to the outskirts of Los Angeles and related the news to the sheriff. That worthy, far from thanking Morse and offering to join forces for the capture, dismissed the Alameda lawman and captured the bandit by himself. On May 14, 1874 Vasquez found himself a resident of the Los Angeles county jail while Chavez and other gang members fled in all directions.

WITH Vasquez due to be tried in January 1875, Chavez reportedly headed for Mexico until things cooled off. California had become a hornet's nest with angry gringo posses buzzing about everywhere. Just when Chavez returned to California isn't known, but he was probably back in the state by late summer or fall. At least the sheriff of Monterey County thought so, as reported to Governor Booth by a local judge in October 1874:

"Dear Sir—Our Sheriff James B. Smith has just returned from a three weeks hunt after Chavis. From the information he derived on that trip he is positive as to the whereabouts of Chavis, who with another murderer by the name of Manuel Lopez is undoubtedly down about the lower end of this County and if taken it will probably be after a fight for he is made of different stuff than Vasquez. The sheriff informs me that if the reward for the capture of Chavis was increased so that he could take a large force down into the mountains, he is positive he can arrest him. . . ."

Chavez was no doubt hiding out on a remote ranch when he received word that Vasquez had been found guilty of murder on January 23. The ex-bandit chief was to hang on March 19.

A telegram to Governor Booth late in January officially announced that Chavez was back and open for business. It was datelined at Hollister and had been sent by the sheriff of San Benito County:

"H. E. Newton Booth Gov Cala—Letters signed by Chavez received here translations of which will be sent you saying that he (Chavez) committed the act for which Vasquez is sentenced. We have information that similar letters are to be dropped in Gilroy, San Jose and elsewhere. Letters also say that American families will be held responsible for Vasquez's life. I think I have reliable information of his movements. Can I have expenses for a number of days named by you—say twenty or more—or a certain sum of money guaranteed me to hunt him with a posse.—Benj. J. Ross, Sheriff. San Benito Co."

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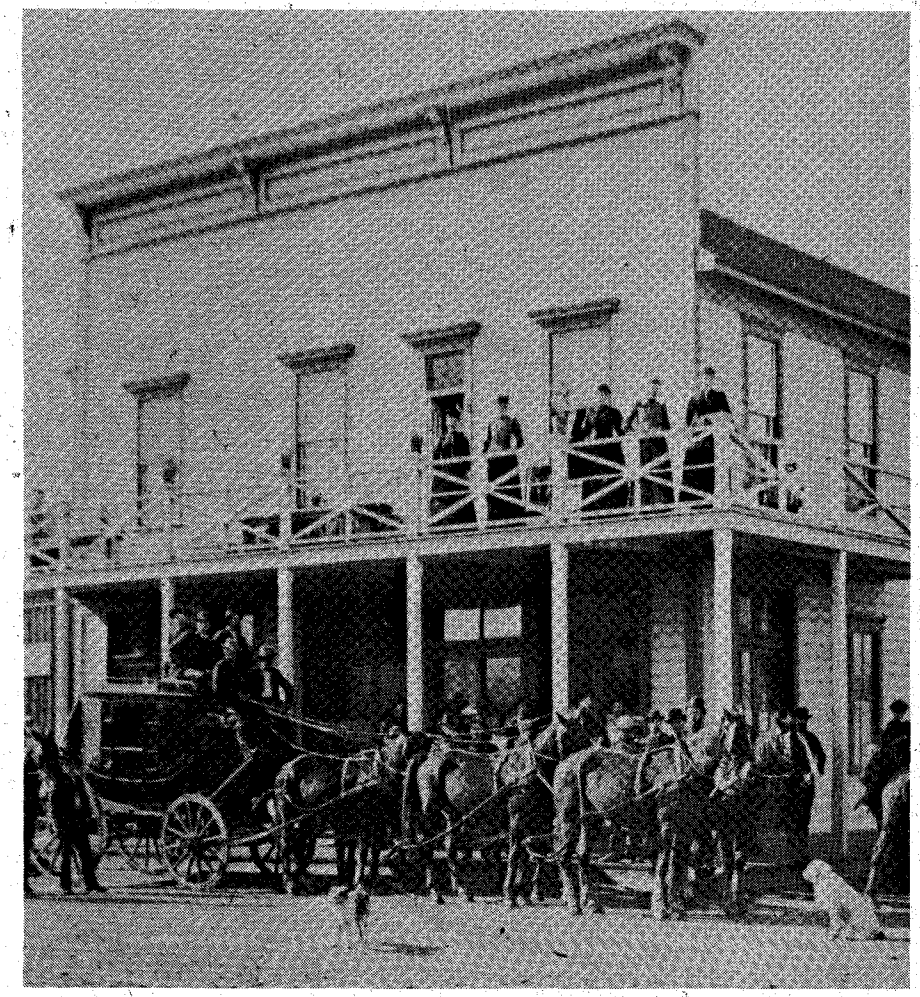
Although one of the promises made in the letter noted that if Vasquez were given justice "then you will never more hear of me in this county or this state. . ," Chavez had no intention of awaiting the outcome of the sentence. He was at that time heading south across the San Joaquin Valley towards the Mojave.

The San Joaquin Valley had suffered greatly from the bandit forays, yet the Visalia *Weekly Delta* published an advertisement for a local merchant which read: "Vasquez! bloody Vasquez! But his daring feats were simply nothing compared with the ridiculously low prices at which goods of all kinds are being sold at the City of Paris."

Even though they weren't building advertisements around his name yet, Chavez was probably filled with pride when Governor Booth put another $2,000 reward on his head in late January. The gringos recognized a first-class bandit when they saw one!

In early February Chavez and several gang members pulled up their horses at Scodie's store and saloon on the South Fork of the Kern River, near Walker's Pass. Piling through the door of the rude building, the outlaws pushed Scodie aside and helped themselves to his supply of liquor. After outfitting themselves with new clothes, they took $800 from the till and selected fresh horses from the corrals. Leaving Scodie tied up, the men rode off to the west. A posse chased them as far as Indian Wells, but gave up the chase at that point.

For the next few weeks the gang was rumored to be everywhere. A stage between Indian Wells and Panamint reported seeing a group of Mexican riders who left the road rather than pass the vehicle. Various lone travelers were reported as being held up on the lonely desert roads, and at Lone Pine a jittery Jim Moffitt almost shot and killed his partner when the latter knocked on his door late at night.



Stagecoach at Bishop, California, a few years after Chavez had terrorized the desert trails.

Victor Beaudry, a mine owner from Cerro Gordo, was stopped by the bandits on the road to Darwin and told to shell out. When Beaudry pulled out his empty pockets, he was told that an order from Beaudry would be honored at any of the stores in the area. Reluctantly he made out the order, then watched the outlaws ride off into the hills. Beaudry never revealed the amount of the transaction.

At this same time rumors had it that Barrows' store at Cerro Gordo was to be attacked and the owner killed because he had attached the property of some of his Mexican customers. It was speculated that even the larger towns of the area would soon be under siege by the bandits, and no one could guess where they would strike next.

On March 12 Chavez was reported far to the north on the road to the New Idria mines. On the evening of the 19th he was reported being in Hollister and eating a meal of crab in a local restaurant. Vasquez had been hanged in San Jose that very day and Chavez bemoaned the loss of his chief to whoever would listen. After a brief visit with his mother, the outlaw wandered down the street and spent the next few hours in a local brothel. Before dawn he had been reported riding out of town toward New Idria.

During this alleged visit, local lawmen were in San Jose to attend the Vasquez hanging. In their absence a hastily organized citizens' group couldn't decide just what to do. Chavez solved the problem by departing, but whether this was really the bandit or some sort of ruse was never determined.

On March 24 Chavez and his men rode up to the isolated stage station at Little Lake. After tying and gagging the owner and three men, the outlaws ransacked the place, helping themselves to the stage horses as usual. Later when one of the victims had wriggled loose and untied his friends, they noticed a campfire over by the lake. Chavez and his men spent the night within a stone's throw of the station, then packed up about ten the next morning and rode off in a leisurely manner.

They looted another stage station four days later. As the outlaws mounted their horses and rode off down the road, Chavez saluted his victims with the comment, "Adios, you catch me, maybe."

Several miles from the station the bandits passed some freight wagons on the road and pointed their rifles at the teamsters, but did not molest them. At the next station the bandits ate supper and even offered to pay, but the owner wisely refused. Continuing their journey, the gang attacked the next station and looted the place. Selecting eleven horses from the stable, Chavez and his men disappeared into the Slate Range hills. They were totally unpredictable.

Posses were beginning to assemble everywhere by this time, but the vast desert wastes, isolated settlements and lack of communication made pursuit of the outlaws extremely difficult. "In the wilds of Inyo," commented the San Bernardino *Guardian*, "splendidly mounted, and armed to the teeth, their capture, unless by treachery, seems hopeless."

"Let us if need be," wrote an irate reader of the Los Angeles *Star*, "turn out, horse, foot and dragoons with thirty days rations, with powder and ball in cartridge box, and scout the country from Oregon to Cape Horn, if necessary, until Chavez and his league of plunderers are chained to the walls of some dungeon. . . . Will the authorities let us know who rules California?"

Clearly the bandits were having everything their own way in the desert despite a fifty-man posse from Cerro Gordo which was scouring the hills. Chavez still felt so secure that he was hard put

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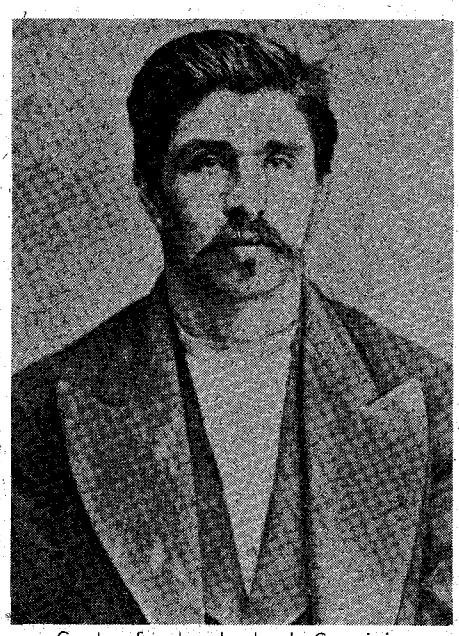
to shrug off a Robin Hood impulse one morning on the Panamint road. Taking a lone traveler's horse, saddle and money, the bandits were about to ride off when the fellow protested that he was some twenty miles from town. With a smile at such nerve, Chavez, so the story goes, left him one of the broken-down stage horses that he had stolen from the Little Lake station.

A more sinister side to the outlaws was reported in the Visalia *Weekly Delta* on May 20, 1875:

"About two months ago a Mexican by the name of Francisco Viella came to the ranch of John Heinlen, on Mussel Slough, and hired out to herd horses. He subsequently stated that he had been one of the Chavis band, had resolved to leave them and was fearful that he would be murdered for so doing. On the morning of the 10th instant, after Viella had gone to his work, a large well-dressed man—whom the China cook took to be either a Mexican or Frenchman—rode up and wanted breakfast. He was mounted on a large, bay horse and was well armed with pistols and gun. He rode away over the plain. Toward night the horse of Viella was found tied to the fence, with the saddle removed, and forty or fifty rods away the dead body of the rider was found, where he had been lassoed and dragged over the plain until his neck was broken and life extinct. There can be no doubt but that the murderer was a member of the Chavis gang."

WHEN an Indian was killed at Cerro Gordo, this and all other crimes in the area were laid at the door of Chavez. Lawmen were being roundly criticized for their helplessness, and many citizens were calling for the intervention of the military at Camp Independence. Chasing bandits was a civil, not a military, matter but with the killing of the Indian at Cerro Gordo, a cavalry troop was ordered to the area and was seeking the



Courtesy San Jose Landmarks Commission

Abson Leiva, a member of the Vasquez gang who rode with Chavez. Leiva surrendered shortly after the Tres Pinos raid.

outlaws by late May. Business and traveling in the desert country picked up considerably with the soldiers in the field.

Chavez had meanwhile held up another stage station on the Mojave River, as well as several travelers who had ventured the desert roads alone. But Chavez was no fool. A cavalry troop was in the field against him as well as numerous citizen posses. Too, he knew that his old enemy Harry Morse would never give up the search until he was dead or in prison. Morse and several others had conducted a vigorous hunt for Chavez during March and had offered all the reward to anyone who would inform on the bandit chief. After missing out on the Tiburcio Vasquez capture, Morse wanted to capture Chavez—badly!

When a group of Mexican bandits tried to raid Cerro Gordo one night, several were shot out of the saddle, while several more were killed a few days later in a running fight with the cavalry. It isn't clear whether Chavez and his men were involved in these affairs, but in any case he had decided to seek a less dangerous locale. As quickly as he had arrived, Chavez was gone.

After dispersing his gang, Chavez headed south for Mexico. He was blamed for the murder of a storekeeper in San Diego County, but by that time the only crime he wasn't being accused of was the crucifixion. Morse and his posse kept up the pressure, but they believed he had returned to the Coast Range and so were following a cold trail.

IN 1875 Luis Raggio, Jr. was working for King Woolsey at his ranch near Stanwix, Arizona. A butcher by trade, Raggio often dealt in cattle and worked at various jobs to make ends meet. His younger brother, thirteen-year-old Vincente, worked with him.

One day Woolsey asked Luis to deliver some mules he had sold and on the way back pick up some strayed cattle at the Baker ranch. Luis took his young brother with him, but left him at another ranch while he delivered the mules. At the Baker ranch he saw Vincente talking to a large, burly man with a scar on his cheek. He recognized the stranger immediately.

After shaking hands with Chavez, Luis asked what he was doing here. The outlaw replied that he was returning to California from Sonora and that no one on the ranch knew him. "If it gets out who I am, Raggio, I'll know who to look for." Luis replied that if Chavez left him alone, he would do likewise. The Raggio brothers then left for the Woolsey ranch.

On the ride back to Woolsey's Luis caught the admiring tone of his young brother's voice as he spoke of Chavez. Although Vincente didn't know who the big man was, he liked him and hoped he would get to visit with him again soon.

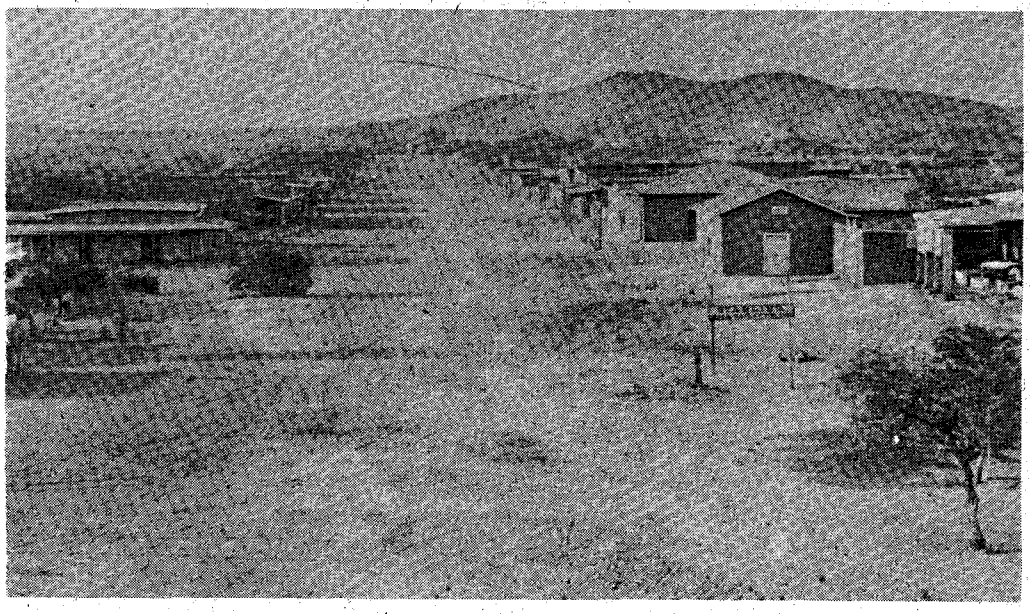
Luis recalled the stories of how Anastacio Garcia had first influenced Tiburcio Vasquez into a life of crime, and how Vasquez in turn had inveigled Chavez into joining his bloody band. By the time they reached Woolsey's ranch, Luis knew what he must do. That night he wrote to Judge James Breen in San Juan and asked if there was still a reward on Chavez's head.

Early in October 1875 Judge Breen wrote and confirmed that a reward was still being offered. About this same time young Vincente Raggio disappeared.

Whether in justification for later events or not, Luis claimed in later years that Vincente stole some money and a horse from Woolsey and then joined Chavez at the Baker ranch. Luis, Harry Roberts, and Clark Colvig were clearing some land when Woolsey brought this news, and all four men headed for the Baker place where they hoped to find Chavez and young Vincente. Colvig and

(Continued on page 32)

Yuma, Arizona as it looked when Roberts and Raggio brought the body of Chavez to town.



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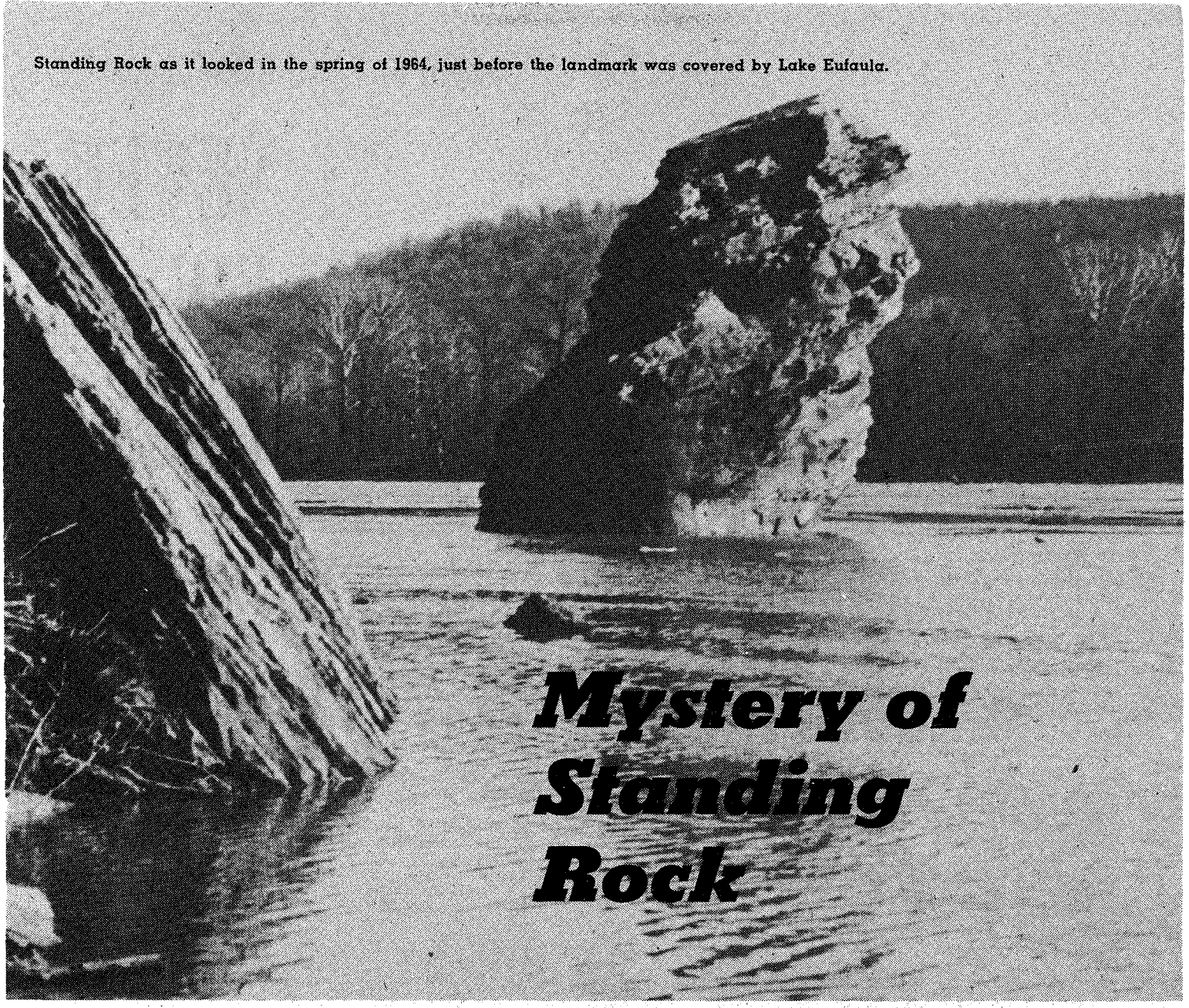

Standing Rock as it looked in the spring of 1964, just before the landmark was covered by Lake Eufaula.

Mystery of Standing Rock —buried forever

By STONEY HARDCASTLE

Photo Courtesy Author

ONE of the oldest landmarks and legends of the West was buried in a watery tomb in February 1964. When the gates of the Eufaula Dam were closed, Standing Rock, located in the center of the main Canadian River bed, about two miles east downstream from the confluence of the North and South Canadian, vanished forever.

The giant rock, centuries past, had shaken loose from a huge sandstone bluff on the north bank of the Canadian and skidded upright several feet into the river bed. It has attracted the attention of explorers, treasure hunters and the curious, since white men first came to the region.

According to legend and history (backed up by symbols carved in the rock) Coronado and his band of Spanish explorers first used the huge sandstone as a landmark, when they were in the region in 1535 searching for gold.

Then came the French fur trappers and traders in the early 1700s. Later the Forty-Niners traveling the Overland Trail on their way to California used the rock as a pilot point and campsite. After the Civil War, Standing Rock became a noted rest stop for herds moving up from Texas to Kansas. The Texas Trail crossed the Canadian about a half mile upstream.

Arrowheads, stone weapons and other relics found in the vicinity prove that prehistoric Indians met at Standing Rock, too.

Folktales caused the area to become one of the first and busiest treasure hunting grounds in the Old West. Coronado and his band are supposed to have buried a fortune in gold and other valuables in the vicinity. Then they marked directions to their cache, with a code of symbols, on the big rock in the river, planning to return later for their treasure. However, the Spanish were either killed by Indians or died of disease before they could return.

Early French trappers who traveled the region had heard the story of the buried Spanish Treasure. When they discovered the symbols on the rock, they were sure they had stumbled onto the site. For several years the French conducted a search. Then, like all other tales of buried treasures, this one spread through the frontier.

IN 1817 Fort Smith (now Fort Smith, Arkansas) was established about eighty miles east of the location. The

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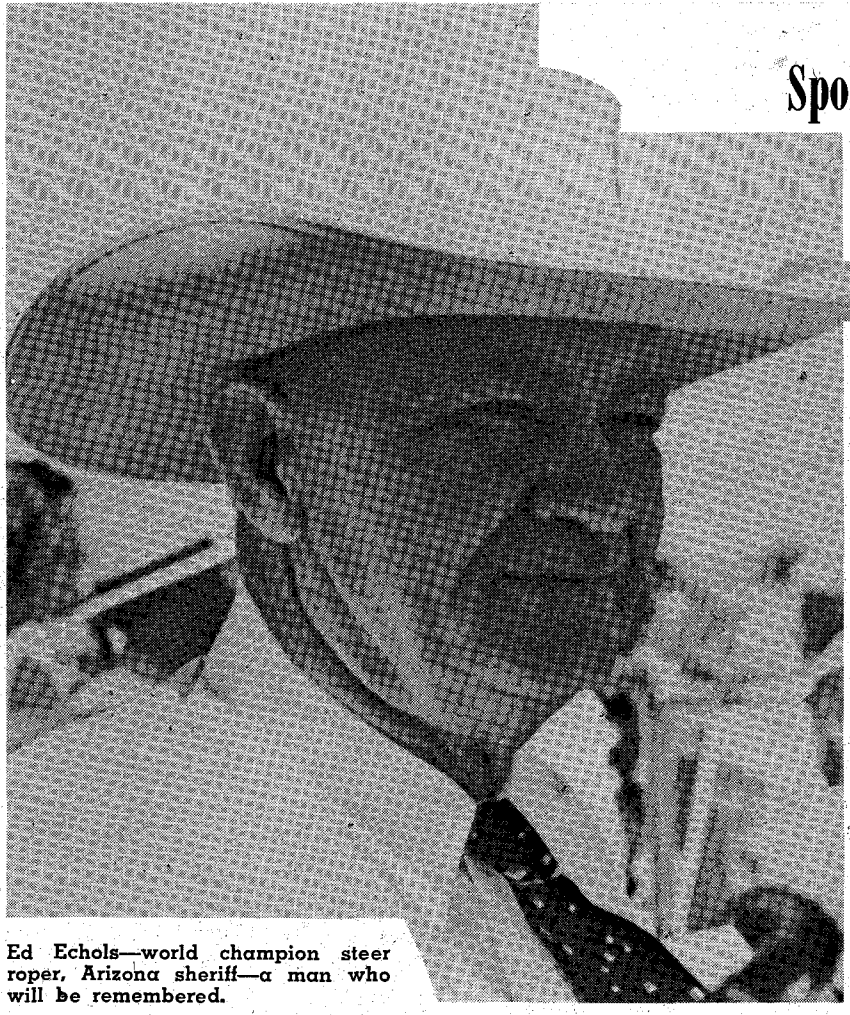
Spoken by "Mr. Rodeo" himself...

"I NEVER KNEW AN ECHOLS WHO WAS WORTH A DAMN"



Ed Echols—world champion steer roper, Arizona sheriff—a man who will be remembered.

Ed Echols at Calgary, Canada in 1912, on his horse, Ribbon.

By LEE E. ECHOLS
Photos Courtesy Author

THAT was Ed Echols' opening salvo when I met him in the sheriff's office in Tucson, Arizona in 1939. I was a Special Agent with the Customs Service and had recently transferred to Nogales from New York City. We had been busy on the border and had several narcotics cases to present to the Federal Grand Jury, meeting in Tucson, so I went into the Santa Rita Hotel to reserve a room.

In the bar off the lobby I saw the famous Western pulp-magazine writer, Walt Coburn, having a drink with a chubby, genial looking man, and I joined them. I had met Walt several years before at a Peace Officers meeting in San Diego, California, and he introduced me to his companion—Nick Hall, manager of the renowned hostelry.

"Are you any relation to our sheriff, Ed Echols?" Nick Hall asked.

"I don't know," I told him. "But I've never seen anyone who spelled it the way we do that we couldn't scare up some sort of shirt-tail relationship."

They took me over to the sheriff's office to meet him, and as he looked me over he shook his head and told me he'd

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never met an Echols who was worth a damn.

He was about six feet three or four inches tall, with wide shoulders, narrow hips, and must have weighed about two hundred twenty pounds. His gray-blue eyes crinkled with a half smile as he shook hands with me.

I told him I took exception to his remark; that I'd known a convicted wife-beater in Gotebo, Oklahoma named Echols, who apparently was a fine man aside from his eccentricity toward the wife of his bosom.

"Well," Ed said, "I can see you're one of the clan. Sit down."

As it turned out, we finally decided Ed and my paternal grandfather had been first cousins. In the years I knew Ed after that, he told me many things about his interesting life. Edward Franklyn Echols was born November 7, 1879, in Stockdale, Wilson County, Texas, the eldest of eight children. He and his nineteen-year-old brother "Art" had left Texas in 1902 in a brand-new Studebaker wagon, pulled by a four-horse team, leading their roping horses behind the wagon. They were looking for work as cowboys, and Ed said it was hard scrabbling. There seemed to be more cowboys than cows in most of the territory they visited, and they finally wound up broke in New Mexico.

"It was a degradin' thing," Ed told me, "for a couple of young boys who fancied themselves to be two of the best ketch-rope slingin' cowboys who ever pulled on a pair of Justin boots, to have to go haulin' supplies, but our ol' Studebaker wagon took the first load of lumber into Estancia, New Mexico.

"I kept my rope limber," he reminisced, "and by the fall of 1902 I'd had it up to my Adam's apple with this lumber haulin' thing, so I left my brother and rode off to Hillsboro, New Mexico, where I heard there was a big outfit lookin' for some hands.

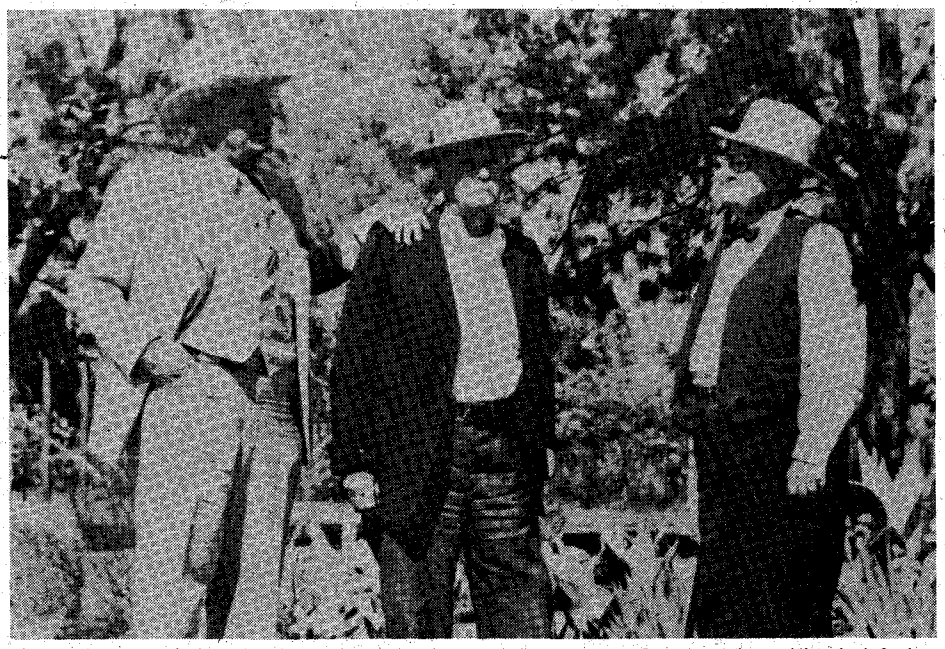
"I was gettin' mighty handy with my ketch-rope by then," Ed said slyly. "Didn't make many throws at my old gentle horse before my loop went right over his head and onto his neck-bone. Got a wonderful job over there with the John Cross outfit—workin' eighteen hours a day, mendin' fences, fixin' windmills and punchin' cows at $25 a month and found, although I don't remember anybody founderin' on the food.

"That sounded kinda tough in those days, but it didn't compare at all to being in politics and tryin' to run an honest sheriff's office. The hours are about the same, but it takes me and the District Attorney both to keep me from doin' somethin' illegal and windin' up behind the bars myself."

The John Cross outfit was shipping cattle out of Deming, and Ed and eight other cowboys were taking herds of between two and three thousand cattle on the six- or seven-day drive from the John Cross ranch to the railroad.

"After we'd moved about fourteen thousand head," Ed said, "the job played out and there I was, all set to go on unemployment relief—except nobody'd ever heard of such a thing then."

He and his brother found jobs on a railroad gang and got a grubstake together and decided they'd try their luck in Montana, but when they camped near Santa Fe, New Mexico, and found ice all over their water bags next morning, they shiveringly decided they'd get back farther south. They wound up in Douglas, Arizona, in early 1903.



Photos Courtesy Arizona Historical Society

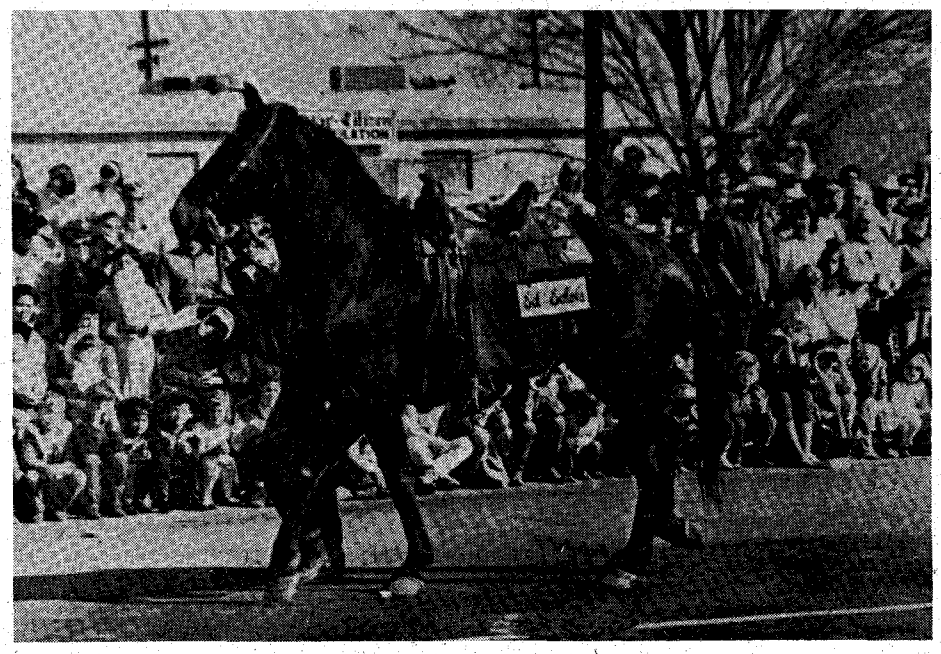
Three famous Arizona lawmen—Ed Echols, Jeff Milton, and William Roberts.

ED worked for several outfits around Douglas and Benson for the next few years. The Arizona Historical Society in Tucson has a formidable file on the famous old cowboy-sheriff, and an interesting part of it is an expense sheet of the Double Rod Ranch, kept by Jacob Sheerer of his cowhands for 1905. It showed that Ed commenced to work on May 30 of that year, and drew cash of $25 on July 1; $40 on July 28; bought a slicker on August 15 for $3.25; a pair of boots on December 8 for $14.20; and again drew cash against his account on December 13 in the amount of $30.

The expense sheet shows other withdrawals and purchases in 1906 and 1907 which show that he worked for the Double Rod Ranch until December 30, 1907.

However, back in 1903, the rodeo bug had bit him hard. That year he won $25 in a roping match, which only took up about two hours of his time. He thought for the next few years about making that

As a tribute to Ed Echols in the 1969 Tucson Rodeo Parade, his horse was led with an empty saddle.



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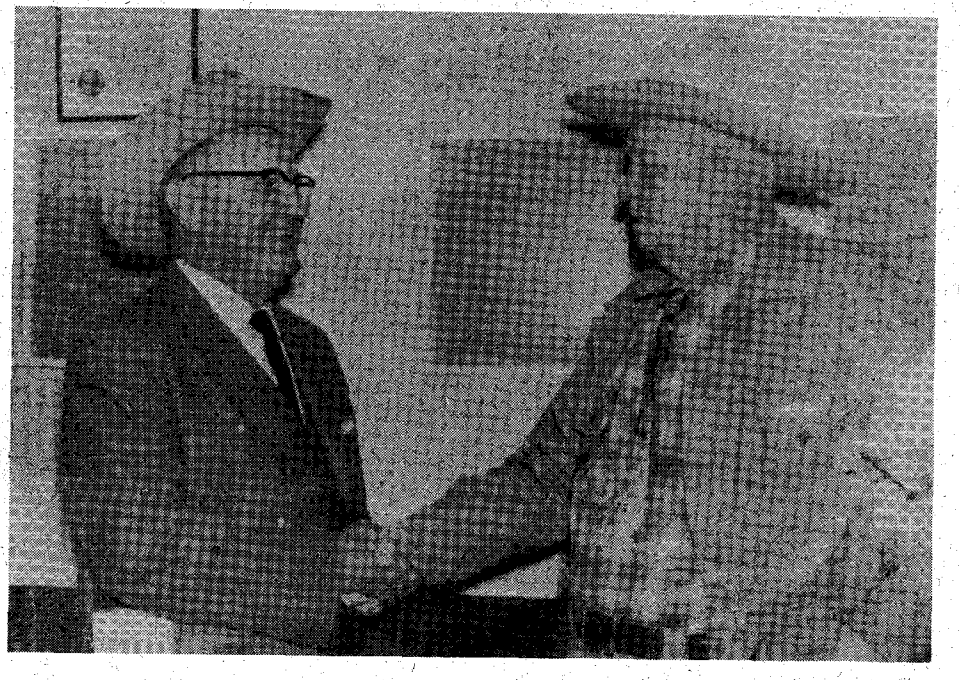
kind of money in two hours, opposed to working eighteen hours a day for a month for the same amount, and the rodeo fever found a new victim.

By the time Ed had quit the Double Rod outfit, he was bulldogging, bronc riding, steer and calf roping and trying his best to make as many contests as possible. These contests were rugged, and the prizes were small. They were also mighty hard to reach. The contestants rode their roping horses to the matches, and then after getting there, there were no lightweight steers awaiting them for roping or bulldogging. The critters were big, heavy, vicious and mean, and it took a strong horse and a stout saddle to jerk them up when the loop went over their horns.

In 1907 the Miller Brothers 101 Ranch organized a Wild West show, and it took some of the best rodeo performers in the West when it went on the road. Ed Echols signed up with them as a bronc stomper and just before the show left the home ranch, the Miller Brothers signed up a young tail-twister named Tom Mix. He didn't leave with the show, however, as he got in an altercation and was accidentally shot. He finally caught up with the show when his leg healed, and he and Echols became fast friends, each making $15 a week. (Mix, of course, later drew more than $10,000 a week as a Western movie star.)

Ed became a top rodeo performer. In 1910 he rode with Buffalo Bill, and he climaxed his performances at Calgary, Canada in 1912, when he won the World's Championship title in steer roping. He roped against thirty-eight of the best steer ropers in the world at the time—ropers such as Clay McGonagill from New Mexico; Joe Gardner from Texas; Bud Parker, the huge roper from Arizona; and that riata-swinging Mexican, Frank Bojorquez. The prize money doesn't seem like much now, but in 1912 it was a fortune. Ed won $1,000 for the best average, and $500 for the best individual time made at the contest.

Walt Coburn, who was there, described him years later in *Hoofs and Horns:* "Ed Echols squatted around on his boot heels there at the chutes at the Calgary contest grounds and swapped yarns with the cowpunchers he knew. Charlie Russell, the best Western artist that ever drawed and painted the cowboy and cowhorse on canvas, was there. Charlie and Ed were good friends. They sat around borrowing one another's papers and tobacco and sizing up the broncs and the steers that Guy Weadick had fetched to Calgary for the cowboys to ride and rope at.



Author Lee Echols (left) who became Yuma County sheriff in 1960, is being congratulated by Ed Echols, former Pima County sheriff.

"Ed Echols was up against the fastest ropers in the world. And the toughest steers that could be found anywhere. None of 'em younger than six years old. A good average of 'em were stags. They would run from nine hundred to twelve hundred pounds for weight. Not a cull in the bunch. They were tough, salty, snuffy.

"They had been hand picked. Guy Weadick had cut them out of twelve hundred head. Three carloads of twelve hundred head of the best steers from the CM California Land and Cattle Company in Lower California and from the Baca Noche range in Arizona.

" 'To get the fastest time on one steer,' says Ed, 'we roped three. I tied my third steer in twenty-three and four-fifths seconds. That won me five hundred dollars.' Ed tells it like he's telling you the time of day.

" 'My average for five was forty-four and four-fifths seconds and I won a thousand dollars,' Ed adds in the same tone of voice he'd use in telling you what he had for breakfast.

" 'That,' concluded Ed, 'busted the world's record for five steers.' "

AT THAT CONTEST, Ed Echols was using a roping horse he called "Ribbon" that became almost as famous as Ed himself. He later was sold by Ed for $600, which was a top price for a working cow horse. After his sale, Ribbon continued to gain fame and most of the top performers paid high prices to have a seat on him. Once at Cheyenne, Wyoming the winners of first, second, and third money all rode Ribbon to their victories. As the years went by, Ed decided that rodeoing was a little too precarious a way of making a living, and he invested his earnings in a cattle ranch on the Cochise-Pima county line near Benson.

"In about 1924," Ed told me one time, in his contemplative style, "I went to London to what was probably the first rodeo they'd ever seen over there. In order to go, I borrowed money on my little herd of cows from a bank in Tucson. I bought two of the finest ropin' horses I could find, and when I arrived in London, I looked over the steer ropers who had arrived for the contest and figured I could just about win day money ever' day and could get back to Arizona with enough prize money to pay off my mortgage to the bank and more than double my herd of cows.

"Well, it was the damndest thing that you ever saw. It rained all the time we were there. The first few days, though, it drew the biggest attendance any affair ever had. We had 116,000 paid admissions one afternoon. The rain kept gettin' worse, though. Logs sprouted shoots four and five feet long. It was a regular frog strangler!

"The English didn't know anything about rodeo, but they were brave ones. We opened the bronc ridin' to all comers, and there was about forty or fifty of 'em showed up each day to get aboard. We could only let four of them ride each day, and we sure got some humdingers! One day an ol' feller—I think he was a doctor—was up on the chute a-fixin' to get down on a bronc. The one they'd picked for him to ride was the real ol' 'Midnight'—probably the worst buckin' horse in the world at that time.

"Well, this English doctor looked at me and he said, 'What are his tactics? What are his tactics?'

"I said, 'His tactics are to throw you up in the air, kick you in the belly as you come down, and run off with the saddle.' I told him he should, by all means, forget about getting down on that horse, but he said, 'Now you looky here! I know my business!' Well, I told him that if he had any business he'd better take care of it before he got down off that chute, but he pulled his legs up, got aboard and they let him out.

"Well, that ol' tall, black horse run about forty yards and then stopped and began to pitch, and I've never seen such pitchin' in my life. He got his head down between his front legs, bawled like

(*Continued on page 38*)

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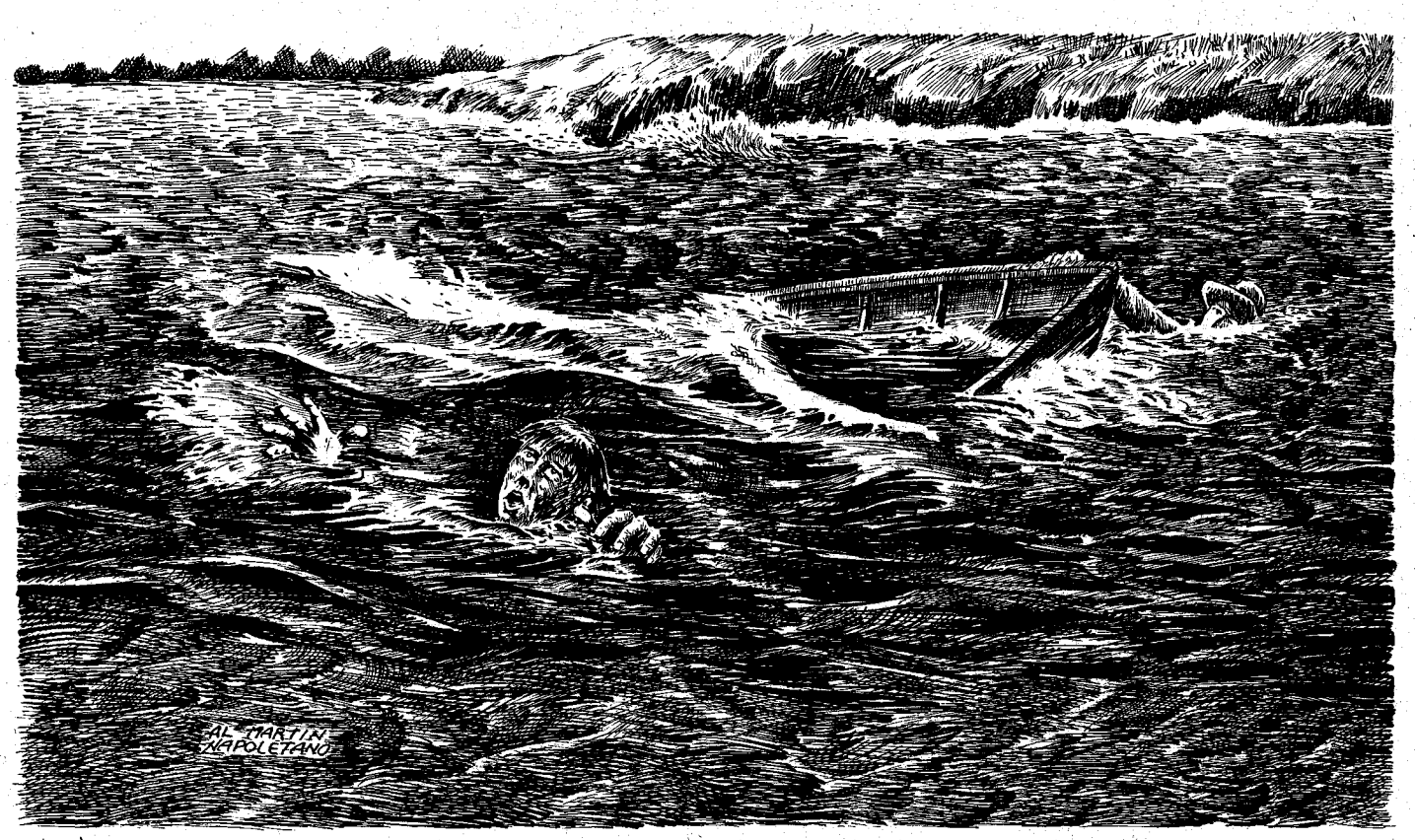
By HELEN STRAYER

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

The Search for JOHN WALDRON



Ninety years later, his family still has hopes of finding him

JOHN WALDRON was a few months short of his twenty-first birthday when he signed on with a crew of Union Pacific Railroad surveyors. With rifle, bedroll and sparse personal effects, John left his parents' homestead in Hall County, Nebraska in early 1887. His new title was teamster.

The party traveled west across the southern plains of Wyoming to a point on the Union Pacific known as Walcott Junction, in Carbon County. From here the crew began the task of dating and establishing boundary lines for land claims and railroad right of way over a rugged, barren terrain.

Spring found the surveyors still struggling southward through miles of sagebrush. Their hardships were many. The North Platte River wound its way near their stakes and campsites. To the east were the snow-capped mountains now known as Elk, Old Baldy and Snowy Range. Food often consisted of venison or rabbit in order to stretch their meager rations.

John's apparel, like the other men's, was a heavy shirt and vest beneath a topcoat. Heavy woollen trousers beneath overalls were wrapped around their legs and tucked into knee-high laced boots. Each man wore headgear of his own choice.

By April the surveyors had reached a settlement on the banks of the North Platte [Saratoga]. A valley of meadows, trees, and foliage gave a hint of winter's end. Hand-hewn log structures were in evidence. Across the river were mineral hot pools. Then, as now, they provided a soothing bath year around. The hot water seeping through the rock crevices had made it a favorite spot of Indians who once roamed there.

Snow was melting in the mountains and the Platte was filled to its banks. Late July finds its waters still a rapid icy current. Many a life this river has claimed, including that of young John Waldron.

On May 13, 1887 John and a companion attempted to cross the river in a small boat. It was at a time when the river had reached its crest. John's companion survived, but he drowned. The young man's tragic death remained a deep sorrow into the next generation of his family. John was an only son, and so far from home.

The family's conception of Wyoming was born out of their own experiences on the long trek from DeKalb County,

(Continued on page 45)

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Somewhere among a card game, a wench, and uncounted a penny—and They

BUFFALO JOE was feeling sorry for himself. It was the day before Christmas, 1874 and Joe's one-room dugout was lonely. The weather was bitterly cold and a smoldering buffalo-chip fire did little to warm the squalid room. Besides, every time the temperature rose above freezing, the place stank. Joe needed a little recreation.

There were convivial wenches and bad whiskey only ten miles away where Robidoux's and Madigan's saloons were always open to a thirsty buffalo hunter. But Joe knew that to step foot in Wallace, Kansas was to risk a stretched neck. He had been warned, and Joe knew the warning was as good as gold coin.

But a year was a long time to bear a grudge, Joe told himself, and so many killings and cholera deaths had probably occurred, chances were good that Joe's

Above, the Fred Harvey Dining Room at the Wallace Hotel in the 1870s. It was located close to the rail line.

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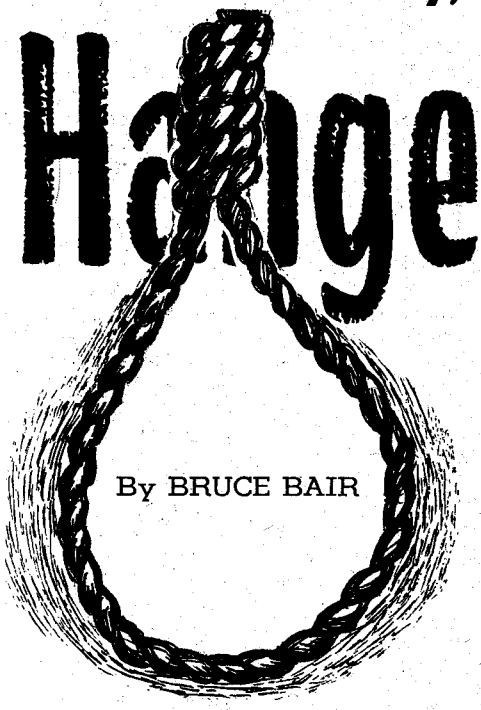
bottles of whiskey, Buffalo Joe found himself stranded without

Hanged Joe North



By BRUCE BAIR

sins had been forgotten. "Wal," thought Joe, "I might as well go to town."

Accordingly, he broke the ice on the water bucket, washed his face, took a twenty-dollar gold piece from its hiding place and prepared to ride.

No one in Wallace remembered just when Joe North first had arrived in their newly established town and railhead, but he had been in the hide-gathering business long enough to carry the nickname, "Buffalo Joe." He was a large man, made even grander by the bulk of his heavy, buffalo skin coat. His dark hair and black beard were unkempt under a flat-brimmed, leather hat decorated with a rattlesnake skin hatband and a bedraggled eagle feather. A pistol at his waist and his heavy Henry buffalo rifle contributed to his ruffian appearance. Though he was sometimes guilty of drunken outbursts and potential violence, in a town where the life expectancy of any random thirty men did not exceed middle age, Joe was considered affable enough.

There was even a time when Joe and his loaded hide wagon were welcome in Wallace, but that changed in the summer of 1873. Buffalo Joe and mild smiling Pete Jones became partners in a hunting venture. Joe, fallen on hard times, had the experience; Jones had the wagons. They agreed to divide the proceeds of the hunt equally.

Everything went well and the partners brought several wagonloads of prime hides to Wallace a few days before Christmas. The hides were sold and the profits split to both men's apparent satisfaction.

With the partnership concluded, Joe entered the nearest saloon to celebrate the hunt, and Jones went his own way. But somehow—among a card game, a wench, and uncounted bottles of whiskey—Buffalo Joe found himself stranded without a penny to buy another drink.

Pete Jones, who was a sober man, had the misfortune to meet Joe as he walked out of the saloon—and there was nothing on the face of the earth that angered Joe more than a sober man so soon before Christmas, especially a sober man with a pocketful of money that Joe had helped deliver. Not having a drink angered Joe even more, and when Jones refused a polite request for a loan, Joe lost his temper and pistol-whipped his recent partner to the street. Joe then helped himself to the cash.

Considering the fracas a squabble between friends and realizing that pistol-packing Buffalo Joe was no one to trifle with, witnesses did nothing to prevent the crime. Besides, it was a job for the law, but the nearest law was 150 miles away in the person of William Ramsey, the sheriff of Ellis County to which Wallace County was attached for judicial purposes. Joe walked back into the saloon unmolested.

THE NEXT EVENING Pete Jones had recovered enough from the beating to seek his assailant. His intent was to recover his money or clear the world of Buffalo Joe North.

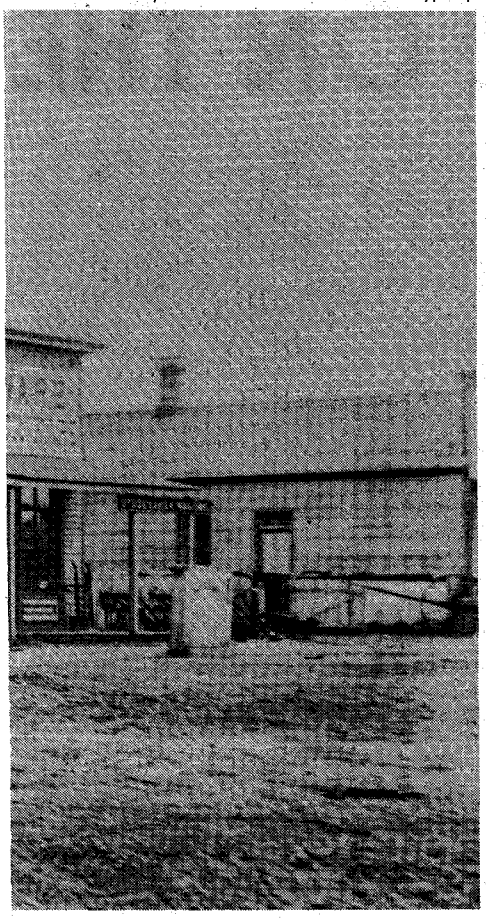
Joe was walking down the street when Jones found him. Jones drew his pistol before Joe even noticed his approach and pointed it directly at the big man's forehead.

"You owe me, Joe," he said, "and I'm here to collect."

Joe's brain was dull from several days of non-stop drinking, his gait was staggered, and the whites of his eyes were the shade of blood, but he hadn't lost his instincts. Reaching out one ham-like fist, he knocked Jones' pistol away. A

(Continued on page 48)

Photos Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka



Above, Peter Robidoux. At left, Wallace, Kansas about 1888, showing Robidoux's store.

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By ERIC WARREN
Photos Courtesy Author

IT WAS 1917. I had finished grammar school up the Nueces River at a country school and had a job now in Corpus Christi so I could attend high school. It was a homecoming for I had started the first grade here and many of my schoolmates were the same ones I had started with.

It wasn't long before Tom Sims, one of the first grade gang, and I were back to our old sport of watching the ships and boats. This chilly, windy Sunday afternoon we had gone to the Gibson Fish Market wharf to watch the schooners coming in from Laguna Madre with their catches. The strong norther which had been blowing for days had kept them from coming in, against the wind and waves, all the way.

The wind had subsided a lot and had shifted slightly to the east, a little better angle for a sailing vessel. But it wasn't ideal and the waves were still high enough to splash over the wharf deck at times. Watching these professional fishermen handle their big flat-bottomed schooners was a sight as exciting as a sailing race, which it actually was. Each wanted to be first at the dock and get unloaded so the crew could have time to visit their families.

As Tom and I came off the bluff we could see that we were early enough, for the sails were still out in the big bay, plunging into the waves and sending up showers of spray. We stopped at the popcorn and peanut wagon and filled our jacket pockets with roasted goobers to munch on as we watched.

Gibson's packing house was out over the shallows of the shoreline and a wharf went out into the bay from the far side. There was a little walkway to the south side of the building so crews could come and go without going through the work area, which sometimes was locked up. This was a sheltered place to loaf, out of the north wind and in the feeble sun which was finally breaking through the clouds. We weren't the only ones who knew of this shelter. A number of old Mexican fishermen, maybe the grandfathers of some of the incoming crews, were here too. There was no need to stand out in the wind and spray for the schooners were still too far off to even identify, so we leaned against the wall and listened to the Mexicans talk.

It was evident that the nearest schooner would have a chance to pass the end of the wharf on this tack and come up to the unloading dock without coming about for another reach. Most everyone gathered to watch at the end of the wall, still in shelter. There wasn't enough room for us and we noticed that one old man stayed huddled against the wall and didn't enter into the betting as to whether the crew would make the end of the wharf. It was then that we discovered that this old man was blind. He asked us if the schooner would make it and we told him that she was making ready to come about for another try.

We could speak his lingo, and we described the way the crew was handling the sails and how near they had come before deciding they could not clear the end. As we talked, we cracked the shells on our goobers and munched them. He held out his hand and we shared with him—and "for peanuts" acquired an interesting and informative friend.

THAT wasn't the last time we would visit with this *viejo*, as he called himself. Maybe I should translate the whole Mexican saying, so common among old Mexicans: *"Yo soy muy viejo y muy jolida pero muy contenta."* (I am very old, all stooped over, but very contented.) He was just that—almost totally blind from cataracts, no longer able to go to the fishing grounds, his only interest in life, but he was resigned.

We stayed until several of the market boats had made the dock, and looked at the fine fish they were unloading and the rigging of these specially built ships, marvels of design which could carry great loads in very shallow water and comfortably house their big crews. We promised to come and visit again.

Peanuts were a part of the visits. They came to be expected. But the stories we listened to were worth the price. These stories didn't have to be garnished with extra thrills, for life in the lagoon was never simple or uneventful.

The story which the old man finally gave us was to take up a lot of our time over the next twenty-odd years. He had begun the story several times then one day blurted it out. He told us that he

PIRATE TREASURE ON THE

Courtesy La Retama Public Library

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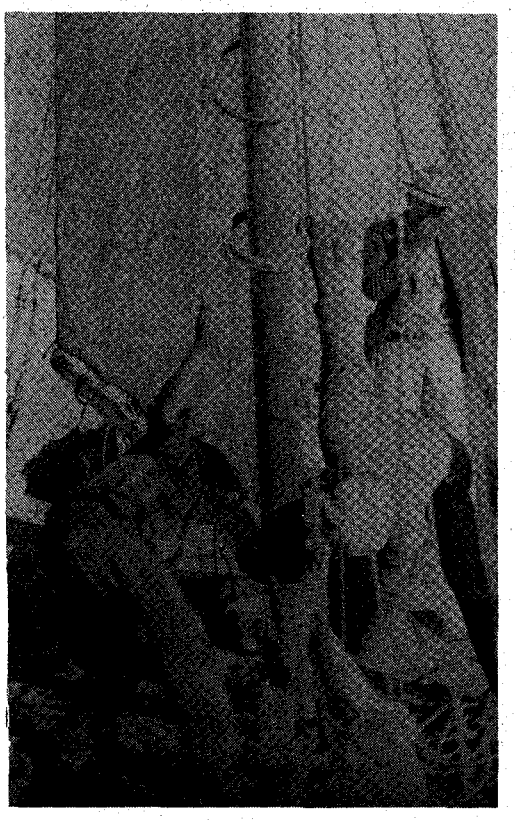
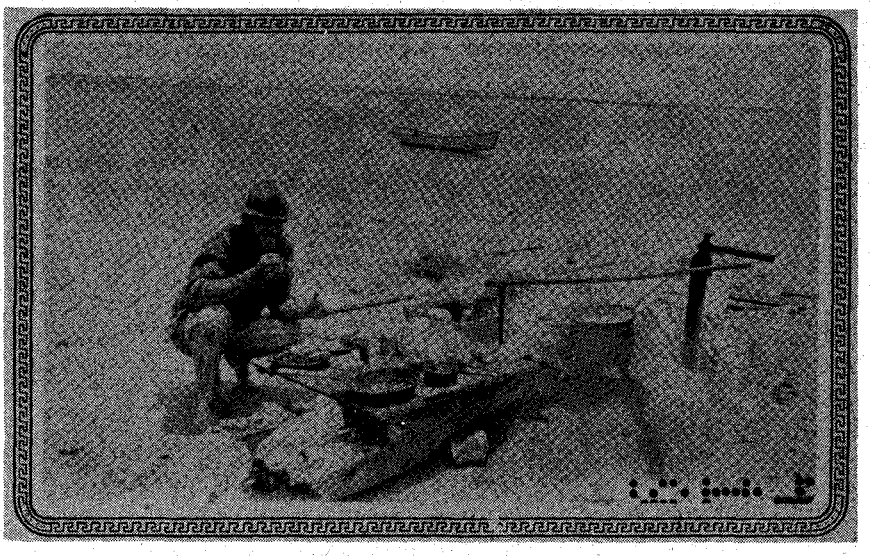
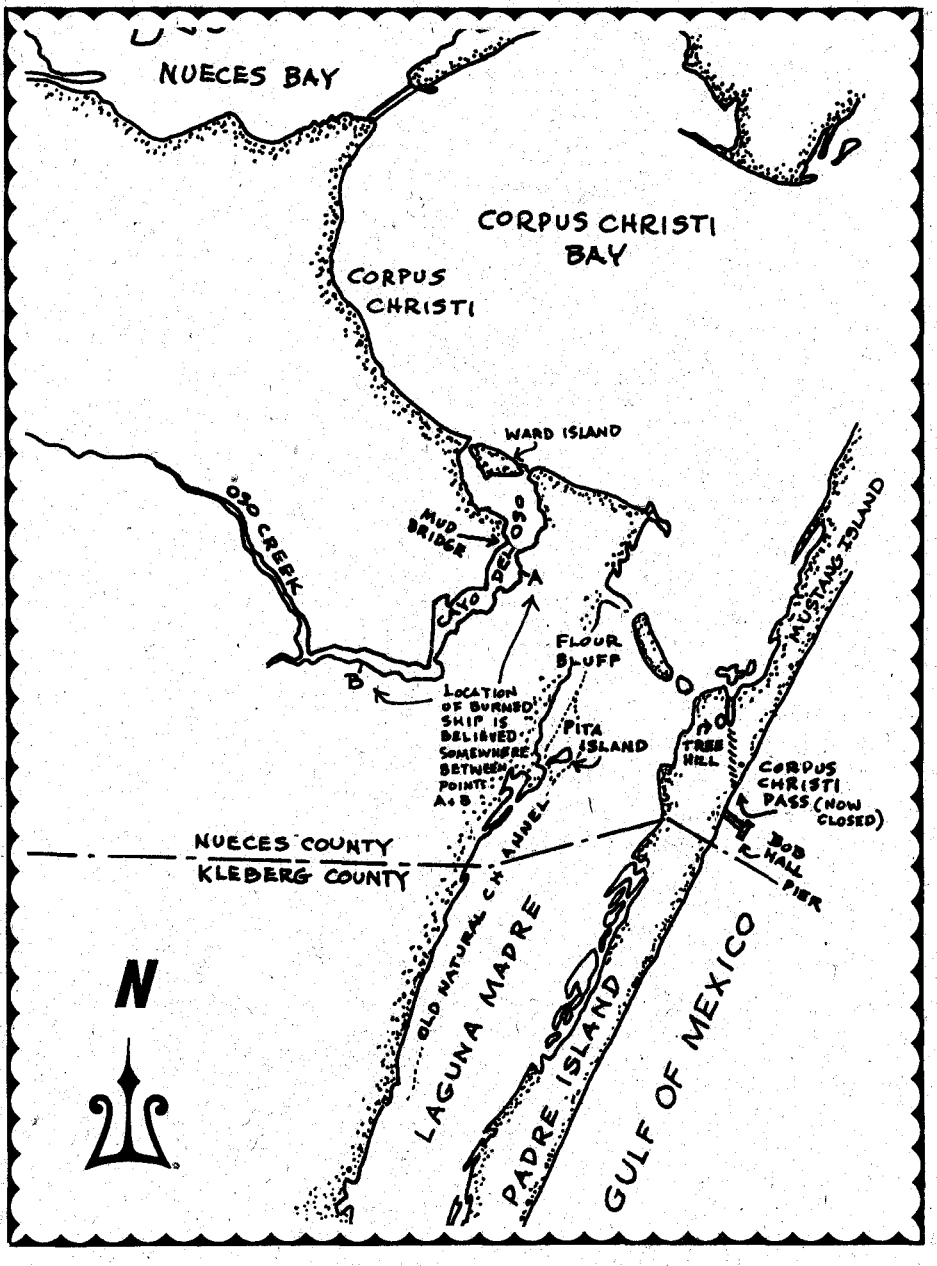
Hauling up the foresail, next the jib. Photo apparently was taken after seining was outlawed, about 1924.



At left, the "Mosquito Fleet" at Corpus Christi, Texas, about 1915.



Above, the author's camp on the west bank of the Bulkhead Channel, just where it turned into Corpus Christi Pass. Tom Sims is shown feeding his face, with Mustang Island behind him. Photo taken in May of 1927. Map shows reference points mentioned in story.



THE OSO

Down where the fog comes in, looters waited for disabled schooners like coyotes waited for a laggard calf . . .

had to admit he would never be able to enjoy the fruits of the search himself. His children and grandchildren merely laughed at his story and chided him for the time he had wasted in searching for the treasure trove. Now he would give the secret to us and hope that we would be able to come and tell him of the find.

After the war of 1812, Jean Lafitte had quite an establishment on Galveston Island with a large fleet and contingent of followers. When forced away from Galveston, he was said to have gone to Point Isabel, but his income from the pirate business may have been up the coast on Padre Island. The legends of it tell of false beacon lights, lanterns on

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poles or lashed to burros' forelegs to simulate ships rocking in a harbor, rocking to the swells; and the intentional wrecking of ships looking for what was once a pass called Boggy Slough, near the east end of Baffin Bay.

A census report on this part of Padre Island does not show these people but a remnant of them was known to me. My teacher in the first grade in Corpus Christi in 1910 was born in this area but was not listed in the census. The old village of Murdock's Landing on the lagoon shore of the island is a known location and I even knew the last of the Murdocks, old bachelor Harry, who told me about the village and how they transported lumber for the King and Kenedy ranch to build their first fences. In fact, Tom Sims and I bought his fishing camp and sailboat just before he died and went to the ruins of the old village to pick them up.

The name of Lafitte was mentioned in connection with these ship wreckers and it was also said that they had a base in Cedar Bayou, up the coast from the present town of Port Aransas at Aransas Pass. This was a place to wait for coastal shipping both in the Gulf and in the back bays, but it wasn't as protected as the Murdock's Landing area. Here these hounds of the sea could wreck the ships, loot them on the beach or in the surf, then after the crews were disposed of, could burn the hulks and destroy the evidence.

Solid evidence exists that such a business went on. In the early days there was an established ox-cart route along the beach from Corpus Christi Pass to Brazos de Santiago. Or the road across the island could have been used as the Murdocks used it to haul lumber from the beach in later years. The ship wreckers also could have hauled their loot to the lagoon and loaded it on shallow-draft schooners to be transported north to Corpus Christi or south to Brazos Santiago or to Point Isabel. Through Santiago to the Gulf, then back up the Rio Grande some eighty miles by water or twenty-one miles by land, they could have reached a good market at Matamoros, Mexico, a thriving city before there was a Brownsville.

IN a newspaper, *The American Flag*, printed in Matamoros in 1846-47 and moved to the new city of Brownsville in 1848, there appears the statement: "Madam Foyle has opened a place on the square where delightful, and hard to get, items of contraband can be had at low prices." She may have been just a business woman or she could have been a part of the organization—for thieves must have a market for their wares.

Other stories of the pirate business, even before these dates, were of looters preying on each other. Pirates waited for their competitors, battled them and took over their ships, then while they were laden with loot and probably licking their wounds and repairing their damages, a rival pirate would appear and relieve them of their treasure, often killing the crew and burning the ship.

Such a band would have needed a very fast sailing ship, which meant it would have to have a clean hull in contact with the water. That wasn't easy. Grass and all kinds of shellfish attached themselves to a hull in that warm sea. And since these men were not welcome in the ports where ship work could be done, they had to find a secluded place to heel their ships and repair their bottoms. This circumstance was the basis of the story the old Mexican told us, and it is well supported by legends and records of the time.

"Before and after" shots of a bulkhead at Corpus Christi Pass. The photo on left was taken about 1919, the one on right about 1974.

The day he told us of his secret, he began with his childhood—far down the coast of Mexico. He had grown up in the fishing and sailboating business. On one ship an old man, even as our friend was now, had confided that he had once been a member of a crew on a pirate ship. They had been in the business of robbing other pirates and one time had gone into a wide, shallow pass to a large round bay (evidently Corpus Christi Pass between Mustang and Padre Islands which are now joined). They were looking for a secluded place to heel their ship and do repair work on it.

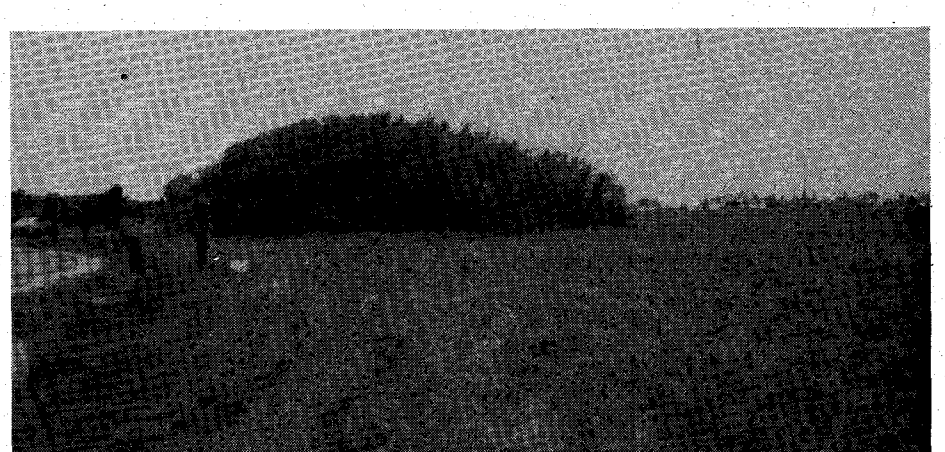
After taking a turn around the bay, they had come back to enter a long lagoon. Here they found a small island with trees on it and did their repair work behind it, out of sight of the big bay. While they were working they saw another pirate ship, with the same need, enter the pass and sail on to another inlet leading to a small bay and creek. They watched the newcomers unload and heel their ship.

To explain this process: They first found a place out of sight of other ships, for heeled over they were very vulnerable. The place would have a good sandy beach, no heavy waves, and there would be deep water up to the beach. When their ship was close in, the crew used deck skiffs and their launch to take ashore everything they could remove, even down to the ballast stones in the bilges. The crew camped in tents on the shore. Rope tackle was attached to the tops of the masts and to trees or buried logs; then with all hands on the tackle and spars as levers on the outside, they tilted the ship over on its side, exposing one half of the bottom and the keel to the sun and wind. As it dried they removed the metal sheathing and cleaned the exposed part, replacing worm-eaten or rotten planks.

When all was clean and dry they hammered more caulking into the open seams, treated the hull with tar and tallow, then replaced the metal plates—lead ones on a cheap craft or copper ones on fine ships. Both metals are poisonous when corroded by salt water and this helps to combat worms and grass growths. Then the ship was refloated and turned about to heel for work on the other side.

All readers of treasure stories know that all easily transportable loot, jewelry

A sand dune covered with small oak sprouts, a miniature version of "Big Hill" or "Tree Hill" which was located one-quarter mile away.



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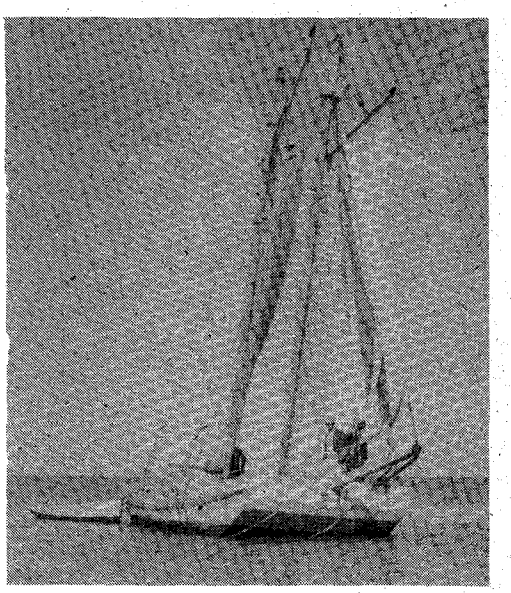
and gold was taken away from camp and buried. The captain took a trusted crew, or expendable men whom he did away with once the treasure was safely hidden.

Our old friend said the man he had sailed with told of watching them work, then coming around the big bay at night in their launch with muffled oars and a swivel cannon to capture and destroy the whole crew. They had stayed around for several days, transporting loot from the second ship to their ship, hunting all the time for cached wealth which they knew was nearby, but they hadn't found it, so they burned the ship and left.

The old pirate told our friend that he was sure he could have found the treasure if he could have returned to that pass and that bay and lagoon. He had left the ship and gone to honest work but had never had a chance to return to the site. Not being a navigator he couldn't locate the place on a map, but

Below, a schooner scow tacking to her anchors just before getting underway.



his description was in detail. Our friend had spent many years looking and comparing and was convinced El Callo del Oso was the place and that the first ship had been heeled behind Pita Island in the lagoon. Oso Bay had a slight bluff on the north and east shores and a sandy beach on the south and west, just as the pirate had said. Of course there were many miles of shoreline and now the water was very shallow at both locations.

TOM AND I went there to search many times. We would borrow a skiff from Mr. Pat Dunn who owned Padre Island at the time but had a house on the banks of the Oso where he crossed cattle on the "Mud Bridge." Dunn had a pasture there where he held cattle.

He thought all this time we were fishing and remarked that the water was too shallow and the bottom was soft mud. The creek long before had run into the bay through tall grass and was filtered clean and clear; but with the land upstream all in farms and plowed, the creek flowed a thick soup of mud after a rain.

We found that we could stick a 24-foot cane pole almost 16 feet into this soft mud, tip first, by simply starting it while turning it then pumping it up and down. This proved to us that the water had once been deep enough for a ship the size our old friend had described. We also sounded the cove behind Pita and found that it had been deeper but now had sand atop the mud.

Time went by. Tom and I pretended to be duck hunting or fishing and never told the people who went with us what we were looking for. After graduation, Tom went to work as shipping clerk for the Tex-Mex Railroad and I went off to college. Tom had a boat as a sideline to his job, and did explore a bit more, even taking a taxi driver into his confidence, principally to get transportation. The taxi driver, Bob Weed, was a bachelor and lived with his widowed mother, who I think may have owned a part of the taxis. The taxi stand, at the shore end of the municipal pleasure pier, was a handy place for Tom to keep the equipment to service his motorboat, out on the pier.

By the time I had dropped out of school, worked a while out of state and had come back home, Tom had quit the railroad and had a fine boat which he used in the charter business. He was also a U. S. Lighthouse beacon keeper. I was still single and often spent the night aboard the boat which was complete with a cook, deck hand (and bunks for eight people).

In the meantime our old Mexican friend had died but not before he had told of the thing which had brought him to the Texas Coast from Mexico. Some sailor had described to him a pass with a tall, cone-shaped hill beside it, covered with small trees. There was now no doubt as to which pass was used. Even the Mercer logs mention this "tree hill," the tallest for 200 miles each way.

It was still there until the new causeway was built in 1951. Then this hill was bought by W. F. L. Lehman to build a tourist court for his son. They had the hill bulldozed to a level top and hauled in oyster shells to make a yard for the concrete block cottages.

ONE rainy winter night I had come in from the country to spend the night on Tom's boat when Bob Weed called me from the taxi stand to say that Tom had been trying to get me.

This revival of treasure fever originated with Bob. He had taken a fare from the SAAP depot to the Mud Bridge over the Oso to hunt ducks. He was to come back for the man in time to catch the evening train back north. As the man changed to street clothes at the taxi stand he mentioned that he had jumped a little wash at the shoreline and had seen reddish stones in the wash, about the size of a man's head. Bob had casually mentioned it as he had shared supper with Tom and his crew that night.

Tom hadn't said anything until he and Bob were alone but he reasoned that what the hunter had seen were the ballast stones of the old ship. Stones were news in this country where a pebble the size a bean is a find.

Next morning at daylight Tom and I were there in my car with slicker suits, shotguns, and rubber boots. We found the place in the shelter of a bush where the duck hunter had waited for Bob. Many hand-made cigarettes he had rolled and smoked, for there lay the empty Prince Albert tobacco can he had discarded. We even found where he had crawled under the barbed wire fence into Dunn's pasture. We found an occasional boot print among the cow tracks and many little washes in the creek bank which he described—but no stones.

Next day it was still raining and neither of us expected any business, so we returned with prod rods and a lunch, and spent the day. Along toward night Tom's probe hit wood. We dug it out to find that it was West Coast fir wood which only had come to us in recent years. In one end was a galvanized spike which indicated that it was probably a part of a culvert, washed out by a flood.

More years went by and I got married (1932). One night I came home to hear my wife say that Tom was very anxious to see me. A guest on his boat had told him of finding a piece of oak, partly burned and with a hand-forged iron nail in it. This man, like Bob's customer, had been duck hunting. So we spent many more hours looking but didn't find anything, though Tom had gotten a detailed location from his guest.

Bob and his mother eventually moved back to Alice, Texas. I had a thriving business and a partner. Tom had two boats of his own and took care of a very expensive one for a big corporation—treasure had to wait.

Now—over forty years later—the search area is completely transfigured. Central Power & Light Company has built a giant cooling lake up the creek, and housing projects cover the Dunn pasture. The City of Corpus Christi talks of selling the bay shore to land developers to build vertical concrete walls along the shore and to dig marinas back into the land. The shoreline will be filled and raised to build condominiums.

The cooling lake may be on top of where the treasure was buried but by chance, when the marinas are dug, the bones of the old ship will be found. I hope the construction workers will know to stop and look if they do strike the ship and will take out the remains with care. Even the metal fastenings would be worth displaying.

Tom died a few years back, still an old bachelor, as did Bob, and I approach the condition of the other *viejo, muy jolida y muy contenta*—but not rich except in memory and the same wife.

Below, the author at the oars, fifty years ago.

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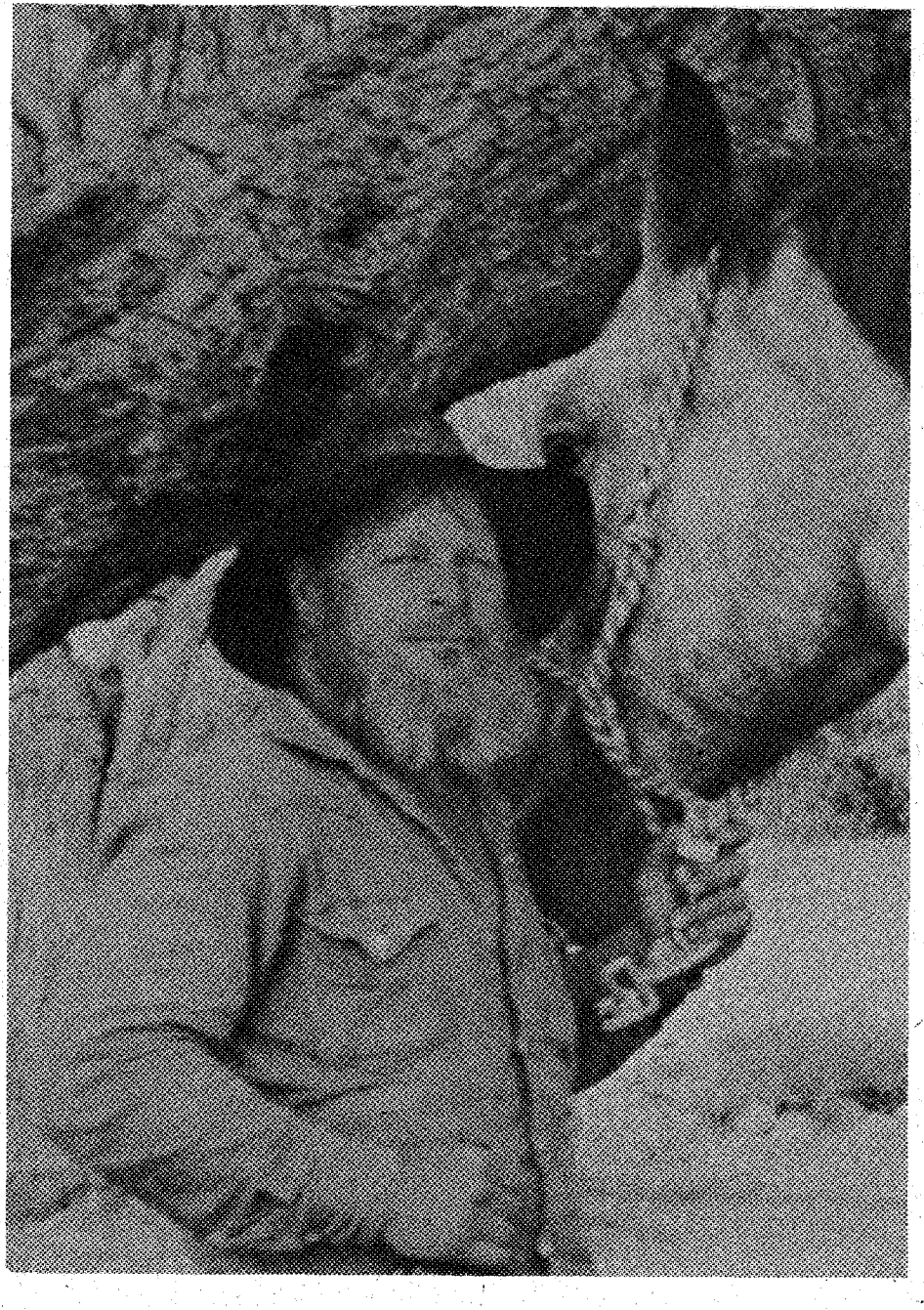
By LEO BANKS

Photos Courtesy Author



ROY BELYEU DIED IN THE RAIN

This cowboy probably knew before anyone else did that he'd been born way too late. It didn't make him bitter, but it did make him careless...

THE WIND blows strong across the northern slopes of the Santa Catalina Mountains in winter. It is a long, lonely, rugged stretch of land, barren and untamed. After sunset the ground freezes hard and the biting wind whispers a warning to intruders. For a cowboy on horseback, it is time to head back to the ranch. The mountains have played host long enough.

Sometime between February 8 and 14, 1976 Roy (Shorty) Belyeu died on the northern slopes of the Catalinas. He had set out from the 6-Bar Ranch on Davis Mesa looking for a bull missing from the last roundup. It was a routine assignment for Belyeu. He had worked at the 6-Bar off and on for seven years and had been into the mountains hundreds of times. He was a good cowboy. He had been for all of his forty-four years. It was all he knew, it was his life, and it seems fitting that it would also be his death.

Rancher Joe Goff, owner of the 6-Bar, was the first to discover that Belyeu was missing. On the night of February 11, Goff was planning to leave his other ranch near Oracle Junction and drive twenty-five miles northeast to the 6-Bar. It was a rainy, harsh night and Goff decided to stay at Oracle until daybreak.

"The next morning when I got to the 6-Bar the wood stove in the tack room where Shorty lived was cold, everything was cold, and it was clear nobody had been there. But I didn't think much of it because on occasion Shorty would meet hunters and they'd give him a few beers and he would go down to Benson, Willcox or Tucson to get drunk," Goff explained.

The rain the night before erased any tracks leaving the 6-Bar and Goff was unable to tell in what direction he went.

That same afternoon, Goff's horses came in from pasture to water at the ranch. He noticed that one of his bay horses, one Belyeu liked to ride, was missing.

"Then Thursday night at about nine or so I was getting ready for bed when I heard scratching and barking at the door. I went out and it was one of the dogs Shorty liked to take with him when he went out. An hour later the other dog returned. I was beginning to think something was wrong."

The following morning Goff saddled his horse and rode five miles southeast to a farm he owns at Reddington. He thought Belyeu might have been there and he could pick up some clues as to his whereabouts. He found nothing.

Goff then went to see neighbors at the Carlink Ranch, asking if they had seen Belyeu. They said they had not seen him recently, but the previous Sunday they saw him riding a little red and white pinto pony along the (San Pedro) river road. It was the last time he was seen alive.

"Friday night I went to bed wondering if Shorty went up to the mountains

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and got hurt. I had told him a few weeks before to go find the Pete Perry bull (bought from a man by that name) that was missing from the roundup, if he had a chance. I figured he may have gone up there and broken an ankle or a leg and was holed up somewhere."

GOFF'S only clue was that Belyeu was seen on a pinto pony near Reddington on Sunday. The pinto was among Goff's horses that returned from pasture to water on Thursday afternoon. That meant Belyeu came back to the 6-Bar and exchanged the pinto for the bay horse before heading up the mountain. Goff said he probably left on Monday, but he couldn't be sure.

By this time Goff was certain something was wrong. Belyeu was a spirited cowboy and he would often leave the ranch without saying where or why to anybody. Once he got the urge to go, nobody could stop him. He could have been in town drinking or he could have quit again, as he had so many times in the past. Either was possible. But Joe Goff knew this time it was different. Saturday he got up before daybreak, saddled his horse and rode west for Davis Spring.

"We have a grazing pasture at Davis Spring and if a horse of mine broke loose from its rider it would instinctively head there. Sure enough, that's where I found the bay horse. It was without a saddle or a bridle. I followed the tracks all the way up Peck Basin. By this time it was getting late and I figured I'd better get out of there. When I got home I thought I ought to let the law know I was missing a cowboy."

Goff contacted the Pima County sheriff's office and the next morning eighty volunteer members of the Search and Rescue team assembled at the old schoolhouse at Oracle Junction. An open range gate near the Peck Basin Trail, with tracks leading in but none coming out, gave searchers a place to begin. Other range gates in the vicinity were closed and the search area was narrowed to five square miles.

Belyeu had been missing for almost a week and hope was dwindling that he would be found alive. At night the temperature in the mountains plummets well below freezing. Unless a man was able to find shelter he would not survive.

The Search and Rescue team was joined by two helicopters from the Arizona Department of Public Safety, along with Joe Goff and five other men on horseback. The search lasted two days.

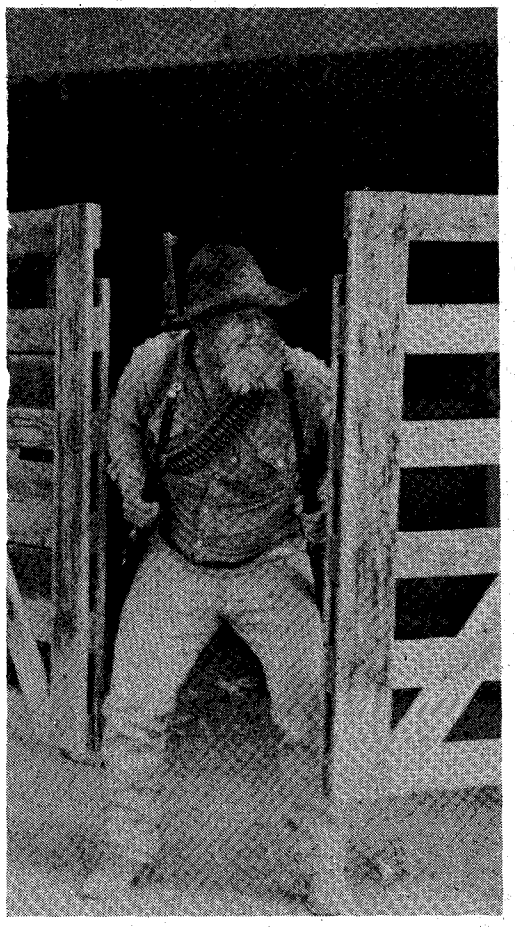
"The first day we found the bridle and the bull," explained Joe Goff, "and the next day we found Belyeu in a box canyon. He was lying at the bottom of a ten-foot embankment with a poncho over his head. So it was probably raining when he died. I figure he tried to take his horse next to a big manzanita bush and the horse lost its footing in the red clay. We found his saddle next to him with a broken cinch. I think the horse fell on him, but the coroner's report said he died of exposure."

A later coroner's report revealed brain concussion.

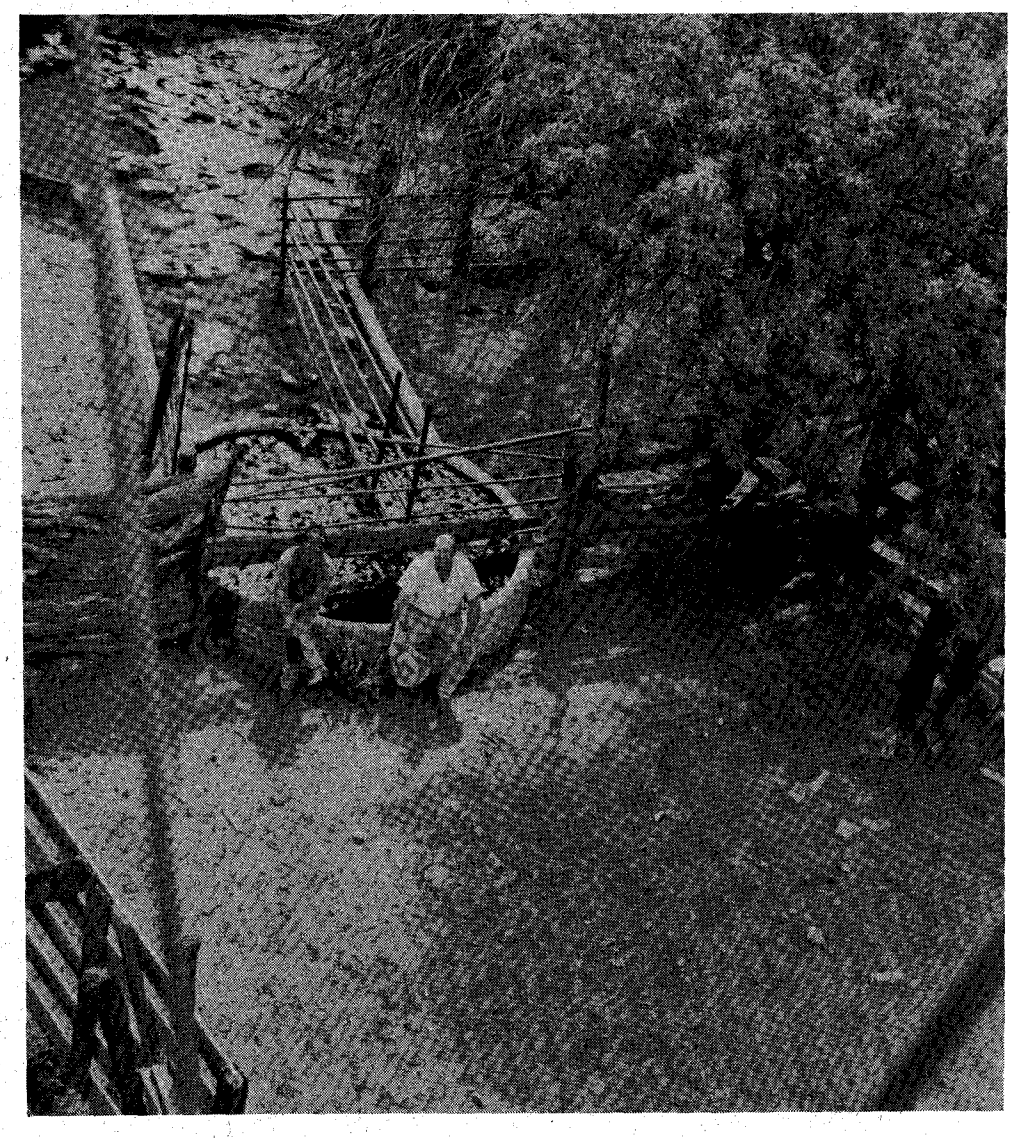
ROY BELYEU'S death came as a surprise to those who knew him. He was too damn good a cowboy to die that way, they said.

"I can't see Belyeu, as good a cowboy as he was, staying in the saddle when that horse started going down," said Dallas Craber, a friend Belyeu drank and hunted with. "Unless he was hit, that man would have gotten out of the saddle before the horse went down. He checked the cinch and stirrups every time he went out; just like you check your car before taking a trip. I don't believe

At left, Roy Belyeu loved his horses. Below, Roy "hams it up" for the photographer.



Roy and a friend passing some time.



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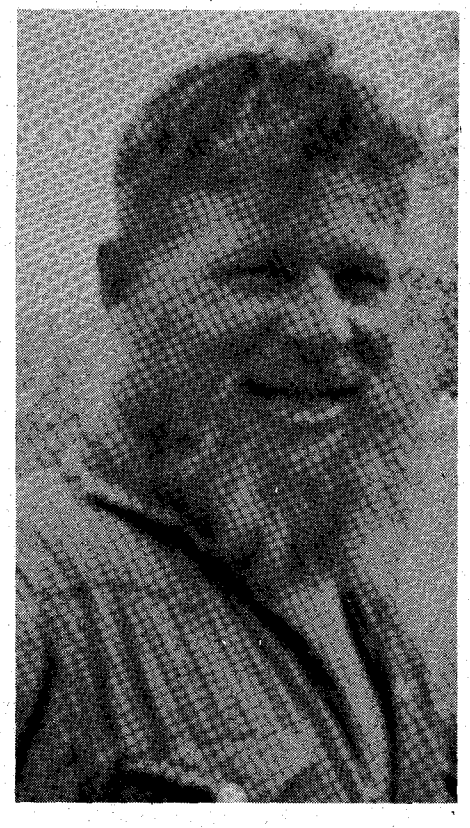

Jim Law, a long-time friend of Belyeu's recalls: "He was a loner. He'd stay out away from camp for ten or twelve days. He knew every crack and rise in that valley by Mount Bigelow better than any man who was born and raised there. He was one of the best old-time cowboys there ever was. He loved to stay out and tend cattle. That's just the was he was.

"He lived out at Joe Goff's place in an old tack room with a potbelly stove and a wood floor. The wind blew hard through the cracks in the wall, but that's the way he liked it."

BELYEU was born in Abilene, Texas in 1933, but his home was Deming, New Mexico. His mother's parents owned a ranch at Deming and it was there, with his twin brother Troy, that Belyeu grew up.

Until he was of school age, Belyeu was raised by his grandparents on the ranch at Deming. His mother—"I had to get out and work and my mom and dad wanted to keep 'em (Roy and Troy) for me"—took a job at a cafe in Bakersfield, California. His grandfather, a rancher and cowboy all his life, was the influence that put Roy Belyeu in the saddle from the day he could walk.

At left and below, Roy usually had a smile on to go with his full beard.

he was ridin' with a bad bridle or a rotten cinch, not Belyeu. He was just too damn good, the very best. Nobody who knew Belyeu believed that story in the papers."

Clyde Sheehan, a friend of many years, recalls Belyeu's ability as a cowboy. "I went up to Joe Goff's place to see Roy and he was out checking waterholes. We was on the road back and we ran into a bunch of cattle that hadn't been branded. Roy wanted me to keep the cattle up against a fence while he roped them. Roy was ridin' a buckskin that wasn't cattle broke and every time he threw the rope the horse jumped about three feet sideways. Roy missed every time, started cussin' and got so mad he took his rope and whomped that old buskskin right between the eyes. He tied the buckskin to a bush and roped nine cows on foot. He grabbed 'em around the head, threw 'em down, tied their feet and branded 'em. Ain't too many men can do that."

"I was watching television that night when I heard Roy was dead," said Belyeu's mother, Nettie Larsen of Sasabe, Arizona. "I just caught the tail end of it and I couldn't get the last name. They didn't pronounce it like it was, you know, and I didn't think too much of it. And then that same night my youngest son, Bobby, came to see me and I said, 'What are you doing down here tonight?' He said, 'Momma, I came to tell you something. Get over here and set down and promise you won't get upset.' He says, 'Roy got killed.' For a minute I couldn't believe it. I never thought he'd get killed that way, but you never know."

Belyeu's death—alone in the mountains, missing for a week, tracking down a stray bull—typified the way he lived.

"It didn't matter what kind of work he did as long as it was on a ranch. He was a very good cowboy. He helped my dad on the ranch and did a lot of work around the neighborhood. Neighbors would come by and ask if they could have the boys for a while and he'd say sure. Roy and Troy never got along. They'd get along for a while and then they'd git to fussin' and fightin' again. But the boys looked up to my dad. They thought he was a wonderful guy," Mrs. Larsen said.

Belyeu never graduated from high school. Cowboy life kept him too busy for books. He worked for most of the ranchers around Deming, staying for a year or so and then moving on. As soon as he got tired of covering the same ground, he packed up.

"He didn't like for anybody to tell him what to do. We'd tell him to slow down drinking and he'd get madder 'n hell. He'd stay with Joe Goff for a while, get mad and quit and then he'd always head home to see how we all was. He never stayed too long and then he'd turn around and go back to work for Joe. He'd do what Joe told him, but he wouldn't listen to us," explained Mrs. Larsen.

Beyleu's life never left much time for family. His mother recalls how she would go several months at a time without seeing him. Family ties—"As far as I know, he never married"—only confine a man married to a way of life.

"Now and then the boys would come home and say they saw Roy downtown, but he never came to see us much. He'd call every now and then and say, 'I love you, Momma,' but that was all he'd say."

Like the old-fashioned cowboy, Belyeu stayed out on the range for three or four months at a time. But when he came to town, he was ready to holler.

Dallas Craber recalls Belyeu's nights at a South Tucson bar called the Wagon Wheel.

"Roy would come in and drink until he couldn't drink anymore. I never saw a man drink so much and get up and walk around.

"He was the last of the working cowboys. He'd come to town with a roll of $400 in his boot and spend every penny. He'd go up to his friends and borrow $10 and then a few minutes later he'd pull out his roll, go up to the same person and ask if he needed any money.

"He got rolled downtown a lot because everybody knew him there and they knew he came to town with a lot of money. But he had friends at the Wagon Wheel and we tried to take care of him."

Craber laughs when he recalls the night Belyeu asked to borrow a friend's car for a couple of hours and was gone a week.

"We had a guy used to come in the Wagon Wheel name of Carlos. One night Belyeu asked Carlos if he could borrow his station wagon for two hours and he gave it to him. Belyeu never came back. Poor Carlos waited and waited and waited and still no Belyeu. Carlos is an

(Continued on page 55)

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TREASURE GUIDE

Treasure Hunting in the U.S.A. by Norman Carlisle (Popular Library, New York, $1.75 paperback) is a 286-page book containing 34 stories of lost treasure. The treasure tales are from all parts of the U.S. Carlisle includes three from New England, one from Wisconsin, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Missouri, Virginia and Kentucky. And there are several from Southwestern states—six from Texas, two from New Mexico and Arizona, and three from California. Maps have been included with several of the stories. The book is well written and includes a cross section of tales ranging from pirate's gold, miser's hoards, and lost mines to loot buried by robbers. It's good reading. Unfortunately the author hasn't included his sources for the tales. Recommended.

SPANISH CATTLE

The Criollo: Spanish Cattle in the Americas by John E. Rouse (University of Oklahoma Press, Norman, $17.50 hard cover) is the author's latest book on cattle. Rouse wrote the giant three-volume study of *World Cattle*, published a few years ago. In this book he concentrates on Spanish cattle in the Americas. He traces their story from first arrival in the West Indies to the mainland of what is today Mexico, and elsewhere in Central and South America. And he details the story of how Spanish cattle made their way northward into Texas and California.

In his travels around the world Rouse may have seen more different kinds of cattle than any other human being alive today. He includes many photographs in *The Criollo*. Many maps are included. Rouse tells his story in an authoritative yet enjoyable manner. He includes a good bibliography and index. Highly recommended.

BONANZA KINGS

Between 1870 and 1900 large mining operations were the backbone of the economy of many Western districts. The impact of these mining operations on the lives of most persons living there was tremendous. How these large operations developed and how they affected people is the subject of *The Bonanza Kings* by Richard H. Peterson (University of Nebraska Press, 901 N. 17th St., Lincoln, Neb. 68588, $9.95 hard cover). Peterson, a California college teacher, examines the social origins and business behavior of the mining entrepreneurs in the West. He includes a list of mining leaders in his 91-page effort. Footnotes are included, along with an index in what apparently is the first comprehensive study of the subject matter. Persons interested in mining will find it worthwhile.

MEXICAN FOOD

When a book has been reprinted fourteen times, people must like it. Such is the case with Erna Fergusson's *Mexican Cookbook* (University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, N. M. 87131, $2.45 paper). This little cookbook—there are 120 pages—first appeared many years ago. Since then it's made a hit, and why not? For well over a hundred years Mexican food has been spreading. Today it is part of the national cuisine when, of course, it is correctly prepared. This little book gives directions for 104 authentic Mexican dishes, sauces, dressings and many other favorites including *biscochitos* (cookies). In addition, seven complete menus for traditional Mexican dinners are included.

Highly recommended—hungry or not!

KING FREIGHTER

I Hauled These Mountains In Here! (Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho, 83605, $9.95) is the true story of a man sometimes called "king of the freight lines" and "greatest freighter in the West." The book is the story of David Wood. It was written by two of his daughters, Frances and Dorothy Wood, who now live in St. Petersburg, Florida. Using family records and the recollections of their father—he died in 1944—they tell the interesting story of a man who came to Kansas Territory with his parents in 1854. At the age of ten he became a soldier in the Civil War. After the war he returned to Kansas to help his father ranch near Cottonwood Falls in Chase County. Then he trailed cattle from Texas northward. In 1876 he headed for Colorado where he eventually operated the biggest passenger and freight wagon service in the state's history.

The book is filled with interesting photographs, many from family files. And Wood's recollections, compiled before he died, add much to this delightful book. A good index is included. Highly recommended.

SILVER HANDBOOK

What may very well be the first volume devoted exclusively to silver to be written in this century is Tommie Holden's *Silver Prospector's Handbook* (Silver Research Inc., Box 845, WaKeeney, Kan. 67672, $20.00). This 186-page book published in heavy paper wrappers begins with a short history of silver. It includes much technical information including details on the treatment of silver ore, how it is processed, what prospecting equipment is used and countless other pertinent facts. Holden believes the world is running out of silver, and he cites figures to prove his claim. He also lists more than 450 silver districts in the U. S. and says there are more than five billion ounces of unmined silver waiting to be found. The book contains a bibliography of more than twenty pages.

Anyone interested in silver and silver mining will find more than passing interest in Holden's book. The first 3,000 copies are individually numbered and will be autographed by the author.

CALIFORNIA BANDIDOS

Legends of the California Bandidos (Pioneer Publishing Co., 524 - 22nd St., Paso Robles, Calif. 93446, $12.50 cloth, $4.95 paper) is just what the title suggests. Its 237 pages are filled with stories about old-time badmen, or *bandidos*, in early California. The author, Angus MacLean, born on the old Still family ranch in eastern San Luis Obispo County, California, examines the lives and legends of such characters as Tiburcio Vasquez, Three-Finger Jack, Rafe Jackson, Jack Powers and Pio Linares. The author, now in his sixties, first heard of these *bandidos* from his grandfather. Later, MacLean talked with people who actually knew many of them. It's an interesting book combining legend and fact. Recommended.

A FREEBOOTER HISTORY

More than a century ago the name William Walker was well-known in the United States. Today few Americans remember the name of the man who had been a doctor, lawyer, and newspaper editor before he became a soldier of fortune. *Freebooters Must Die!* by Frederic Rosengarten, Jr. (Haverford House, 34 West Ave., Wayne, Pa. 19087, $12.95) is the story of Walker, a man who had visions of setting up a slave empire in Central America with himself as dictator. In 1855, with an army of fifty-eight men, Walker invaded Nicaragua and managed to have himself "elected" president of that country. His empire-building career was cut short, however, when at the age of thirty-six he was executed in Honduras by a barefoot firing squad. This interesting biography includes 136 illustrations, including maps, photographs and documents; and a fine bibliography and index. Recommended.

CORONADO

Once in a while we run across a good book and wonder whether or not it's still in print. The Old Bookaroos were pleased to learn that *Coronado, Knight of Pueblos and Plains* by Herbert Eugene Bolton, first published in 1949, is still available (University of New Mexico press, Albuquerque, N. M. 87131, $8.95 cloth,

(Continued on page 64)

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JEREMIAH CHAMBERLAIN was the D'Artagnan of our family. (He made the fourth Musketeer.) The oldest brother of my grandmother, Josephine Chamberlain Livingston, he was the stuff of which legends are made, and provided "supper table" talk for two generations of us.

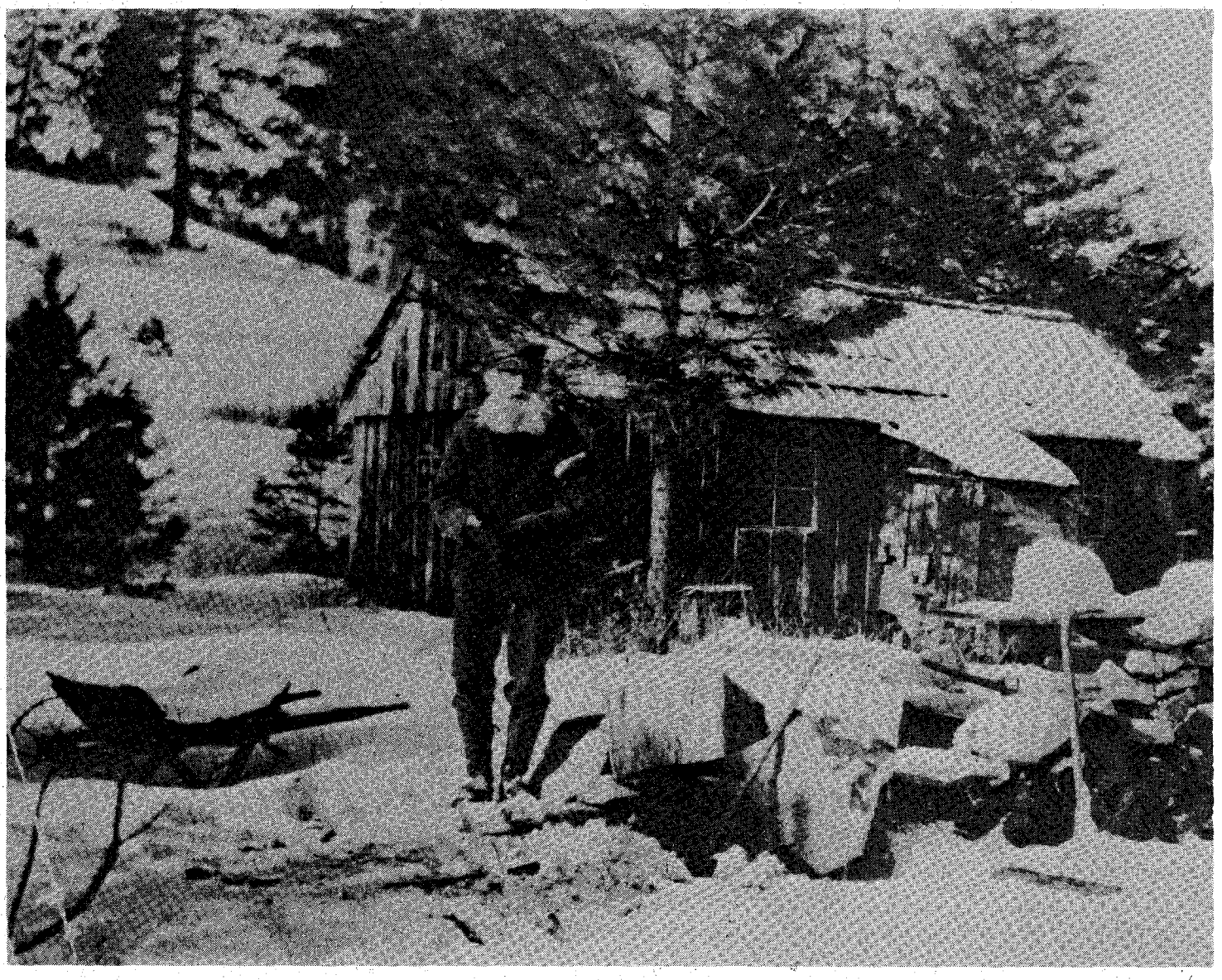
Sometime around 1870 Jerry followed the Chisholm Trail far from what he called his "native pickin's," Burnet, Texas. In the years stretching down through the '90s, his mother scanned the horizon at the whistle of each incoming train, and each time had to accept the fact that the wailing engine had not returned her son. Once in a while there would be a "Dear Ma, pickin's are pretty good here now . . ." letter, and my mother, who was a child then, confessed that she used to daydream over various strangers who passed, "There's Uncle Jerry."

Jerry drifted to the Dakotas. One of his "Dear Ma" letters told that he had met up with Buffalo Bill Cody. Cody had a contract to supply a fort with buffalo meat. He hired Jerry and another man to help do the hunting. Every third day a wagon filled with buffalo was driven in. One day Indians routed the hunters and ran them all the way to the fort. They had to leave their wagons of meat behind. Jerry was very fond of Mrs. Cody. Someone once told him that Bill had mistreated his wife in later life. Jerry said, "If I knew it was so, I'd go and kill the --- ---!"

Jerry's communications were few—and tantalizingly brief. One of them observed that an Oregon outlaw had ordered him to leave town or suffer the consequences. The desperado didn't accomplish his threat, according to Jerry. (Did Jerry

Jerry Chamberlain had a roving eye and roving feet — and he was far from Brigham Young country when he died. But over his cabin door was a link with his past —

Was It Ann Young's Yellow



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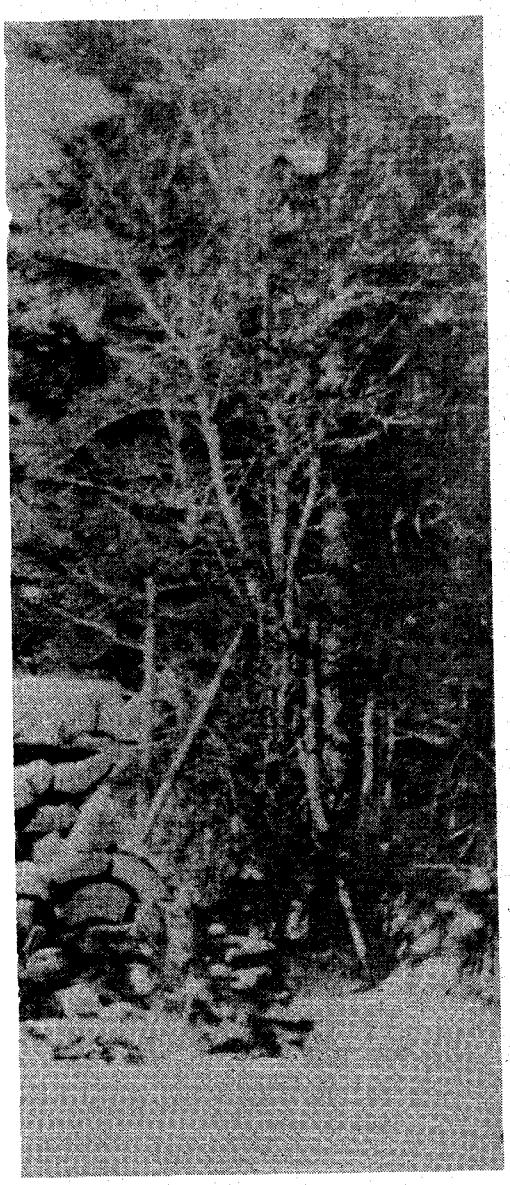
dispatch him?) What information the family had of him was picked up from letters he wrote to Josephine, his sister; letters he wrote to his friend Tobe Reed; a few to his niece Allie Livingston Compton of Portales, New Mexico; and conversations he had with his nephew John B. Chamberlain, of Bertram, Texas.

Jerry, after a sojourn in Mormon Territory, took up prospecting in the gold mining district of southwestern Oregon. He stayed for a while at Anton and Grant's Pass. Finally he filed a claim where the Spanish and Mule Gulches join near Dayville. In 1914 John B. Chamberlain, the son of Jerry's younger brother Tom, decided to make a pilgrimage to find him. John B. and his cousin, Lou Chamberlain Clements, were the only ones of their generation to see their legendary uncle, and only John B. ever saw Jerry in his adopted habitat.

By GEORGIA EARNEST KLIPPLE

Photos Courtesy Author

Rose?



JOHN B., "who wouldn't give a cent for the cities," stayed the winter of 1914 with Jerry to help do the assessment work. He was fascinated by it. "You have to do ten days' work on a claim each year in order to hold it," he said, "and this has to be checked up. A million dollars worth of gold was panned out in the area between 1880 and 1890." Jerry had a rocker rigged up to pan the gravel. The gold diminished in time, but "there was always enough to make a living," according to Jerry. On some days $10 worth would be panned out, on others less or none. "There is always the prospect of a rich vein coming in," Jerry wrote to his niece Allie.

Courtesy Arno Press, New York, N.Y.

At left, Jerry Chamberlain and his cabin at his adopted "pickin's" near Dayville, Oregon. The gold mine was in back of the cabin. Photo was taken by Jerry's nephew, John B. Chamberlain, the only family member who ever saw him in his adopted home.

Jerry lived in a log cabin that he built on top of the mountain. He had to walk seven miles away and a thousand feet down to get his groceries. Because of the climate he could work only in the summer. "It's cold as heck and twice as steep," reported John B.

In 1914 a giant yellow rose overhung the cabin door.

"Where did you get the yellow rose?" John B. asked.

"That's my Mormon rose," he was told.

John B. already knew of a letter Jerry wrote to Tobe Reed after a prolonged silence that caused the family to fear that Jerry was dead. It was after his job with Buffalo Bill. Jerry drifted from the Dakotas to Mormon Territory. ("Did Buffalo Bill send Jerry packing because of Jerry's devotion to Bill's wife?" the family speculated.)

The letter to Tobe Reed confided that later one of Brigham's nineteen wives wanted Jerry to help her escape in a wagon. "But," said Jerry, "a wagon

Courtesy William N. Livingston, Johnson City, Texas

Above, Sarah Barton Chamberlain (on right) rustled to the door in her prim, black dress at the whistle of each incoming train, hoping that her son would return home. The lady on the left is Mrs. Frey, mother-in-law to two of Mrs. Chamberlain's sons. Photo taken in the late 1800s. At left, Ann Young, Brigham Young's nineteenth wife. Did Jerry Chamberlain help her escape from Salt Lake City? Below, Josephine Chamberlain Livingston in the 1930s. She was Jerry Chamberlain's "baby sister."

Courtesy William N. Livingston, Johnson City, Texas

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creaking out of here in the still desert night air would raise the dead Mormons, let alone the living." (So did he or didn't he? Ann Young in 1875 related in her book *Wife No. 19* how she took leave from Salt Lake City. "I did not dare to leave Salt Lake by rail . . . all our final arrangements were forced to be made with the greatest secrecy. I did not venture even to take my own trunk. . . . On the evening of the 27th of November, I left the hotel by the back door . . . ostensibly to walk home. . . . A carriage was waiting at the corner. . . . I got in and was rapidly driven out of the city. . . .

Brigham Young's Farm-House.

Courtesy Arno Press, New York, N.Y.

I was to take the cars on the Union Pacific road at Uintah, and thus avoid traveling at all on the Utah railroad. . . . We were not sure we had succeeded in eluding . . . the 'Danites'. . . . I could not cast off the feeling that every moment brought us nearer to some dreadful death.")

Jerry told John B. that when he reached Mormon Territory he was hired to take care of the farm where Young "kept his youngest and prettiest wife."

Courtesy Lois Kincheloe, Burnet, Texas

Above, John Burkett Chamberlain lived for a year with Jerry Chamberlain, doing assessment work in the mines. Photo taken in 1918, after his return from World War I. At left, Brigham Young's farmhouse was designed by himself, with irregular architecture and wide verandas. The farm supplied produce for Young's wives and children. Below, a photo sent to his family in Burnet, Texas by Jerry Chamberlain. He explained that it showed one of his neighbor's children at the mine site. The family believes that this may be one of the Derrs, special friends to Jerry.

They had been married a year. "I guess he was runnin' short of Saints who were good cowhands." The ranch, or farm, was about four miles out of Salt Lake and supplied Brigham's family with milk, butter, cheese, and vegetables. The farm was a very pretty place, with vines draped all over the front porch.

"And the yellow rose over your cabin door?" suggested John B.

"Yep. That's my Mormon rose," said Jerry. "After I came to, when I was shot (the circumstance of which he never explained) I thought I was dead. I lifted up my hand, though, so I wasn't! There was a bouquet of yellow roses and the purtiest girl I ever did see. She said her name was Ann Eliza, and that she was old Brigham's wife. 'I'll bet you're his youngest wife,' I told her, 'and I know you're the purtiest.'

"I was a pretty well-seasoned cowboy and it was hard for me to be an invalid, but I did the best I could. Ann Eliza was a good nurse. I nearly had a relapse, though, when she told me she wanted a divorce from the Big Mormon. Wanted me to help. (Was the carriage that whisked Ann Eliza out of Salt Lake driven by Jerry Chamberlain?)

"When you was away from old Brigham—he was about seventy-five then, had a ruff of beard that made his jaw stick out that much more, had a barber come in every day to fix him up—you could hate him and fear him and feel disgusted at his ways, but in his presence I felt like I had been caught stealin' jam. Higher authorities than I have felt the same way on occasion. After all, there is something impressive about a man who feels that the United States Government and the Holy Bible are wrong and that he is right."

All this came in pieces, however. "Uncle Jerry didn't talk much," said John B. He had to fit together the fragments of experience that Jerry let fall. And he was as fascinated by it as he was by his work—maybe more so. But he never did find out whether Jerry actually helped Ann Eliza flee from Salt Lake City.

WORLD WAR I came along and John B. went into the service. At its end, he came home and married. Years passed with little word of Jerry. Then Allie, his niece, traced him to Caleb, Oregon. The postmaster there wrote that Jerry had grown old and didn't come to town often. He was a veteran juryman, however. "You knew," wrote the postmaster, "when he didn't show up for a trial that he was sick or that something was wrong." And then one day Jerry was dead.

In 1939 John B., this time with his wife Susan, revisited Uncle Jerry's "pickin's." There was a chance that his claim had been incompletely filed by those who assumed it. Jerry Chamberlain had been dead for fifteen years.

"Being optimistic by nature," said John B., "I thought I might prospect, so I bought a gold pan." High up in the mountains, the couple reached a point which a car could not pass. Up the practically obliterated "grocery trail" they made their way to the old log cabin, rotting and windowless by this time. Densely enclosed by tall pines grown up since John B.'s previous visit, the door overhung by rank yellow roses, the cabin was an unmolested monument to the one who built it. A mountain peak stood guard behind. The cold compelled John B. and Susan to stay in the cabin overnight, and that night was haunted by fear of the dread spotted fever, the plague spread by ticks.

"The mine," said John B., "which was never developed, merely worked, might have been of value to some of the Chamberlains had they taken up the claim when Jerry died fifteen years earlier. Jerry's neighbor had a working claim."

Before returning home they visited

(Continued on page 41)

Courtesy Lois Kincheloe, Burnet, Texas

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A MAN WITH A SWORD IN HIS SIDE

By RONALD HILL

Every brush with life seemed to push it a little deeper — the man was Ambrose Bierce

THE DEVIL'S DICTIONARY by Ambrose Bierce defines "optimist" as "a proponent of the doctrine that black is white." No one who knew the author would ever thus stigmatize him, however. For Bierce, black was always black, and white only slightly less so. Whether or not he was, as one biographer called him, "the wickedest man in San Francisco," he was certainly one of the strangest.

Ambrose Gwinnet Bierce was born in a log cabin in Meigs County, Ohio, on June 24, 1842. There was nothing particularly unusual about his parents, aside from their penchant for giving their offspring names beginning with the letter "A"—all ten of them, counting Ambrose.

The family was of New England stock, originally from Massachusetts. Marcus Aurelius Bierce, Ambrose's father, was a farmer, though not a very successful one, and with such a large family, life was a constant struggle. When it got to be too much for the elder Bierce, he would immerse himself in his books, for, despite his poverty, he had the largest library in the county—mostly classics.

It was Ambrose's mother, Laura, who really ran the household, with an occasional assist from his father's brother, Lucius Verus Bierce, who had managed to work his way through Ohio University and attain considerable prominence in Ohio politics, despite the fact he was a known supplier of arms to the fanatical John Brown.

Ambrose, like his father, preferred books to farming. At fifteen he left home and apprenticed himself as a printer's devil in a nearby town. Two years later, after an unjust accusation of theft, Ambrose left in a rage.

His Uncle Lucius then staked him to a term at Kentucky Military Academy, the only formal schooling he ever received. In 1861 he enlisted in the Ninth Indiana Infantry as a drummer boy, and marched off into some of the bloodiest fighting of the Civil War. He was wounded twice, once severely in the head by shrapnel, and was cited for bravery no less than sixteen times.

In 1865 Ambrose was discharged as a first lieutenant with the brevet (honorary) rank of major. But he had changed. Naturally quiet and withdrawn, never close to his parents, now he would have nothing whatever to do with them. He had become arrogant, cynical, and suspicious. Even his brother Albert, the only family member Ambrose would tolerate, thought him a different person.

Family members shook their heads and blamed it on the shrapnel. But whether it was the shrapnel or what he had seen in his years of soldiering and his pilgrimage across the ruined South, something had broken inside Ambrose Bierce and spilled its acid across his very soul. In the process it made him a writer—but what a writer!

HIS was the realm of the bizarre, the grotesque and the terrible, and more than one biographer has noted that in Bierce's fiction, Death is often the principal character. Yet it was his wit which first won him literary fame and for which today he is, perhaps, most highly regarded—sometimes macabre, sometimes sharp and flashing, not unlike that of the waspish Alexander Pope, or Bierce's own patron saint, Voltaire.

In a sense, Bierce also shared the dark vision of Edgar Allen Poe, but his reaction to what he saw was quite different. Poe's response was a fascinated, horrified reverence, or sometimes just a sigh of resignation. Bierce's was a defiant snarl of personal outrage and a mocking laugh hurled at imperfect humanity and its arch-enemy, Death.

Bierce's whole life, it seemed, was one long poker game with the Powers That Be—a game he knew he would lose eventually, but which he was determined to play to the very last card. Even the marathon drinking bouts of his San Francisco days were part of it, for they were more of a challenge than an escape, the object being to remain on his feet long after his cronies had drunk themselves under the table.

Sometimes he raised the ante, and considerably increased his reputation as an eccentric by sleeping off his binges in a nearby cemetery.

After his discharge from the army, Bierce worked for awhile as a customs agent, primarily in Alabama, tracking down and confiscating Confederate cotton. Then in the summer of 1866 he joined his old commander, General W. B. Hazen, on a survey and inspection tour of the West.

Bierce was the expedition's topographer, a duty he had performed under Hazen while still in the army. He was now a civilian, but had decided to reenlist. In view of his war record, he thought it appropriate to apply for a captaincy.

But when they reached San Francisco, Bierce found he had only been given a second lieutenant's commission, a lower rank than even his discharge rating. Bierce turned it down and took a job as watchman at the San Francisco Mint. With his dreams of a military career behind him, his literary bent reasserted itself, and he was soon writing poems and essays for the local papers.

In 1868 he joined the staff of the *News-Letter*, and a few months later became its editor, in addition to writing a column called the "Town Crier." On the side, he contributed to such publications as the *Californian* and *Overland*, which printed his first piece of fiction, "The Haunted Valley," in 1871.

That same year, in December, he married Ellen (Mollie) Day, daughter of a wealthy Forty-Niner and a jewel in the crown of San Francisco society.

But it was another San Francisco to which Bierce gravitated—the roistering, roaring town of Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, and Mark Twain. Bierce would often spend the evening carousing, go home, sober up, and begin writing at midnight, usually working straight through till dawn. Then he would go to bed, sleep till the afternoon, get up and start all over again.

Such carrying-on was the talk of San Francisco, and Mollie's mother wasn't too happy with the match, though Papa Day, who was probably no saint himself in his younger years, thought his new son-in-law would do nicely once he settled down. No doubt it was with this thought in mind that Day presented the couple with a trip to Europe. After all, some of the local boys hadn't done too badly there.

The American West was all the rage on the Continent, and Londoners, particularly, had fallen all over themselves welcoming Bret Harte and Joaquin Miller. Mark Twain was soon to score a similar triumph on his British lecture tour. But Miller, Harte, and Twain played to the galleries. The British were

(Continued on page 52)

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The Return of Chavez

(Continued from page 12)

Roberts were left at the Antelope stage station while Woolsey and Luis pushed on to Baker's where Vincente was found again at the side of Chavez. Grabbing the boy, Luis dragged him over to their buggy and told Baker to skin him alive if he ever came back there again. He then whipped the team into a trot toward Antelope station.

While Woolsey took Vincente back to his Stanwix ranch, Luis, Roberts and Colvig armed themselves and returned to the Baker place. Luis always claimed that the men planned to take Chavez alive, but this will never be known for sure. Getting as close as they could, the men observed Chavez digging a ditch. Several yards were between him and his rifle, and his back was toward them. Luis stated that a command to "throw up your hands" was made and that as Chavez leaped for the rifle, Colvig fired his double-barreled shotgun. The men kept their guns trained on the fallen bandit for several minutes as the cloud of gunsmoke slowly dissipated. With seventeen buckshot in his side, Cleovaro Chavez would never again haunt the outlaw trail of old California.

Loading the body in one of Baker's buckboards, Roberts and Luis headed for Yuma while Colvig went to the nearest telegraph station and sent a message announcing their impending arrival. The men and their gruesome cargo arrived on the evening of November 26 and drove straight to the local sheriff's office. Crowds of Mexicans surrounded their wagon and their muttered curses and flinty glances told Luis Raggio and Roberts they were not among friends. They were quite relieved to be arrested and locked up by the sheriff.

FIRST news of the killing was carried in the Yuma *Sentinel*, which printed Colvig's telegram on November 27. But a brief note in the same issue announced that "terrible to relate, it is not Chavez, the bandit!" This last was no doubt a rumor already being set in motion by the local Mexican population. However, at the conclusion of the inquest during the following week, all but one of the jurors agreed that the body was indeed that of Chavez.

On December 4 the *Sentinel* published a dispatch noting an attack on the Woolsey ranch. Under the heading, "The Raid at Stanwix Station," the following report was given:

"Last Wednesday morning a report reached here of a raid having been made by Mexicans, upon Stanwix station. Yesterday we received the following dispatch: 'Stanwix, December 2nd.—Woolsey has just returned from Agua Caliente ranch and reports that the party making the attack were six Mexicans, who came to the ranch from below, and after the attack they scattered and crossed the river east of Burke's Station, there taking the trail for Sonora. They are undoubtedly friends of Chavez, hunting for Clark Colvig, who returned to the ranch after killing him. Had the assailants wanted stock they could have taken a number of mules and horses that were running loose on the ranch.

'The missing mules were found a short distance from the ranch this morning. There were but three men on the ranch and after the first attack the assailants had everything their own way outside of the houses.' "

At Yuma, Luis and Roberts became overnight celebrities, at least to the Anglo citizens of the town. They were released from jail and quickly made plans to return to California and lay claim to the reward. The body would have to be returned to San Juan to obtain more identification but it was a long trip by wagon, especially when accompanied by a corpse. It wasn't an insurmountable problem, however.

Summoning Dr. Loring from nearby Fort Yuma, the men watched as the head of the dead bandit was neatly severed from the body and placed in a five-gallon can of alcohol. Roberts then headed for San Diego, then up the coast for San Juan Bautista.

In Chavez's old home town affidavits were collected from people who had known him and identified the head. After this melancholy chore, Roberts and the five-gallon can again headed north in the wagon. He described the last phase of his journey in a letter to his brother-in-law:

"After a two days' sitting with governor Irwin, Secretary Beck, Attorney-General Hamilton and Controller Brown, it is decided in our matter that there is no money for us until the meeting of the next Legislature, in 1877. Encouraging prospects, don't you think so? Our claim was acknowledged to be a just one, and our evidence was fully satisfactory; but the appropriation, being a special one, made on the 10th of January, 1874, the two years allowed expired on the 10th of last January. I had the head identified at San Juan by all the principal men of the town, and presented their affidavits to the Governor. I think now I shall have the head placed in a glass case and exhibit it in San Francisco, and try to make a portion, at least, of my expenses out of it."

NOTICES of Chavez's death were published in most California newspapers, but some people were skeptical as to whether the right man had been killed. "Many persons acquainted with Chavez in this valley," reported the *San Joaquin Valley Argus*, "doubt his being the person killed in Arizona, of that name. He has been the scourge of the San Joaquin and Kern Counties for several years, and all hope that he is truly the party who has thus been sent to his long account."

Commented the *Alta*, "Chavez should have known better than to suppose that after having traveled through California for years he would remain unrecognized in Arizona. Besides, only a few days have elapsed since we were told that he was with a party who robbed a house in Inyo County. It is possible that there has been an unfortunate mistake in the person."

The most outspoken denunciation of

(Continued on page 38)

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PIKE'S STATUE HAS BEEN A BUST!

Poor Zebulon! If he had it to do over, would he by-pass that Peak that bears his name?

By HANK GIVENS
Photos Courtesy Author

INSPIRED in 1901 by the promotion of staff (an adaptation of plaster of paris) at the Columbian Exposition, a maker of dancing cupids fashioned the likeness of explorer Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike, for whom world-famous Pikes Peak was named.

The "Pike Statue Project" was railroaded through for a special celebration in Colorado Springs, Colorado, but after only a few years the figure, because of its impermanent construction, became a "clod on the wheels of progress."

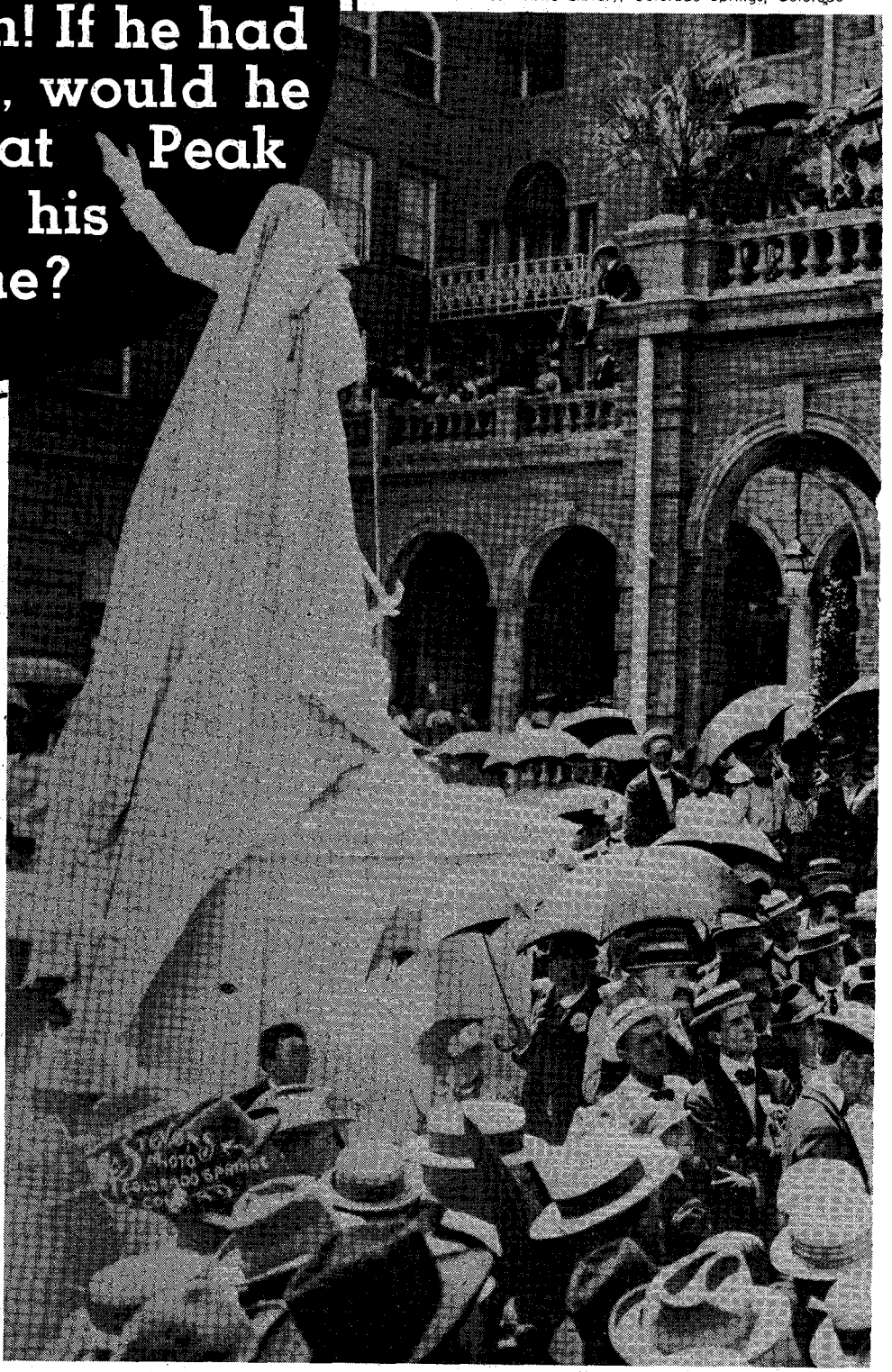
A fourteen-ton boulder was later set on end in Antlers Park to commemorate the explorer's visit to the area, and that had to suffice.

The Zebulon M. Pike Monument Association, founded in 1896 in Colorado Springs, was dedicated to erecting a monument to Pike of "heroic size and enduring bronze." Judge John Campbell was named president; Judge Horace Lunt, vice president; J. A. Hayes, treasurer; and A. Buckman, secretary.

On two occasions the association missed the boat in producing an impressive statue honoring the explorer. The first was in 1901 when Colorado Springs residents were making preparations for the Quarto-Centennial Jubilee of Colorado's Statehood. The manager of the Jubilee was Gilbert McClurg, secretary of the Chamber of Commerce, who took credit for conceiving the idea that a statue of Pike would "crystallize popular sentiment and patriotism." In reality, honoring the explorer was simply the means to an end.

McClurg was determined to lure General William Jackson Palmer into town from his estate near the Garden of the Gods to accept awards that the State of Colorado and El Paso County wanted to bestow upon him as the founder of Colorado Springs. Up until then the General had spent much time and finesse eluding such well-wishers. McClurg felt sure that the reticent General, particularly

Courtesy Western History Department, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs, Colorado



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noted for construction of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad (D&RG), could be induced to dedicate a statue of Zebulon Pike.

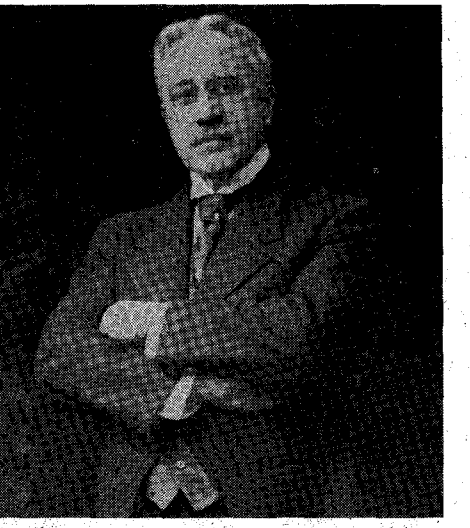
With equal confidence, McClurg was sure that a competent sculptor could be found locally, because Colorado Springs with its high, dry climate, was the place to come if one had consumption, and excellent talent in many fields was available. But he searched in vain.

With the celebration fast approaching, McClurg extended his search to Denver. There he located an unnamed worker in plaster, stucco and cement whose ability was esteemed by house builders.

"This South American's touch evolved the models for cornices, friezes, dancing cupids and caryatides," wrote McClurg later. "For a consideration the artisan agreed to come to Colorado Springs."

He submitted to McClurg a pencil sketch of the intended statue to be made of staff, a building material of fiber and plaster, used for temporary

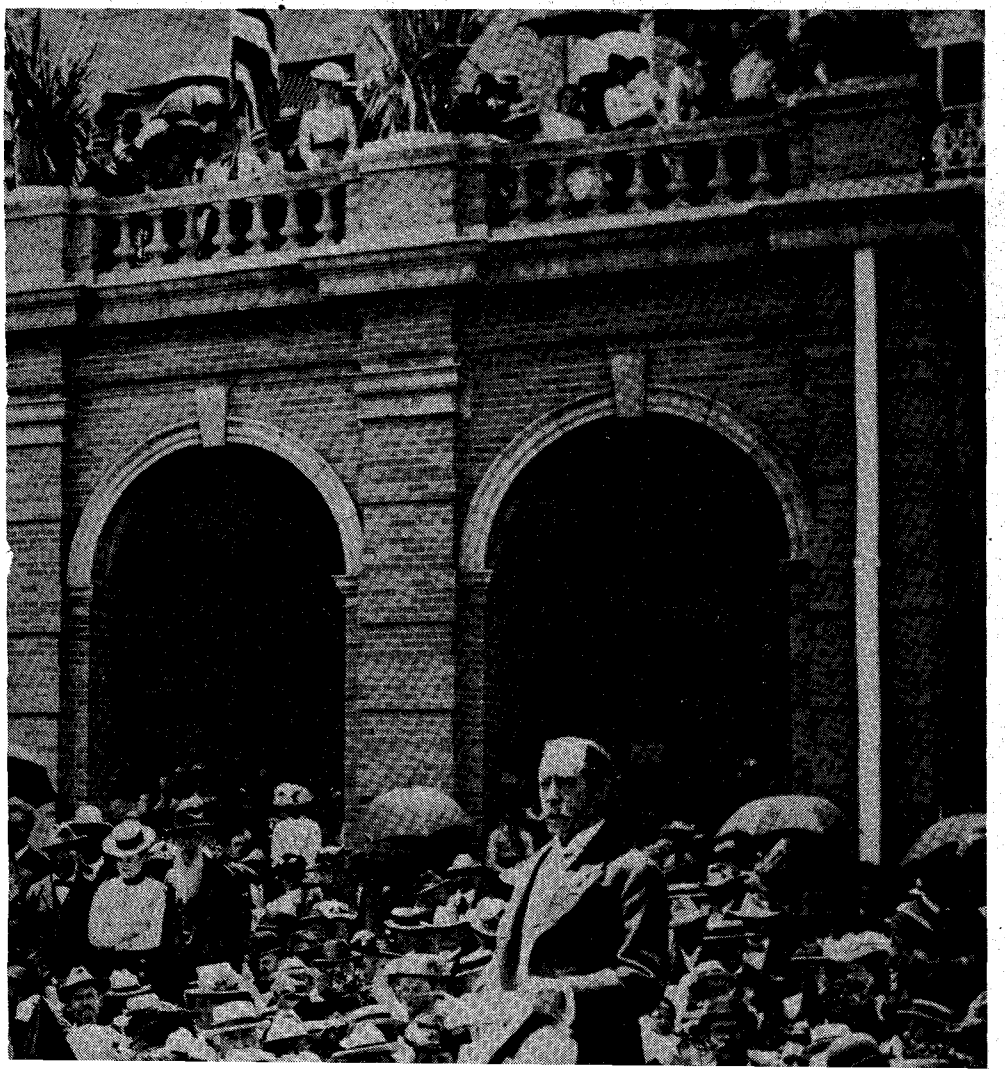
(Continued on page 46)



Courtesy Pioneers' Museum, Colorado Springs, Colorado

Above, Gilbert McClurg, secretary of the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce, conceived the idea of erecting a statue to Lt. Zebulon Pike. Below, the unveiled statue. Many thought the coattails were scant, and the outstretched hand too large, but overall it presented an impressive martial figure.

Below, General William Jackson Palmer (standing at right) gives the dedication address before the Pike statue is unveiled in 1901.



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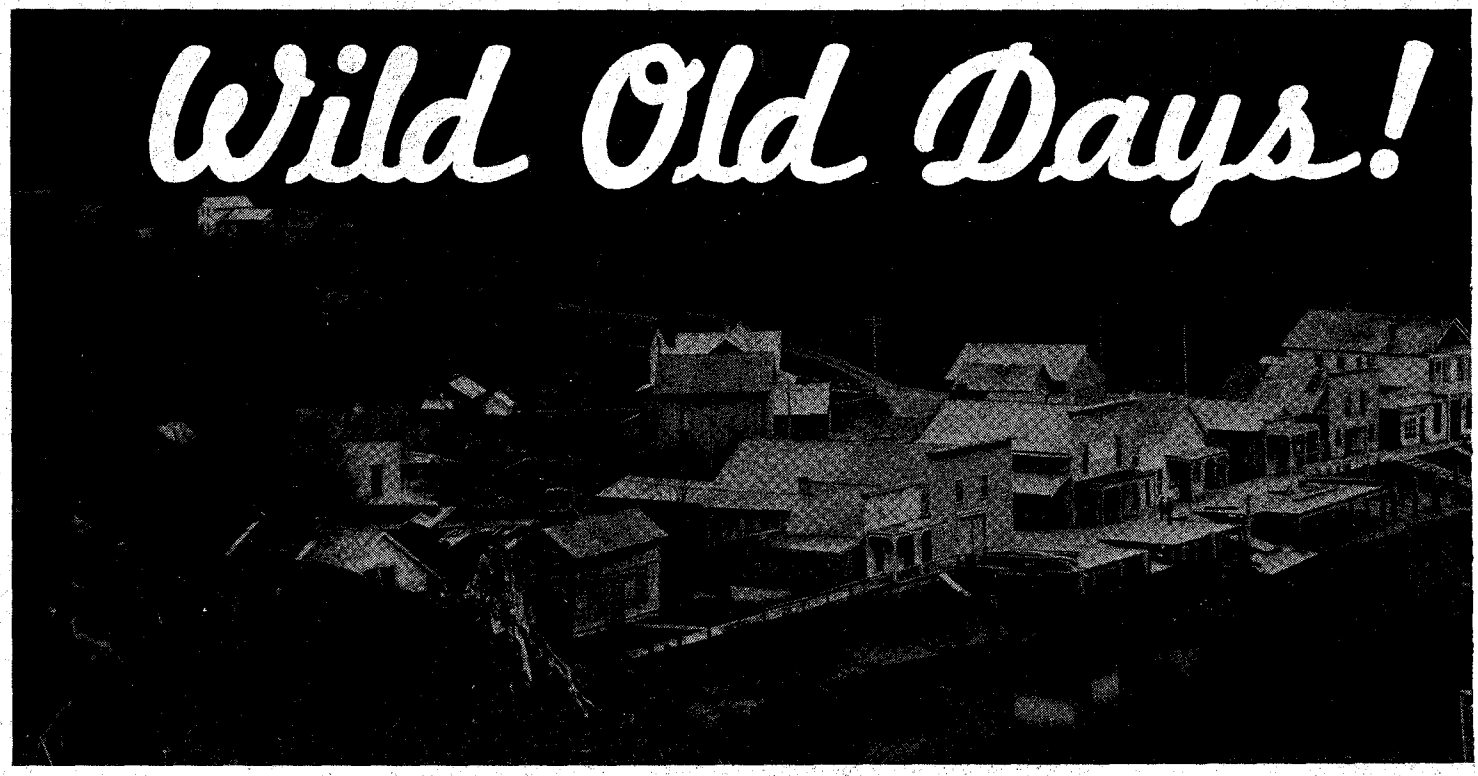
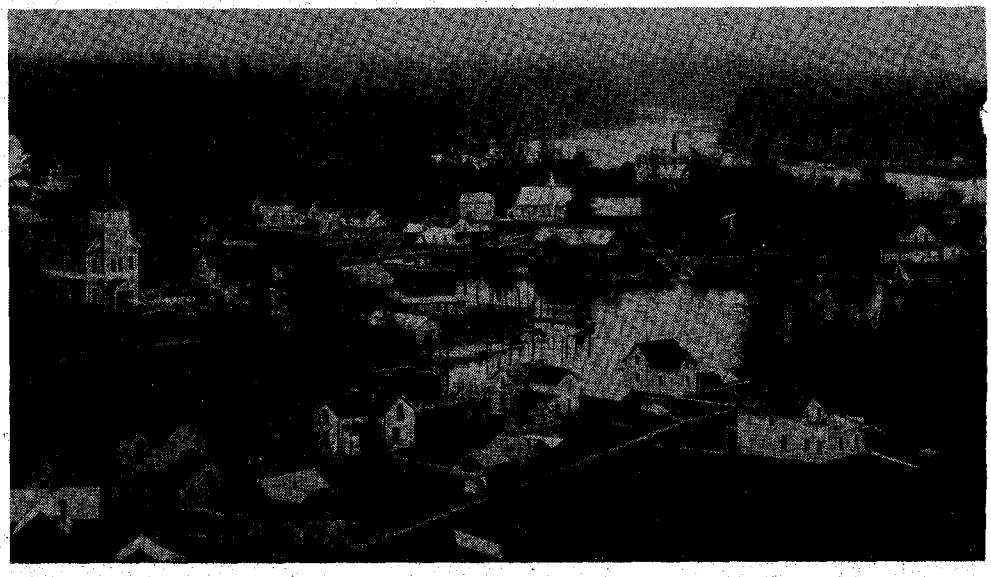
Wild Old Days!



Above and below, views of Skamokawa, Washington as seen from Lutes' Mountain, about 1900. Map shows location of the town on the Columbia River.

Photos Courtesy Author



LUTES' MOUNTAIN AND LUTES' GOLD

By Irene Martin

JOSEPH LUTES was a strange old man, but generally well regarded. He was a Civil War veteran, a Virginian who came via the Columbia River to Skamokawa, Washington in 1868, due to a broken engagement. He homesteaded an area just west of Skamokawa Creek, and took up residence in a cabin he built on top of a high hill overlooking the village and its three neighboring valleys.

In fact, he had two cabins, one halfway up the hill and one at the top, and the hill became known as Lutes' Mountain. The light from the cabin at the summit could be seen from any of the farms in all three valleys, and at night was used as a beacon by travelers.

Lutes was somewhat of a recluse, and certainly an eccentric. He grew strawberries, raspberries and tobacco on a couple of acres on top of his hill and sold them to Skamokawa residents. He smoked the tobacco himself, and old-time residents remember that his presence in town could always be detected by the rank odor of the tobacco he smoked. Occasionally he visited town for supplies, or for a game of cards which lasted well into the evening hours. He was also something of a local oracle, and from time to time the Skamokawa *Eagle* published his predictions for the coming year's weather, and advice on what crops to plant.

Once a year he gave a strawberry picnic in his perch on top of the mountain. All the citizens of Skamokawa who were physically fit enough to climb the steep trail were rewarded by fresh fruit, and it was in connection with his trade in strawberries that the mystery began.

Joseph Lutes had a secret cache of money. When residents bought strawberries from him, they noticed that he always disappeared out the back door for a few minutes in order to get their change. One wily customer brought a twenty-dollar gold piece to be changed one time, a lot of money in those days. Lute changed it. When he spent money in town, it was invariably gold.

One night, when he had been imbibing at the local saloon, a fellow drinker noticed the old man paying for a drink with a gold coin and queried him about his money. The drink had apparently loosened Lutes' tongue, and he confided that he had lots of money, and that it was buried between two trees. Soon rumors spread about a secret hoard of gold coins up on Lutes' Mountain.

When old man Lutes died in 1914, locals lost no time searching the area. They found nothing. In the years since his death his home place has been logged over, and Lutes' Mountain isn't called Lutes' Mountain anymore. Few people remember the old gentleman. The two cabins he had are long since gone, and the strawberry patch has grown up in trees again. Skamokawa has shrunk from a town of 650 to a village of about 250. But gold doesn't change with time or the elements, and somewhere on that hill Lutes' gold lies undisturbed.

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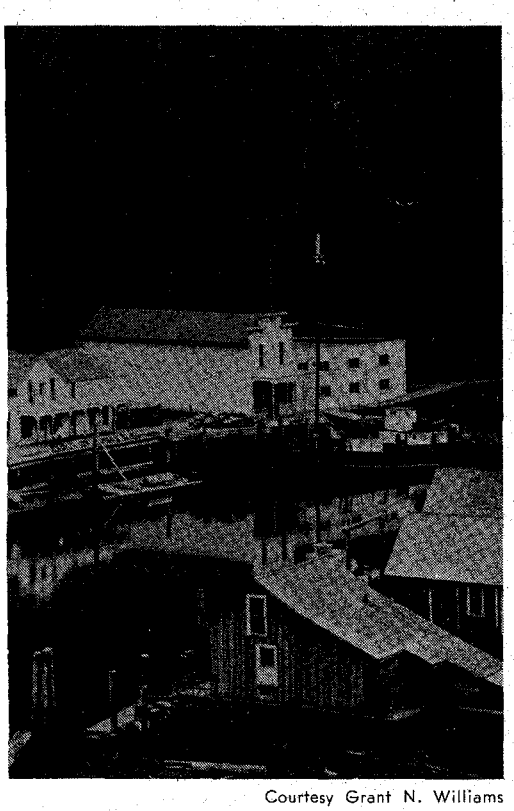

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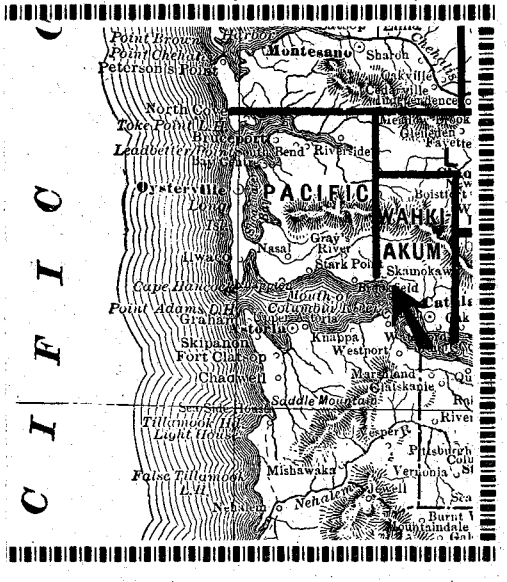
From **Cram's Family Atlas of the World, 1888.**



MYSTERY RANCH

By Ladania Carlisle Cuppes

NOT FAR from the then little town of Uvalde, deep in the cedar brakes of Texas, lies a deep valley ranch, a beautiful and yet isolated place with towering hills ringing in the long spring-fed valley. Big Spanish oaks and cedar grew to within a few yards of the house and corrals.

To a stranger the place would seem like the many other ranches in that country, yet on cloudy, misty, wet nights, with the ground wet, it was different. There were strange and mysterious voices. The ranch was owned by Uncle Cal and Aunt Mary Teague who had no children of their own. Uncle Cal and Aunt Mary came to town once a month for the few supplies they needed. From time to time Aunt Mary would invite one of her nieces for a month's visit at the ranch.

Their home was a lovely old house with two huge front rooms, a hall between them leading to the L-shaped porch and two rooms at back. Two Spanish oak trees were in the front yard, and a lilac bush and two big rose bushes grew near the fence where once had been a front gate. Uncle Cal had moved the gate to the side of the yard, closing the opening with wire.

In September Uncle Cal had to be gone from home for several weeks. He asked if one of us girls would stay with Aunt Mary while he was gone. Uncle Cal never left her alone at the ranch while he was gone on business.

I wondered why some of the other girls made no request to go, as we all liked Uncle Cal and Aunt Mary but I said I would stay this time as I never had before. So with Mom's nod I packed a small trunk for a month's stay at the ranch. Uncle Cal put my trunk on top of the ranch supplies and we headed for the Teague place.

The day was one of those in Indian summer, warm with the sun changing the leaves along the road to the yellow, red, gold and brown of late fall. I was thinking of a whole month with Aunt Mary as we rode along over the mountain road in the light spring wagon.

Uncle Cal carried my trunk into Aunt Mary's room. I was to sleep in the room with her, she said, as I would be frightened to stay in the room across the hall. I wondered why, as I had grown up in the country and was used to being alone at times.

Uncle Cal left early next morning, leaving Aunt Mary and me to care for the chickens, milk the cows, and tend the saddle stock he put in the small pasture for us to ride. Penny was my favorite, a white stocking mare with the fleetness of a deer.

Below, Mary Teague.

Above, Jim (Uncle Cal) Teague. Below, Dania Jackson, the author's aunt and one of the girls who stayed with Mary Teague on those chilly, wet nights at the ranch.

Photos Courtesy Author

AUNT MARY and I had been west of the house one evening, riding canyons, when clouds began to drift over the sun. I rode up to Aunt Mary and said something about, "It may rain." As we got to the ranch it was beginning to get dark. A heavy mist was blanketing everything.

We were in the kitchen when Aunt Mary turned to me and said, "Lana, if anyone calls out to the house don't be frightened, but don't go outside—to the porch if you wish, but not outside." I was surprised for it was a custom of the ranch country to always welcome anyone who chanced to come by, offering them a meal and a place to sleep.

As I turned to ask why the strange request, someone called at the back of the house, "Hello, hello the house." I stood looking at Aunt Mary, waiting for her to answer the door. She calmly kept

(Continued on page 50)

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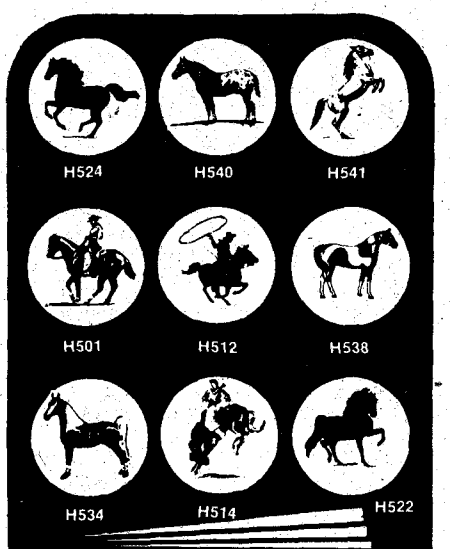

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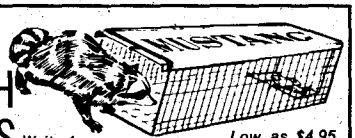

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The Return of Chavez

(Continued from page 32)

the story appeared in the Los Angeles *Herald*, although the paper declined to state just where it obtained the information:

"There is no truth in the reported killing of Chavez in Arizona. We confess the story looked improbable when first published, and we are surprised that it was credited. Now that it is found that Chavez is not dead it may be in order to inquire into the killing of the man who was made to impersonate him. Killing by mistake, when an immense reward is offered for Chavez, may turn out to be murder."

Nevertheless a warrant was issued by the California State Controller on March 2, 1878 in the amount of $2,199.42, payable to Harrison Roberts, Luis Raggio, and C. S. Colvig. As far as the state was concerned, the book was closed on Cleovaro Chavez.

In November of the following year the Los Angeles *Herald* again suggested that the killing of Chavez had been a travesty. After noting that the father of Chavez lived in Los Angeles, the following story was published:

"We learned yesterday, from ex-sheriff Rowland, a circumstance which throws a curious light on the story of Chavez having been killed near Maricopa Wells, and of his head having been cut off and brought to California. The details of the bandit's tragic death were published at the time in every newspaper in the United States, almost, and the bloody trophy excited a thrill of horror on its passage through Los Angeles. The whole incident had a flavor of medieval ferocity. It now appears that the senior Chavez, the other day, received a letter from one Gomez, a member of Vasquez's band dated at Quiavaca, Sonora, informing him that his son had died there of a fever about a month ago. Thereupon the old man broke the silence he had hitherto maintained. He had no reserve in telling his friends that he had known the truth all the time. When the so-called head of Chavez, Jr. was brought to Los Angeles, the father, not believing the story of his son's death, called to see it. He at once detected the cheat, but fearful of getting the officers of the law on his son's tracks, he maintained a discreet and hermetic silence, until the authentic news of his son dying a natural death relieved him of the obligation to maintain further secrecy. The query naturally arises, whose head was it that was packed around California as that of the famous brigand?"

Murietta and Vasquez remain the two most famous California bandits, while the latter's burly lieutenant remains a minor figure. Eclipsed by time and a brief career, Chavez was nonetheless a colorful bandit who rode hard and died game. He deserves his footnote in history.

"I Never Knew an Echols Who Was Worth a Damn"

(Continued from page 16)

a yearlin' steer at dehornin' time, humped up like a boar chinch-bug and opened the dance. The pore ol' Englishman rode him for about four jumps. He almost squeezed the horn off the saddle before he joined the bird gang, but the terrible thing of it was, when he went off, his right foot hung up in the stirrup, dragging him behind the horse. Well, that ol' horse started kickin' him in the face and head, and he run and kicked for a quarter of a mile. Sounded like a Kiowa war drum. You could hear it all over the arena.

"I got to him first and his mouth was all packed with dirt and mud. It was in there so tight I couldn't gouge it out with my fingers. Some doctors came runnin' up and they began feelin' him over for broken bones. I yelled at 'em, 'Get that mud out of his mouth so he can breathe!' They tried, but he was deader'n a tromped-on toad frog by then."

Ed told me that the rain continued, and attendance fell off. "I won day money almost all the time," he said, "but finally my best horse got sick. Pneumonia, I guess. I took him down to the vet's and he got to workin' on him. He finally died, just about the time the rodeo went busted, and they didn't pay off a nickel. I had to sell my second horse to pay off the vet bill on the first one."

He shook his head, "Sure was some deal. I came home on a coal ship and when I got back to Benson, the bank foreclosed on me and took all my cows. Then, I'll be damned if I didn't get throwed off an old gentle horse and broke my ankle.

"I was hobblin' around the house, feelin' sorry for myself, when I spotted a skunk who'd been gettin' into my horse feed. I set a figger-four trap for him and caught him the first night. Well, in my sorrowful condition of self-pity, I looked at that skunk and just figgered he was the cause of all my troubles. I got a can of coal-oil; poured it on him; threw a lighted match on him and pulled up the trap. He lit up like a Roman candle, run under the house, and burned the house down."

ED ran for sheriff of Pima County in 1936. His old friend, Will Rogers, heard about it and decided he'd take a day off from a busy schedule in Hollywood, where he was making a movie, and fly down to Arizona and make a pitch for Ed's election.

Rogers found out they were having a big Fourth of July celebration in Douglas, so he had his pilot fly him in there. He took the rostrum and talked for about thirty minutes about the qualifications of his good friend, Ed Echols. He told the large audience of his background, his honesty, his worthiness, and what a hellaciously fine sheriff Ed would make.

When he got through he got a rousing cheer from the great throng and the director told him: "Mr. Rogers, we are highly honored by your visit, and your discourse was both enlightening and amusing. However, there is one sour note in the proceedings. Douglas is in Cochise County, whereas Ed is running for sheriff of Pima County. In all this vast gath-

(Continued on page 40)

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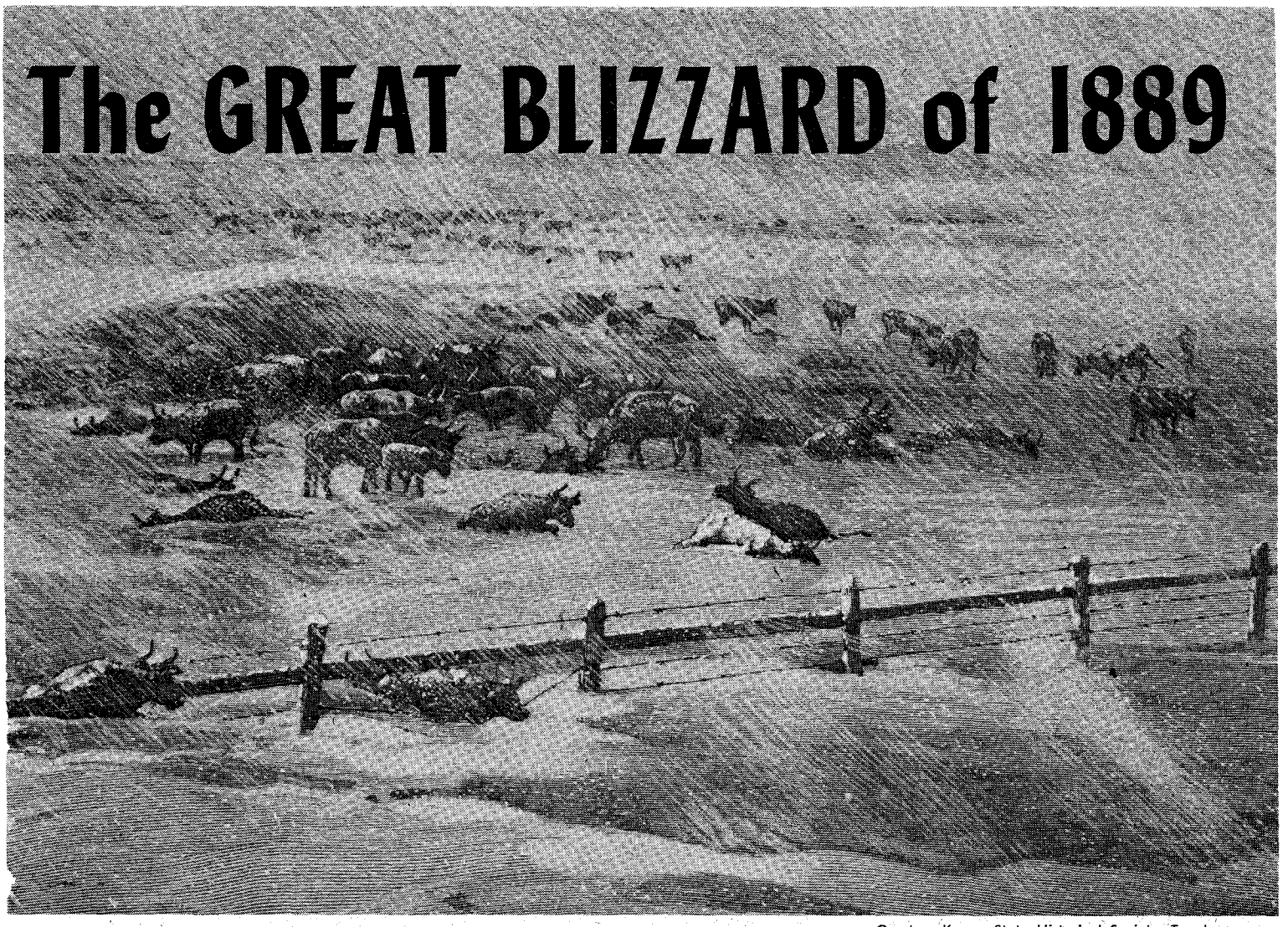
The GREAT BLIZZARD of 1889



Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

By RUTH W. ARMSTRONG

Howling out of the north in November, it was several months early and caught the Southwest unprepared...

JANUARY 1977 was the most severe winter on record for much of the northeastern part of the United States; and eighty-eight years ago a blizzard of similar proportions swept the cattle country of northeastern New Mexico, slicing out into Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma and Kansas.

For eight straight days it howled, trapping cowboys, sheepherders, livestock, and railroad cars wherever they might be. On the ninth day it began to let up, but weeks passed before all the livestock carcasses were uncovered. Men lost their lives, too.

The most unusual feature of the storm was its timing. It hit unexpectedly the first week in November, a month that is usually mild and sunny. As far as the cattlemen were concerned, November was the worst time of year it could have happened. This was during round-up when cowboys were combing the thousands of acres of unfenced mountain and high plateau ranges of northeastern New Mexico. If the storm had hit in midwinter, cattle would already have been shipped to market, unsold herds would have been in winter pastures where trees and canyon walls provided protection, and the cowboys and sheepherders would have been laid off or holed up for the slow season.

Manly M. Chase had extensive ranching operations in New Mexico from 1867 to 1915. He was a major stockholder, officer (usually treasurer), and in some cases general manager of the Cimarron Cattle Company; Gila Cattle Company; Red River Cattle Company; Monte Revuelto Cattle Company; Maxwell Cattle Company; Chase, Dawson and Maulding; and the Luera Cattle Company. These companies handled from 60,000 to 100,000 head of cattle and around 50,000 head of sheep annually during the years of their biggest operations. Their holdings ran from the Colorado-New Mexico border to the San Augustin Plains of central New Mexico, covering hundreds of thousands of acres. Chase was instrumental in introducing high grade Herefords into New Mexico, fencing parts of the ranges, and for raising cattle and sheep at the same time. The following description of the blizzard of '89 is from his scrapbook of newspaper clippings of that year.

"NOVEMBER 8, Springer, N. M.—Unless the snowstorm which has been raging for eight days comes to an end soon, next summer will see a country covered with the dead bodies of animals as thickly as was the old Santa Fe Trail in the sixties. The depth of snow is now not less than twenty-five inches on the level, and in many places has drifted seven feet high. When the storm struck this section [near Cimarron], seven large herds of cattle, numbering from 400 to 2,000 were being held near this place awaiting shipment to eastern markets.

(Continued on page 55)

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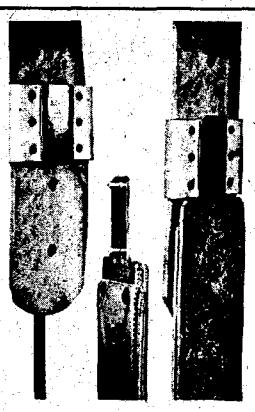

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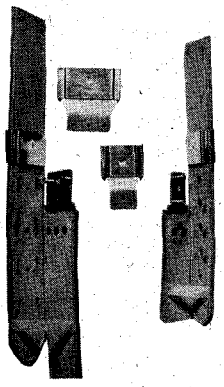

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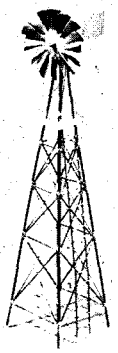

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"I Never Knew an Echols Who Was Worth a Damn"

(Continued from page 38)

ering of happy faces, there isn't a vote in the crowd."

Ed was elected, however. He had become so popular throughout the southeastern section of Arizona because of his activities in the founding of the great Tucson rodeo, called La Fiesta de Los Vaqueros, that his election was almost assured.

He had got together with Colonel Parker and Captain Woodruff of Fort Huachuca, and Leighton Cramer of Tucson back in 1925, after his disastrous trip to London, and they had persuaded the Chamber of Commerce and a lot of Tucson citizens to back the idea. They put up $5,000 to underwrite the first show. There was no grandstand or arena. They had to start from scratch.

Leighton Cramer had 160 acres south of Pima Street which they leveled off at a dollar a yard. They built a hogproof fence and a grandstand to seat 2,500 people. At that first rodeo there were bronc riding, bull-dogging, and steer and calf roping contests. The calf roping proved to be the most popular, drawing fifty-four contestants. The steer roping contest was next in popularity, forty-five men paying their $150 entry fee.

Ed laughed when he was telling about it, "Only had one accident at that first one. Some fellow tried to bulldog a steer from an automobile. He missed the steer, fell off the automobile, the steer ran over him, and we thought he was surely dead, but he wasn't hardly skinned up from it."

At that first Fiesta de Los Vaqueros, they lacked $11,000 having enough to pay for all the grading of the property and the construction of the grandstand, but the rodeo drew a large attendance and was a complete success. It grew larger each year and in Tucson Ed became known as "Mr. Rodeo."

"Yeah," he said, "I've been four-flushin' around, wavin' my hat, and tryin' to help with ever' one of 'em since then."

He was elected sheriff of Pima County five times, and with his quiet, soft-spoken manner, filled with the type of humor which made a millionaire of Will Rogers, he made an enviable record, serving with impartiality and absolute honesty. He was on friendly terms with movie stars and other celebrities throughout his long tenure in office.

His old friend Tom Mix remained a good friend through the years. Tom himself had won the bronc riding and calf roping titles in 1909 and 1910 at Prescott, Arizona and Cañon City, Colorado and he won the National Bulldogging title at Seattle, Washington in 1909. For almost twenty years Tom was a man to be reckoned with where cowboys swung ropes at head and heels and raked hair off the shoulders with their spurs.

When talking pictures came in vogue, Tom was out of work in Hollywood, but doing well with a circus as an advance man. He rolled into Tucson on October 12, 1941 on his way to Florence, Arizona, where the show would open in a few days. He was driving a custom-built Cord automobile and the first man he looked up was his old friend of the 101 Ranch show, Ed Echols.

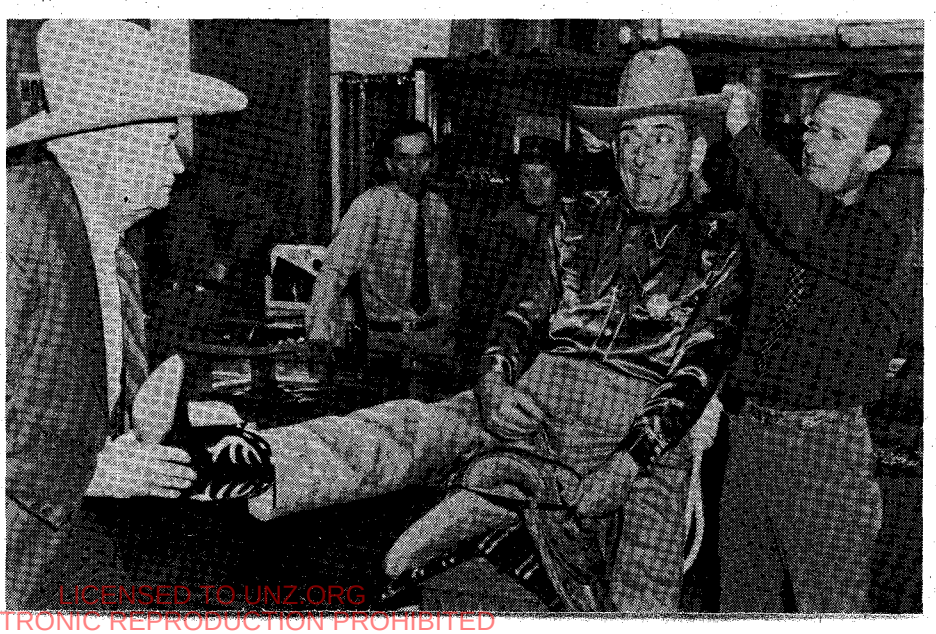
The two of them got in touch with Walt Coburn, who invited them out to his ranch house. A fine evening was spent there, drinking good whiskey and reminiscing over their early lives. Coburn, the youngest of the trio, said later they told stories which he'd never heard before and he invited them back, together with Nick Hall of the Santa Rita Hotel, for breakfast the following morning.

Mix, however, decided to drive on the following morning, and after some drinks at the Santa Rita, roared out of the garage with the car's throttle laid back in the sand-box, as the railroaders would say.

On his way to Florence, he hit a road barrier, went off into a dry wash, turned the Cord over, and was dead when the road construction crew reached him.

Ed Echols assisted in the placing of a permanent marker at the spot, which has been renamed "Tom Mix Wash." Walt Coburn said later, "There was a strange magnetism about Tom which had en-

Here Ed Echols and store owner Fred Porter are outfitting movie actor Edward Everett Horton for the Fiesta de Los Vaqueros.



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deared him to youths throughout the nation. Knowing him as I did in real life, I'd been proud to claim his friendship. Now, there is in aching lump in my throat which no amount of good whiskey could dissolve."

The following year, Ed Echols himself was in an automobile accident which almost proved fatal to him. He was driving to Nevada to pick up a prisoner when a car sideswiped him, wrecking his automobile and seriously injuring him. The word spread quickly throughout Pima County. Ethel Hopkins, editor and publisher of *Hoofs and Horns* magazine, wrote of it years later for the magazine *Tucson*: "A black cloud seemed to settle over the town. It was touch and go for several days as to whether he would recover. Everywhere—on the street, in the stores, offices and homes—the same question was asked: 'How's Ed Echols?' The people showed their love for him by their anxiety, and when word came that he was out of danger, the cloud lifted."

AT the rodeo parades, prior to the opening of the Fiesta de Los Vaqueros, Ed Echols rode at its head, usually alongside the Queen. Then at the beginning of the afternoon performances, when he'd come riding out to be introduced to the great crowd, the cheer that always went up invariably brought a lump to my throat. And I believe it would have happened even if I wasn't distantly related to him!

After five terms as Pima County Sheriff, he was elected Constable, and served in that capacity for thirteen years.

In 1959 I retired from the Customs Agency Service, and told Ed I intended to run for sheriff of Yuma County, Arizona. "Don't do it, Lee, in God's name!" he advised me. "It's the most unappreciated, unrewardin' job in the United States, and the hardest work and the longest hours. Ever'body in the county will think he's your personal boss, and will start tellin' you how to run your business. Then about two in the mornin', ever' ol' drunk in town will start callin' you up and raisin' hell with you about somethin', and you won't have any idea what he's talkin' about."

I didn't take Ed's advice, and the next thing I knew, I was elected, and all those awful things which he said would happen—did.

Ed stayed active in the Fiesta de Los Vaqueros until he was eighty-five years old. By action of the City Council in 1965, the venerable old lawman, rodeo performer and rancher, made his last public appearance in what was termed "Ed Echols Parade Day." He heard the cheers of thousands and responded with waves of his big hat.

He donated his famous saddle to the Arizona Pioneers Historical Society, along with his 5-X Stetson hat, a pair of boots, two ropes, a piggin' string, his bridle and spurs.

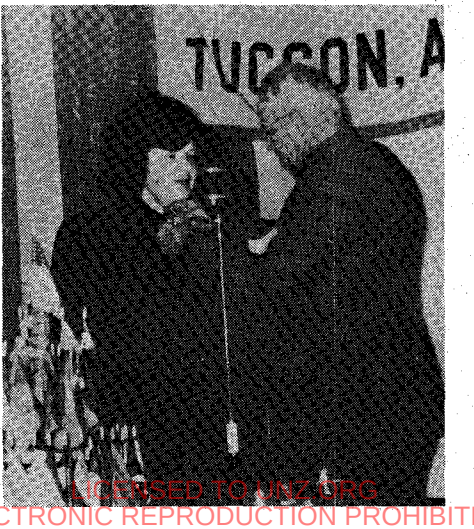
Ed always considered himself an excellent cowboy cook and after he gave up riding he insisted he could still make damn good bread in a Dutch oven.

"The main thing," he said, "is to get the right mixture of bakin' powder, salt and flour. I do it by guess and by God, but I never miss on it. It always turns out good!"

During one of his campaigns for sheriff, his opponent stressed the fact that Ed had very little formal education. "That's sure right," Ed answered. "Last year I turned back to the county $5,000 which had been allotted to my department, and which I didn't use. Does that sound like something an educated man would do?"

Ed Echols died at age eighty-nine in 1969, and at the parade that year, Ed's horse, with an empty saddle and Ed's name on each side, was led in the parade. His boots and hat were on the saddle, and the entry got cheers all along the parade from the vast crowd. Most of those folks remembered him as a fine county sheriff and originator of the great rodeo held annually in Tucson. But a scant number of real old-timers remembered him from his great performance at Calgary in 1912, when he bested thirty-eight of the best steer ropers the world could offer, and did it in World Record time.

Sheriff Ed Echols deputizing singing star Kate Smith back in the '30s.



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Was It Ann Young's Yellow Rose?

(Continued from page 30)

the Derrs, a fine family of old settlers—ranchers—who were Jerry's special friends. It was they who, when told by one of their sheepherders that Uncle Jerry was a victim of the fever and was wandering around delirious, sent a wagon to bring him to their home for care. Mrs. Derr said he wanted "to come back to Burnet to see his baby sister."

The Derrs buried Jerry near his cabin where he had sat under the "Mormon rose" and smoked, and contemplated at sundown the prospect of a rich strike on the morrow. Yet I've never thought it mattered much to Jerry Chamberlain that the big strike never came—any more than it mattered that his Mormon rose was most likely the bountiful Oregon grape. If its blooms served to recall a young woman and a brief attachment which really didn't enter into either his or her scheme of things—what's in a name?

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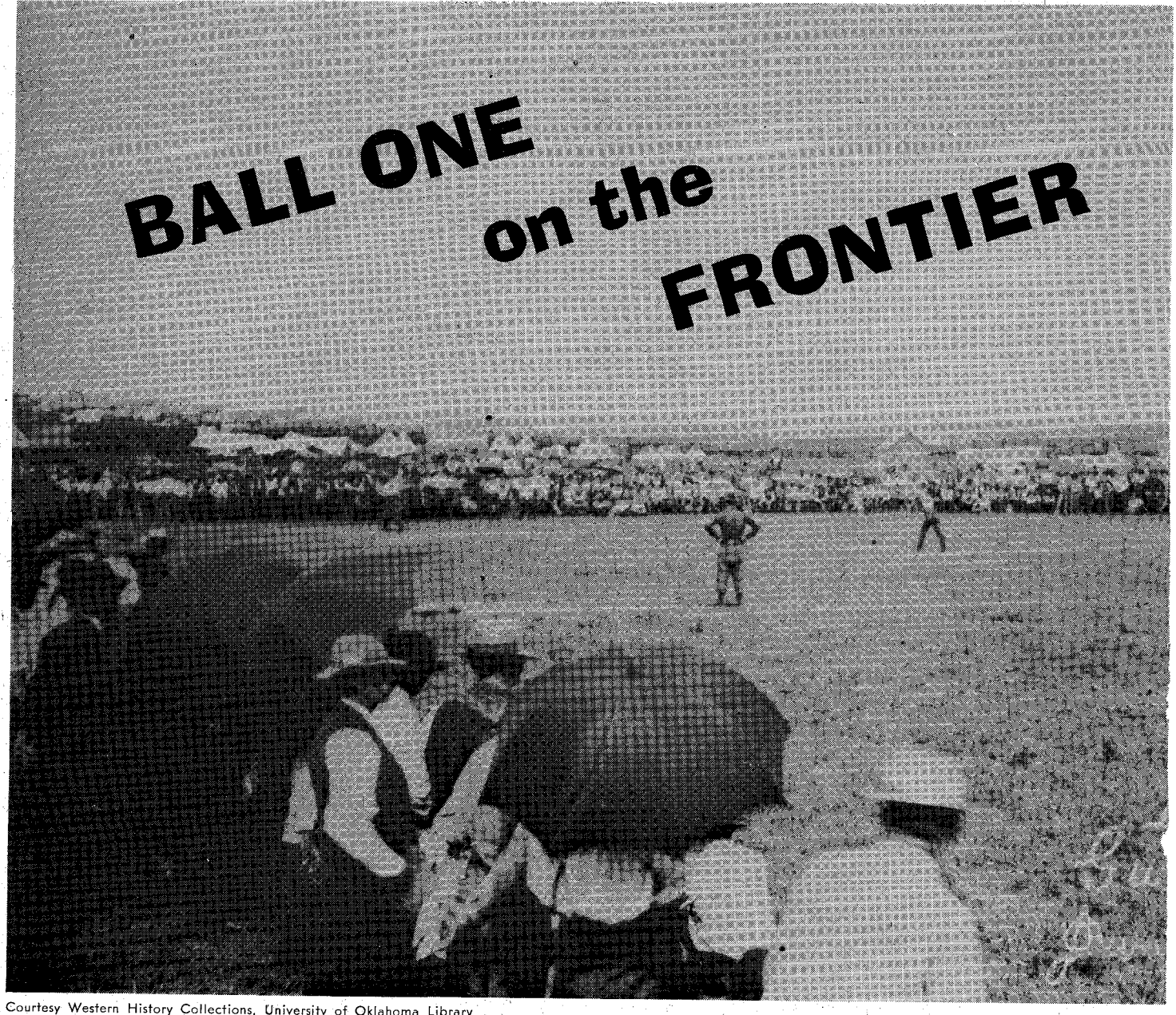
BALL ONE on the FRONTIER



Courtesy Western History Collections, University of Oklahoma Library

The trouble was, baseball is a level-country game and not much of the Old West was shaped that way!

CRAMMING a crude ball made of parchment and catgut among his belongings, Alexander Joy Cartwright headed for the wide Missouri to join a wagontrain. It was 1849 and gold had been discovered in California. The ball he packed had been recently used by the Knickerbocker Base Ball Club of New York—the first team on record to play in somewhat the same manner as today.

Cartwright was the first missioner for a sport that eventually would be considered the national game and later the national pastime.

Baseball, no doubt, evolved from the English game of rounders. It first was played by boys on the New England commons. After being adopted by grown men, it developed into a gentlemen's game in which the slightest use of profanity was a fineable offense. Alexander Cartwright was one of these gentlemen.

One afternoon he stepped off thirty paces between the bases. He set a distance from pitcher to batter. He also designated nine players to a side and proclaimed three outs per side as constituting a side at bat.

As resolutely as he strode the distance between the bases he marched off to California. In letters to his friends in New York he told of playing ball with fellow travelers on his 151-day trek across the country and of teaching the game "to enthusiastic saloon keepers, to miners, to Indians and white settlers along the way." Should we picture then, the tall chinwhiskered New York architect stepping off the thirty paces on the Nebraska prairie and placing buffalo chips for bases? We will never know, for most of his diary was destroyed inadvertently by a grandson who had little interest in baseball.

Cartwright arrived in California on August 4, 1849, and steamboated down the Sacramento River to meet his brother who had come around the Horn by clipper. The two bought into a mining enterprise, but the baseball emissary soon sailed for China. Chronic seasickness forced him to leave the ship at the Sandwich Islands, now Hawaii, where he remained. There in 1852 he planted the baseball seed by marking off diamonds and organizing teams. Baseball was played 5,000 miles from New York before it was played in the American West.

SAN FRANCISCO organized a team, the Eagles, in 1859, choosing that name because one of its charter members, M. E. Geleston, had played with a New York team of the same name. The Eagles of San Francisco met the Red Rovers in the first scheduled baseball

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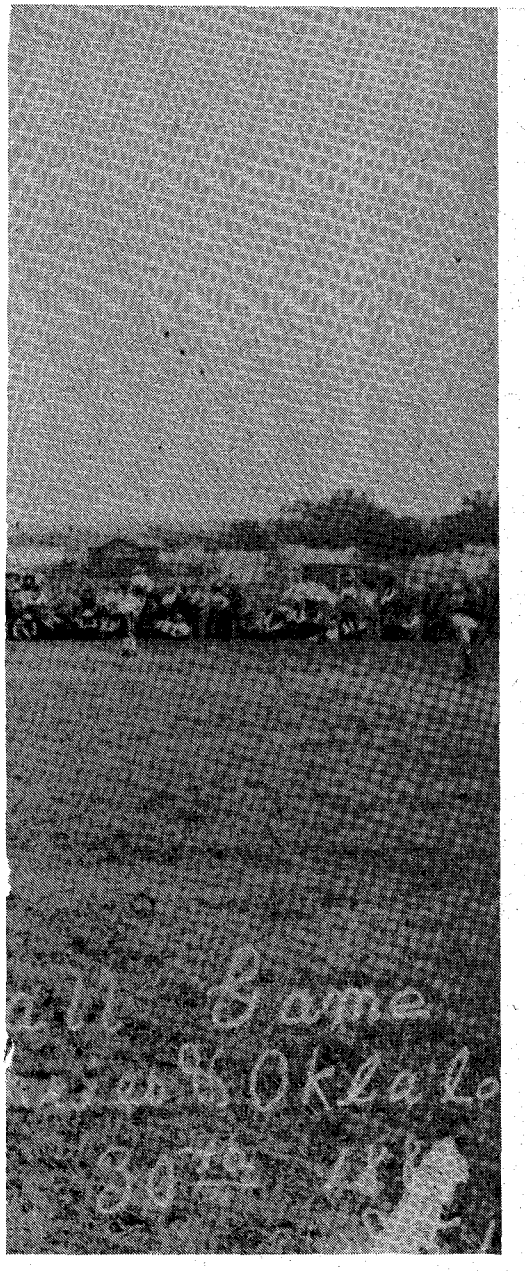

Courtesy Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department

Above, an early Lost Springs, Wyoming baseball team, composed mainly of cowboys and farmers. At left, a game in progress between Guthrie and Oklahoma City, two months after the founding of the two townsites. This game ended in a tie. A later game ended in a riot. Early baseball fans took their games seriously!

By MILT RISKE
Photos Courtesy Author

game on the Pacific Coast. The contest ended in a 33-33 tie but the game was awarded to the Eagles after their opponents declined to continue, protesting unfair pitching.

In 1861 William Shepherd and his brother arrived in the Bay area. Shepherd noted in his reminiscences: "As we were direct from the center of the baseball universe and brought with us the newest ideas upon the game, we were recognized as quite a valuable acquisition to the local organization." The Shepherds had played with Harry and George Wright who later instituted the first all-professional baseball club, the Cincinnati Red Stockings.

Soon part of the Eagles broke away and formed the Pacifics. It was with the latter club that the Shepherd brothers played. Among later teams were the Em Quads, the Wide Awakes, the Live Oaks, and teams from Stockton and Sacramento.

There was much wagering on the outcome of the contests and on occasion gamblers would try to protect their investments by unlimbering guns and firing shots over the heads of players attempting to field the ball.

In 1868 the first enclosed playing field on the Pacific Coast was built. This made possible the charging of admission. This same year, when the Cincinnati team traveled to the coast for an intersectional game, one of the Red Stocking stalwarts, Cal McVey, fell so in love with California that he returned and played on and managed teams from San Francisco to San Diego.

In Colorado, the '59ers were too involved in their search for gold to trade the pick for the bat. It was not until the spring of 1866 that the Valmont team was formed to challenge the Colorado Club of Denver.

Several other teams, among them the Rocky Mountains and the Occidentals, competed for a "silver ball" provided by a private citizen, and the *Rocky Mountain News* editorialized that baseball should be commended for "imparting some glow besides brandy to many a young man's countenance."

ONE of the perplexities that faced the miner-ball player in the gold camps was to find a fairly level place to lay out a diamond. Another was that many of the contests ended in bloody free-for-

Courtesy Pyne Press

Above, the "Pacifics," one of the earliest "organized" ball teams in the West. Note initials on their belts, P.B.B.C. (Pacifics Base Ball Club). Baseball was then two words.

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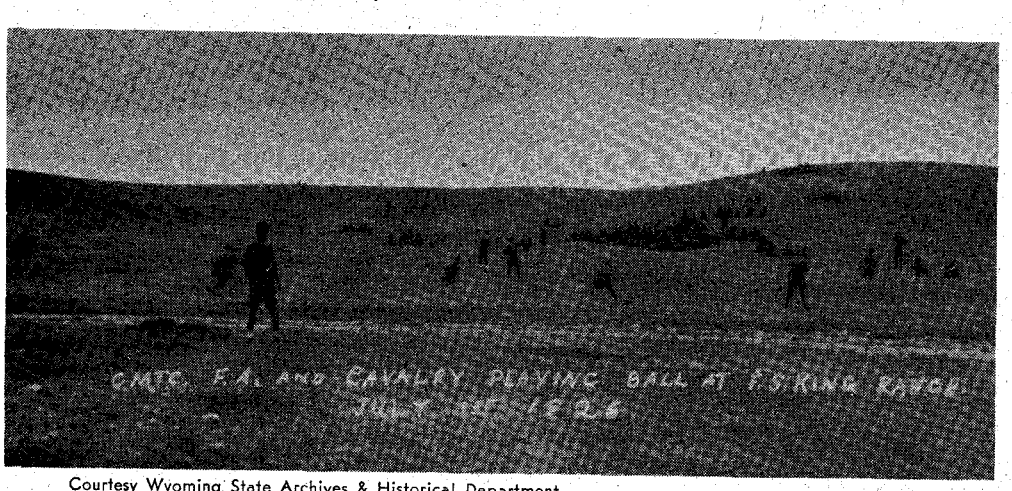
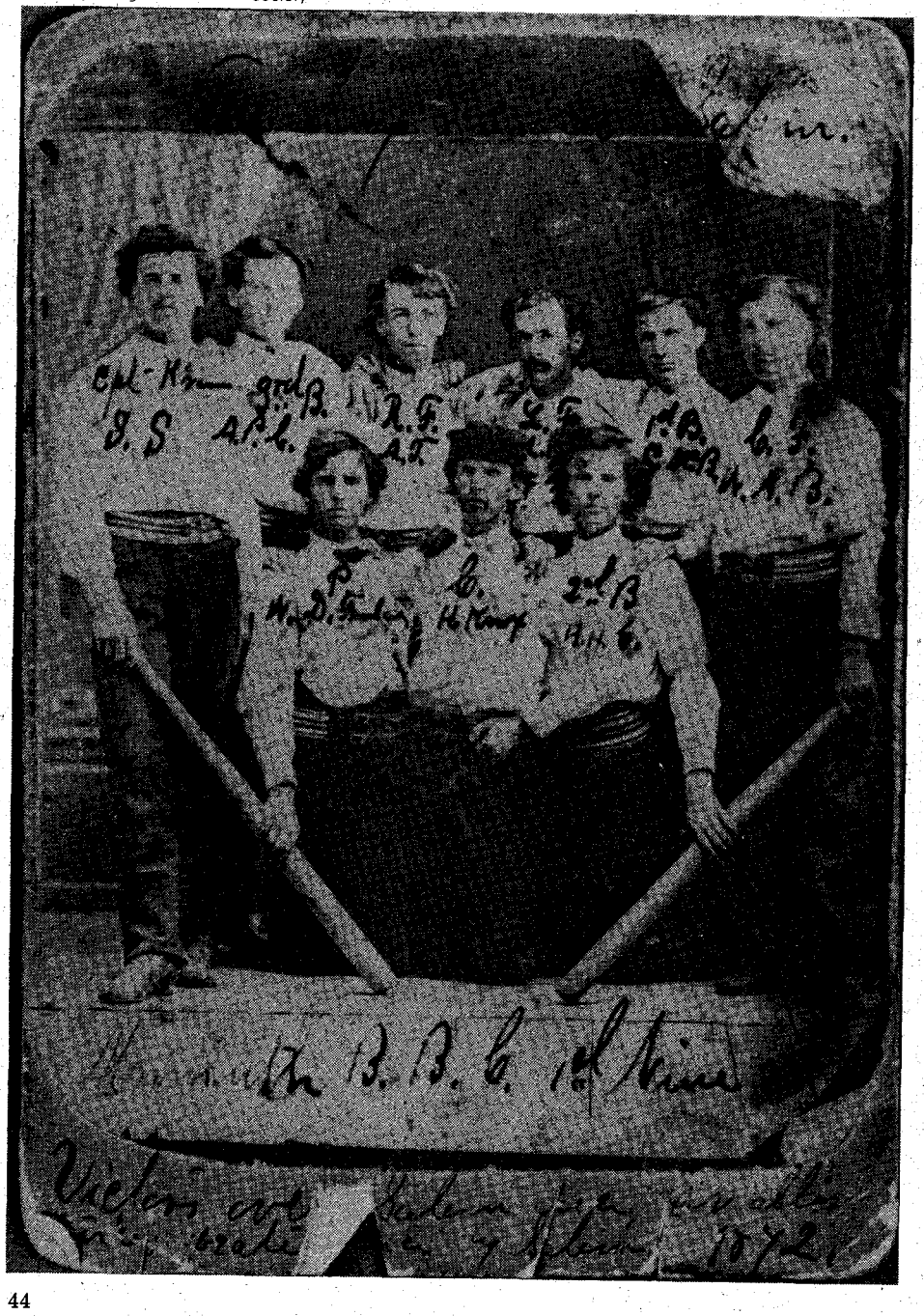


Courtesy Wyoming State Archives & Historical Department

Above, although of a later era, this shows a good example of baseball played in the "wide open spaces." Below, a Portland, Oregon team of 1872 enjoying the fruits of victory over Salem.

Courtesy Oregon Historical Society



alls such as the one between the Bald Mountain Daisies of Nevadaville and Central City. The fights that followed the gold camp games were harder fought than the ballgames themselves.

The first game in Virginia City, Montana was played in a windstorm so violent that it had to be transferred from the usual playing grounds to a more sheltered hollow near a cemetery. But the game went on.

Scores in baseball's infancy were usually astronomical. Fielder's and catcher's gloves were not in general use until 1875. Neither was the catcher's mask. The catchers, unlike today, stood some distance from the batter. Early-day catchers placed a piece of hard rubber or shoe leather in front of their teeth for protection from foul balls.

The pitcher threw in an underhand motion, much as in present-day softball. The batter could request placement of the ball, such as: "I want one just about the knee," or "A little higher, please." Ball players on the frontier did not gain immediate knowledge of changes in rules or refinements of the game.

The sport of baseball in Virginia City, Nevada was played on what was called the "dunghill." The dunghill was the grounds behind the gas works. In South Dakota a bed of ore was discovered directly under home plate. Naturally the ball field was moved and a shaft was sunk. The name of the strike—Homerun.

As Cartwright did when heading for the gold diggings, many Northern soldiers, when leaving for Civil War duty, stuffed baseballs in their knapsacks. There are reports of impromptu matches between Union prisoners and Confederate guards.

President Lincoln with his son Tad, once stopped to watch a game between the 71st New York Guards and the Washington Nationals being played in an empty space near the White House.

As the gold-seeker, the railroader, the settler moved westward after the war, so did the protective arm of the soldier. Here on make-shift diamonds the boredom of life was broken by baseball. Not only were games played between teams of military personnel but civilians as well. One of these military teams was called the Benteens and in 1875 they cut quite a swath in Dakota Territory.

In the summer of 1876, however, they were caught up in more serious pursuits. They were with General Custer's 7th Cavalry at Little Big Horn and when Captain Frederick Benteen's Company H made that controversial move to the left a trooper-baseball player was one of those killed in the skirmish that followed. He was Private William Davis who had been described in a Yankton, Dakota Territory paper as "sure catch, but poor thrower." Several others on Benteen's team were wounded, among them Private "Fatty" Williams who reportedly signed to play as a professional for Pittsburgh in 1877. (There is no record of his having done so.)

Another soldier who had learned the game during the Civil War was Colonel

(Continued on page 62)

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The Search for John Waldron

(Continued from page 17)

Illinois to Hall County, Nebraska in 1872. Isaac and Ruth Waldron, three daughters, and young John traveled by wagon, along with others. Nebraska was an unknown land. Perhaps this influenced the family in their resignation to the fact that their son's grave lay in a county so wild and remote, seeking it out would be useless.

Having grown up with the knowledge of her grandparents' grief, John Waldron's niece never gave up hope of finding his final resting place. Relatives visited the now-populous Saratoga in the late 1960s.

Approximately ninety years had gone by since the last communication concerning the death and burial of John Waldron when I, who live in Saratoga, received a letter from John's niece of Grand Island, Nebraska. A bond of friendship was soon established.

Although a positive location of the grave has not been found, the search goes on and it is heartwarming to know that Johnny's grave does not lie on the wind-swept prairie. The seasons provide perpetual care for his and other pioneers' burial places. Spring and summer flowers —blue yellow, and gold—grow amid the sage, and wildlife large and small finds food, shelter, and a haven there. The fall is just as beautiful.

ON May 21, 1887 the *Carbon County Journal* reported the death of John Waldron: "A young man by the name of Waldron, who was with a Union Pacific surveyors crew up the river, as a teamster, was drowned a week ago today.

"It seems that Waldron and another attempted to cross the river in a small boat, which became unmanageable and they were both thrown into the water.

"One of the men reached the shore in safety, but Waldron sank and was not seen to rise. His body was not recovered at last advice. But little is known of Waldron here beyond the fact that he had friends somewhere in Nebraska. He was an employee of Sylvester Bowers as a teamster at the time of his death."

A second story appeared in the Rawlins (Wyoming) *Journal* on June 29: "The body of John Waldron, who will be remembered was drowned some six or eight weeks ago in the North Platte river, was found here.

"It came floating down the river this morning and was followed down the river and taken out about 300 yards below the bridge.

"Judge Mauk summoned a coroners jury composed of J. C. Brown, Count Von Knoblock, George F. Bremer, Henry Wilson, W. A. Davis, and Thomas Anderson to sit upon the body.

"Verdict: We believe this to be the body of John Waldron. Cause of death, unknown.

"The face was gone and nothing but the skull was left. The only thing he could be identified by was a patch on the toe of his right boot, which Judge Mauk recollected as having been put on. A coffin was made and the body buried this evening." (This newspaper account was furnished by Marian Geddes, Curator, Carbon County Museum of Rawlins.)

The following letter was sent by Mr. Mauk to John's parents:

"Mr and Mrs. J. W. Waldron, Grand Island, Nebr., Dear Friends: Your letter of the 5th is at hand and in reply will say that after writing to you we found by the law I would be required to send all his property to the Probate Judge. However, I thought that the trinkets would not be of any account to anyone but you. I still hold them and will write to the judge and get permission to send them to you; also since writing to you I have got some bedding, a comforter and a blanket. I also heard that he had a gun. If so, this is with the surveying party, and I will try and get it.

"Perhaps the reason he had no letters or papers on his person when found is that his coat and vest were gone and all the pockets he had were in his pants and overalls. I do not know whether he was in his shirtsleeves when drowned or not, but will find out soon as the party comes in. The expense of taking him up would be heavy, as there would have to be a metallic burial case bought which costs $100.00, then it would have to be hauled here by freight train and would cost perhaps $10.00, then it would cost something to have the body taken up and the case sealed and taken back to the railroad—at a rough estimate I would place the expense at about $175.00 and perhaps more.

"You need not entertain the least doubt as to it being him. The flesh was all gone from his head and face, but his teeth were natural and you know that anyone who knew him would at once

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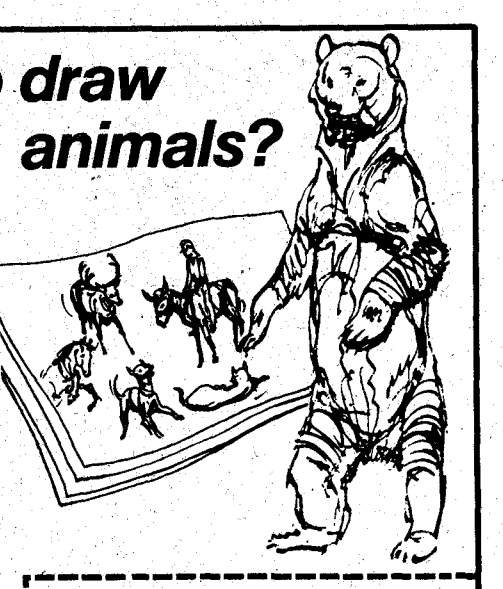

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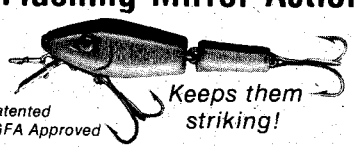

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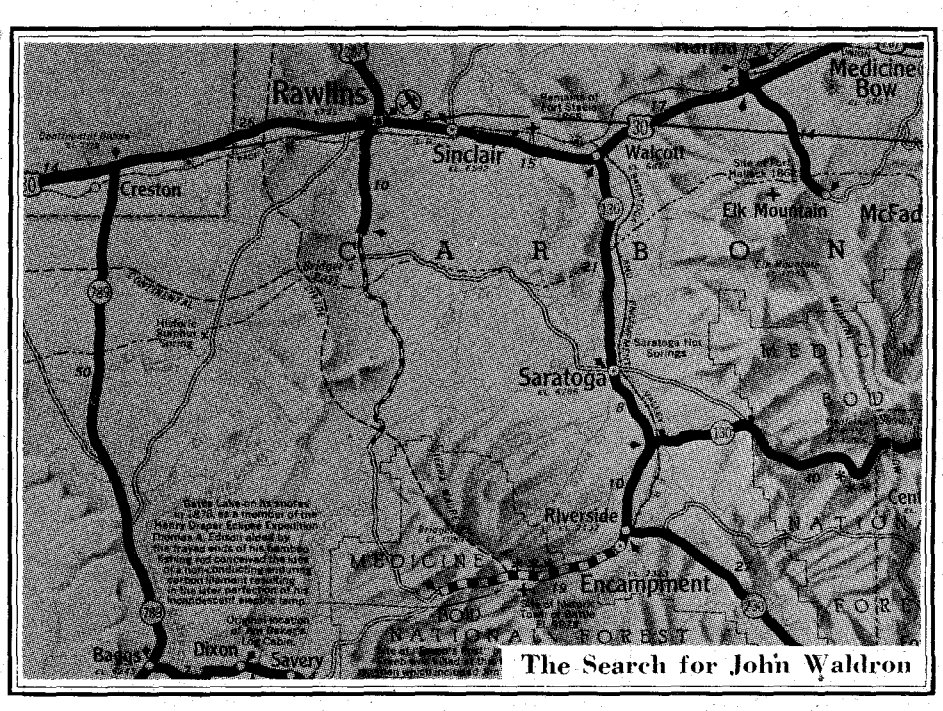

The Search for John Waldron

recognize them. Grant Young who came here with him and was with him all winter described all the trinkets he had before seeing them or before being told that anything had been found on him. He also described the shirt. Grant Young says that the ring was not on his finger when he was drowned. I don't know where it was but will try and find out. We did notice the finger you speak of. I would not advise you to take up the body as it was very much decayed from the waist of his pants up. His shirt was pulled up around his neck and shoulders. His breast and back were bare and had been exposed to the sun and very much decayed; it would be little comfort to take him home and dare not to look at him. You can now remember him as you seen him last. But should you see him now it would spoil all pleasant recollections.

"I have marked his grave so that I will still know it but should I leave here, which I might, it would be lost. I would advise you to have a good board made and well painted with his name, age, etc., and send it to me and I will see that it is put in place. It would be cheaper for you to have it made there and sent to me by express than to have it made here. I will charge you nothing for my trouble getting it up. Should you wish to see a copy of a Wyoming paper with a report of the finding, etc., write to the *Laborette*, Rawlins, Wyo., and send 5 cents each for as many copies you want.

"I will close again by assuring you that there is no reason to doubt that your son is now in his grave.—Respectfully yours, A. D. Mauk."

This letter is now in the Grand Encampment Museum in Encampment, Wyoming. John's niece is certain his parents prepared a marker for the grave, since it was the last and only thing they could do for their son.

So the search goes on for a faded inscription marking the brief life of a pioneer boy in the West.

Pike's Statue Has Been a Bust!

(Continued from page 35)

statues and other structures. McClurg approved the drawing; the sculptor chose for his model of Pike a "fine, upstanding man he found on a local street corner"; and the Pike Statue Project was underway!

"NOBODY knew, exactly, whether Pike was tall or short, but it was decidedly better to represent him as tall," according to McClurg. "For his face, the familiar oval portrait would serve. As to costume and accoutrements, perish the thought! that the explorer had made his bow to the Pikes Peak Region clad in overhauls and coonskin cap!"

Expediency being the keynote, a uniform was remodeled after the dressy one depicted in the portrait, and second-hand stores were ransacked for a sword. McClurg, after taking care of the preliminaries, had a tent erected in front of General Palmer's elegant Antlers Hotel where sidewalk superintendents speculated as the model posed and the sculptor worked away.

The big day of the unveiling dawned sunny and clear, with a sizeable crowd on hand. At the base of the statue to honor Pike were Vice-President Theodore Roosevelt and Colorado's Governor James Orman. Behind them were D. E. Fairley, president of the Colorado Springs Chamber of Commerce, and McClurg. The governor's guard was also present.

McClurg reported that Palmer "made a fine dedication address," although it was obvious that the General had to search for a reason to justify Explorer Pike receiving honors that day. He noted in his address that Pike hadn't discovered Pikes Peak and that he and his men weren't able to ascend the mountain because of bad weather and a lack of clothing, equipment and supplies.

As Miss Marjorie Palmer, one of the

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General's three pretty daughters, pulled the cord that held the veil, the statue brought cheers from residents, visitors and hotel guests.

"Some considered the coattails of the eight-foot-tall statue were slightly scant and his extended hand unnaturally large," wrote McClurg, "but for the most part, a fine martial figure he appeared nonethe-less."

McClurg didn't mention that Pike's outstretched arm pointed meaninglessly in a southerly direction because from busy Pikes Peak Avenue he looked better that way. Had the statue been properly pointing west toward Pikes Peak, an unimpressive view of its backside would have resulted.

Inscribed on the statue's pedestal was a record of Pike's deeds and the sentence, "The desert shall rejoice and bloom as the rose," in reference to semi-arid Colorado Springs in which General Palmer had made every effort to grow suitable plants and trees.

For several years Zebulon Pike was spruced occasionally with a new coat of paint. Gradually, however, he became weakened by the elements and was completely done in when that new-fangled conveyance, the horseless carriage, came swooping down the hotel driveway.

"From a discoverer, Pike became a clod on the wheels of progress!" wrote McClurg.

When it was noised around that Pike had become a liability and would be completely disposed of, "troops" went into action to save Pike's head and torso for the El Paso County Pioneer Society Museum. Charging from the north was McClurg's wife, Virginia Donaghe McClurg, associated with the Pioneer Commission, while Mrs. William W. Price of the Pioneer Society charged from the south.

"But they were too late," according to McClurg: "Lt. Pike had bit the dust and small boys were exalting over the remains."

THE SECOND opportunity for the Zebulon M. Pike Monument Association to produce a statue of Pike was in 1906 when the Centennial Celebration of the explorer's expedition was scheduled. The planners hoped to promote national competition among leading artisans and sculptors for the design of a permanent Lt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike Statue. Unbelievably, after having had a decade in which to produce such a statue, the association claimed it had run out of time! Members decided that a more practical plan was to have a granite boulder hauled from the slopes of Pikes Peak and placed in Antlers Park behind the hotel.

However, when an appropriate boulder estimated to weigh 33,870 pounds was spotted within fifteen feet of the roadbed at the fifteen-mile post of the Colorado Springs & Cripple Creek District Railway which skirted the south edge of Pikes Peak, association members rationalized that this one would be as appropriate as one from farther up the big mountain.

The largest wrecking train in the West was secured to load the boulder, and it arrived safely late on the evening of June 23 in the D&RG yards only a block from where it would be placed. No conveyance in Colorado Springs was strong enough to handle the boulder, so track was laid across the street to the park and the huge rock was skidded along. The actual job of mounting the stone on its base turned out to be a bigger project than bringing it into town.

Attracting public interest got a shot in the arm through a local newspaper story headlined, "Attempt to Steal Big Pike Boulder." The D&RG night operator startled police headquarters one midnight with an alarm that culprits were trying to make off with the big rock. Bill Gibbs and Joe Bush were booked and charged with larceny, and the celebration committee had the boulder chained down to prevent further similar attempts.

Before the ungainly boulder was upended into place, the executive committee deposited in a large copper casket various mementoes they felt would be a valuable source of information for future generations. These included copies of local newspapers, portraits of General Palmer and Zebulon Pike, a set of Pike Commemorative Medals struck specifically for the celebration, pamphlets, and books. Four bronze plaques were bolted into the sides of the boulder, the inscriptions describing Pike and his "discovery" of Pikes Peak.

An entire week of festivities was planned for the celebration. Special church services were conducted on Sunday and the first of many parades took place on Monday. In addition, a polo tournament at the Cheyenne Mountain Country Club, concerts, Indian dances, cavalry maneuvers and speeches were scheduled.

On Wednesday, in a raging snowstorm on the summit of Pikes Peak, William Slocum, president of Colorado College at Colorado Springs, officially christened the peak with an appropriate bronze tablet.

The big day for the Pike Association was Thursday, with festivities centering around the unveiling of its boulder. In attendance were 1,500 soldiers, the same number led by Pike in his victorious but fatal assault on York on April 23, 1831.

Pyrotechnic displays, evening carnivals, more parades, banquets, and public addresses brought to a close the celebration which finally faded into history along with the Zebulon M. Pike Monument Association.

Seventy-five years have gone by and Colorado Springs still has no statue of Lieutenant Zebulon Montgomery Pike.

The latest effort was described in the August 16, 1977 Colorado Springs *Gazette Telegraph* by staff writer Stephen Bobbitt:

"El Paso County officials are having about as much luck obtaining an 18-foot bronze statue of Zebulon Montgomery Pike as Pike had when in 1806 the young lieutenant tried to climb the great mountain bearing his name.

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"Pike of course never made it to the summit, and county officials find themselves out on a ledge too.

"The statue, brainchild of former county commissioner Jack Vaeth, was scheduled to be installed in a $3,000 concrete fountain at the county's new Centennial Building on November 15, the 171st anniversary of Pike's first sighting of Pikes Peak from a hilltop some 100 miles southeast of the peak. . . .

"The county, working with the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center, had commissioned local artist Charles Rockey to produce an 'heroic bronze' statue of Pike.

"Rockey was selected after bids were submitted by other artists, and he received $1000 for his bid model and $15,000 for his work on the final product. The county also commissioned Rockey to produce 100 small models of the final statue, to be sold as a limited edition and help the county pay for the statue.

"Problems developed when Rockey's small model was sent to Clyde Doney, who operates a foundry in Durango. 'That's when things started falling apart,' said County Commissioner Thom Foulks.

"When Rockey went to the foundry to assist Doney in making a full-size 18-foot clay model (later to be cast in bronze), based on Rockey's smaller model, he found that changes made on the work by Doney were unacceptable.

" 'It's no longer my work,' Rockey said. 'It's now Doney's even though I was selected as the artist to create the statue.'

"Discussions between Rockey and Doney fell apart and the commissioned artist says he is 'barred' from returning to the foundry.

"It would appear to be a simple matter to have the incomplete clay model of the statue shipped from Doney's foundry back to Colorado Springs. Unfortunately, the county contracted to pay Doney $37,000 for his work and has already paid him $20,000. Another problem: Doney's firm won't guarantee safe delivery of the statue, Foulks said.

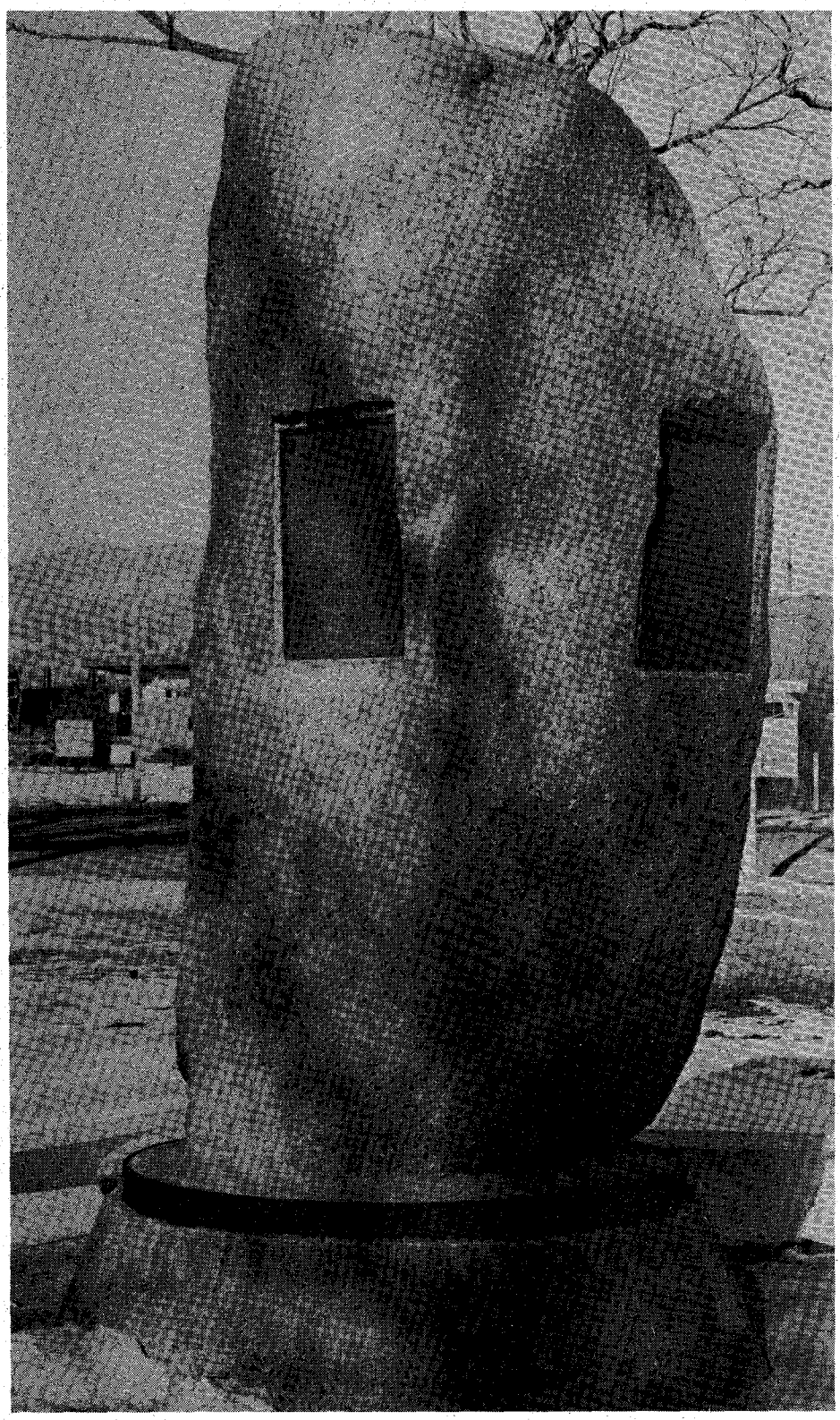
" 'At this point we don't have a way out,' said Foulks. 'Unfortunately, a portion of the money has been paid for the cast, yet we have a model of the statue the county can't buy out of without buying the whole darn thing. . . . I wish I had never heard of the thing.'

" 'I don't want to discuss it at all,' said Arne Hansen, director of the Colorado Springs Fine Arts Center. 'We're trying to solve some of the problems in relation to it.'

"Discouraged but not defeated, Rockey vows to complete the commissioned work. 'The county will get its statue if it takes me another year to produce it here in my studio' (in Manitou Springs), Rockey said. 'I promised the statue and the people of the county will have one to be proud of.' . . ."

In the meantime, the fourteen-ton boulder in Antlers Park is weathering well and continues to draw its share of visitors.

This 14-ton boulder commemorates Lt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike's visit in 1806 to what is now the Pikes Peak region. It is located in Colorado Spring's Antlers Park.



Courtesy Western History Department, Penrose Public Library, Colorado Springs, Colorado

They Hanged Joe North

(Continued from page 19)

sharp blow followed, and suddenly Jones was on his knees looking up the barrel of a loaded buffalo gun.

"You're going to hell on your knees," said Joe as he looked down on the pleading man and pulled the trigger.

The charge struck Jones in his supplicating right arm, traversed the breadth of him and lodged in his left shoulder. Again, witnesses did nothing, but as Jones had fatally erred in failing to draw down at a safe distance, Buffalo Joe erred in killing a popular man. This time Joe had gone too far, and a letter written by two of the witnesses soon brought Sheriff Ramsey from Hays.

Wallace, December 28, 73

Mr. Ramsey:

Dear Sir:

oure Plasce Has Bin the Seans of A

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nother outrage by Joseph North. He Paid off a man By the naime of Jones that Had Bin at worke fore Him on Sunday morning and that night He took a Six Shooter and Beat over the Head and Robbed Him. the next night He shot Jones and killed Him. Know if can arest Him and bringe Him to trill thar is wittness a nough Hear to Convict Him. You wont have Eney trouble to Arest Him Hear for all of the Sitcens will Helpe you if necessary. Ples git out the Proper Pappers out for Him.

I remain
Respt you
Wm. Thompkins
Jackson Johnson

RAMSEY came on the next train. Joe's bottle bout had ended, and he was slumbering soddenly in his dugout when the sheriff entered his door. The arrest was easy. Joe was conveyed to Hays and chained to a post in the dugout that served as the Ellis County jail.

Justice Jones of Hays ordered Joe bound over to the next term of Ellis County District Court and remanded him to more secure lodgings in Salina. Salina County repeated the process, and again committed Joe to the Salina jail. But a writ of habeas corpus was filed by Joe's court-appointed attorney, A. D. Gilkeson, and it was granted. The Ellis County attorney appeared at the hearing with witnesses from Wallace, but to no avail.

Joe returned to Hays, but finally had to enter his plea. The county attorney convinced District Judge Prescott to issue a bench warrant for Joe's arrest. On the day of the trial the prosecution was unable to produce its crucial witnesses because a cholera epidemic and random violence had reduced their numbers. Gilkeson entered a motion to "squash" the indictment and the county attorney's "exception to squash" was overruled. The jury was called, sworn, and discharged on a motion by the disgruntled prosecutor of nolle prosequi. Joe was discharged and the State of Kansas footed the court costs.

Joe took the next train to Wallace. Word of his freedom had preceded him by telegraph. A mob, waiting when he stepped off the train, informed him he was no longer welcome in Wallace and promised to lynch him if he ever showed up there again.

Joe heeded the warning, carried on his profession, and delivered his hides farther up the line until the loneliness of Christmas Eve and the need of a drink drove him directly to Wallace and Pete Robidoux's warm saloon.

When he tied up his horse to the hitching post it had been exactly a year since he'd killed Pete Jones. The irony of it was lost on him.

ROBIDOUX'S saloon was crowded with celebrating men. True, the spirit of Christmas that warmed their hearts was mostly due to whiskey, and the piano was pouring forth dance hall tunes instead of carols, but the merriment was genuine.

Buffalo Joe's entrance was hardly noticed. He shouldered his way to the crowded bar and his first drinks went down fast and easy. Joe hunched over and drank silently, until his anonymity was lost when a square-dancing cowboy stumbled against him. Instinctively Joe turned—and found himself facing Jackson Johnson.

"Well, I'll be damned!" shouted Johnson. "Look, fellows, if it isn't old Buffalo Joe. Come on over to the table, Joe," invited Johnson, "and have a little Christmas Spirit."

Sitting around the table were some old drinking cronies, a few cowboys, a railroader and a buffalo skinner. Joe's crime seemed forgotten, even by Johnson. When he sat there were smiles and a proffered glass, which Joe quickly drained.

The men listened to the music from the rinkytink piano, and fell to serious drinking and lie swapping. Buffalo Joe might have avoided his fate if Johnson hadn't turned the topic to the terrible weather.

"Cold enough to freeze a buffalo to the ground by his belly hair," said the skinner.

"It was cold last year," remembered Johnson, slyly studying Joe from the cover of his wide-brimmed hat. "Was the day a'fore Christmas that the icicle fell off Madigan's roof and kilt the butcher's mule."

"Warn't that the day ol' Pete Jones war kilt?" remarked the railroader, and suddenly Joe was suffering the stares of every man at the table.

Buffalo Joe looked like a slumped mountain as he sat back in his chair. Looking around the table at the men who now remembered that they had promised him a lynching, he picked up his whiskey glass and emptied it.

"It war me that kilt him," answered Joe warningly, "but Pete drawed first."

Johnson ordered another round of drinks and Joe's glass was filled as full as the rest, but the air was heavy. "We're going to have to hang you, Joe," said Johnson, "We said we would and now we'll have to do it."

"I'm an innocent man," protested the hunter.

"No, no," said Johnson, taking the chair at Joe's side, "it wouldn't be right to kill a man we've been drinking with all night. I said we'll have to hang you. I didn't say it would have to be fatal. Pour another drink for Buffalo Joe."

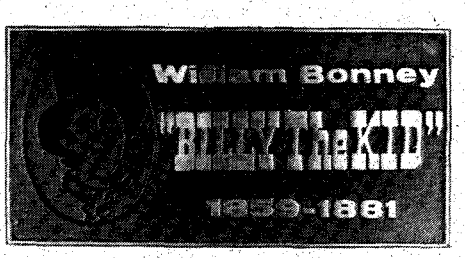
Johnson clapped Joe's back. "We'll have to string him up, men, or our word doesn't mean a thing, but we don't have to strangle him. We can tie the rope under an arm and dangle him from the depot awhile. Things will get square that way."

THE DRINKS kept flowing, and Joe was brought to accept the idea. Gradually he developed enthusiasm for the hanging. The drinks were free.

"Let's get on with it," called Johnson when it became obvious that Joe was going along.

"One more drink, boys," Joe yelled, as he walked with the milling men toward the depot. "It could have been my last!"

A bottle was thrust into his hands and



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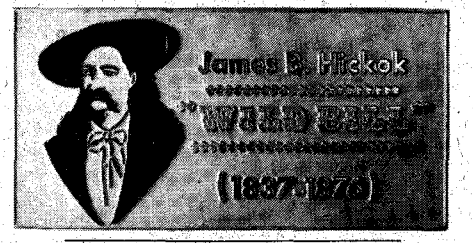

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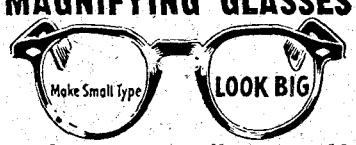

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Courtesy Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka

Wallace, Kansas in the 1880s, looking north.

Joe took a mighty gulp. The men had to fumble a few minutes with the cold-stiffened lariat before it could be passed under Joe's arm and around the heavy collar of his coat. The rope was then tossed over a protruding rafter and the men took the slack out.

"Any last words?" asked one.

"One more drink," Joe replied.

The bottle was pressed to his lips, Joe took his last pull, and immediately slumped forward against the tension of the rope.

"Why, he's passed out," said the skinner.

The men hauled against the rope and hoisted Joe a few feet off the ground. The rope was tied off and they stepped back to enjoy their handiwork.

"I'd like to see his face when he comes to," laughed one.

"We'll hear him yelling from the saloon," replied Johnson. "Let's go back in and drink to it."

Still chuckling at the thought of Joe waking up at the end of a lynch rope, the men crossed the street, entered the warmth of Robideaux's, and pushed up to the bar. More drinks were passed, new tales were told and Joe—dangling like a Christmas bell—his limp form the only ornament in town—was forgotten.

It was a bleary-eyed group who stood that Christmas morning under Joe's grotesquely dangling body. His face was sparkling with ice crystals and his black beard was white with frost. The rope held his heavy coat collar over his mouth. When the men cut Joe down, his body made the same sound the icicle had when it killed the mule. Thus, Buffalo Joe became the only man in the history of the West, as far as I know, who froze to death while being lynched.

But Joe North was destined to participate in one last jest. Instead of hiding their crime, the men stood his body at the entrance of the depot for the morning passengers from the East to see as they debarked for breakfast.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

washing the few dishes we had used. "Lana, don't be afraid. Nothing will hurt us."

The dogs, Bob and Coaly, were running and barking from the front of the house to the back again. I stood as if frozen. Then at the side of the house the voice called again, "Hello, hello the house." The dogs set up their frenzied barking again.

Aunt Mary looked at me knowing I was frightened. She told me the voice called out on misty or rainy nights, but wouldn't harm anyone. She and Uncle Cal had heard it many times since buying the ranch.

Just then the voice came again, from the front of the house. Aunt Mary picked up the lamp and, carrying it down the hall to the front porch, told me to look for there was no one there. The night was really dark—one of those when everything has that velvet look. Aunt Mary carried the lamp into the front room, with me crowding close behind her.

NEXT MORNING, with the sun out, most of my fears disappeared. Then a few nights later we had another cold misty night, one of those half-light, half-dark kinds when every shadow seemed to move. The voice called again at the back of the house, "Hello, hello the house." The dogs, as before, began to bark and run, looking for the source of the sound. When the voice called at the side of the house, Aunt Mary and I went along the porch through the hallway to the front. The dogs came around to where we were.

I looked at the front yard where the front gate had been and saw on the ground a small blue light, about four inches high, right in the middle of the old walk. I told Aunt Mary with relief in my every nerve, "Why, there is someone out there. There is a light out there." Aunt Mary said, no, it was a money light, that was the reason for the voice being there. We were standing in the door of the hall looking at the light when the voice called out, this time right at the old gate post where the light was burning.

I almost ran over Aunt Mary getting into the house, and the dogs came back around the porch barking and running here and there, as scared as I was.

Aunt Mary told me then that a long time ago someone at the ranch had been murdered for money. There was money buried in the old gateway. On a damp or misty night the voice would call out and the light would burn, and legend had it that when someone came and dug up the money the light would go out and the voice wouldn't call again.

As soon as daylight came, I went out

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to the old gate to see if I could find a matchstick or some other thing that might have burned and given off the light. Aunt Mary was watching me from the porch. I looked the wet ground over good, but found nothing that could have given off a light.

I walked over to Aunt Mary and we went to the kitchen to fix breakfast. It was then that Aunt Mary told me she and Uncle Cal had never dug for the money. They felt that the person who was killed might have been buried there. That is why Uncle Cal changed the gate.

She said she or Uncle Cal would never dig up the ground, because the voice and light didn't bother them anymore. At first they were afraid, when they first bought the ranch, but no longer. Yet, if they dug up someone's bones, they would move. I asked why Bob and Coaly were so frightened. She said they could hear the voice but could not locate the speaker.

We had only a few cloudy, misty nights while I was there. The days were very pleasant, riding Penny over the mountains and valleys. I dreaded the dark nights, though, for even if Aunt Mary wasn't afraid of the voice, it unnerved me terribly.

I was really glad when Uncle Cal got back and I could go home. I knew now why the other girls were not so eager to stay out at the ranch except at certain times of the year.

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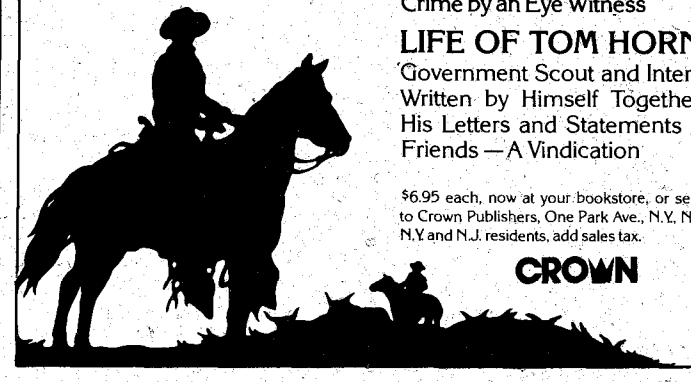

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A CHOCTAW'S FRIEND

By Bud Goodson
As Told To Eve Ball

"COME IN," said my father, "and eat with us. Supper's about ready." It was almost dark; the winter of 1923 was long and cold. But Dad always welcomed everybody who came to our home on the Choctaw Reservation in the Kiamichi Mountains of Eastern Oklahoma. And, as did everybody else, he kept them overnight and fed them.

The man who entered was tall, thin, and shaking with cold. When he stood before the fireplace he gave his name as Griffin Misner and said he was looking for a job. He was in his early 20s, and hungry. I knew that before my mother called us to the table. He ate like a starved kid—he ate plenty.

Dad had lots of work and when he asked Misner what he could do, the young man replied that he was flat broke and that he could do almost anything to be done on a ranch. Then my dad asked if he were on the dodge.

Misner sort of blinked and said he wasn't. But all the bums said that.

"Can you shoe a horse or mend a wagon?" Misner said he'd done both in Montana and would be glad to have a chance at them again.

So Dad said, "Well, if you're not running away from something I can use you. Put your things in the bunkhouse. You will eat with us. That's the way I feed my hands if they don't have a family."

At breakfast Misner asked Dad if he had any tobacco. Dad didn't but told him to go to the tack room, get a saddle and go to the little trading post at Yanush and get some. He added that Misner was to get whatever else he might need and charge it. He didn't have any gloves and his shirts were about wore out he said.

Dad told him to get three shirts and put them on our bill. Dad wasn't taking much of a chance for in them days if you treated a man right he'd generally make good.

DAD really needed a hand that he didn't have to watch. And Griffin Misner was one that would do to take along. Every member of our family liked him. He helped my little sisters with their arithmetic lessons and heard them spell. And he'd help Mother with the dishes. He'd bring in wood and fill the water bucket without being asked. He was a topnotch blacksmith and he put our wagons and buckboard in good shape. We'd begun to feel like he was part of the family—and Choctaws don't accept many white people that way. Grandpa Bohannon was a full-blood and a Presbyterian preacher. The Goodsons were mixed blood.

Dad had good horses and every spring a bunch of colts had to be broke. He hadn't asked Misner if he could ride. Everybody was supposed to be good riders, though maybe not bronc busters. And it took one for them colts. Misner told Dad he'd broke lots of them in Montana.

Dad had a young stud he'd grain fed all winter. Ordinarily horses just lived on dried grass. Dad wanted him rode before he was turned out on pasture. When asked if he wanted to break the bay stud, Misner said he did. Us boys wondered if he was a rider or if he just thought he was.

We watched while he got the stud saddled, and Dad asked if Misner wanted him to snub the horse up and lead him aways. Misner replied, "Just ear him down till I git aboard." Misner then said, "Just keep him outa the fence till I warm him up."

Dad was on one of the horses best trained for the job. And he told Misner, "Jest ride him; he won't git in no fence."

Misner climbed on and pulled down his hat. We were all set for the show, and it was a good one. He spurred that stud every jump, grain fed or not. Misner knew how to ride and how to handle a bronc.

MY oldest sister, Ruby, had a filly that had bucked off every cowboy around. George King was a good rider but that filly had throwed him. The other boys said George wouldn't have stayed on as long as he did if Sam Phillips and Jim Kimble hadn't of rode her first and she was tired. I tried to ride the filly, just once, but I didn't stay long. She was a pretty Steel Dust.

I had three brothers and they told around that we had a bronc buster working for us. The boys said, "Git Ruby's filly up and grain her good. When the time's right we'll bet he can't ride 'er."

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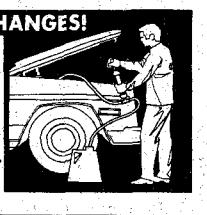

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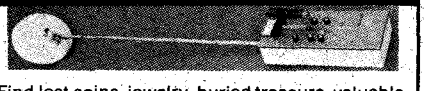

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Us boys told Dad what we was up to, and he said, "Misner is a good hand and lives here. Let's tell him what it's all about; then if he wants to ride the filly, we'll get her up." She was out on pasture.

At the supper table Dad looked at Griff Misner and said, "I think the boys are plottin' against you."

"Oh, they are?" Misner laughed. "I thought I was among friends."

We told him what was cooking and he said, "Well, I think I can ride that filly. But I might not. I've been bucked off a horse lots of times. You boys orter see some of them Montana broncs."

The day came, and there were cowboys on hand from miles around in every direction to see Misner get killed. We took the filly out on the meadow where the ground was smooth and hard.

Misner told me he depended on me to herd the filly, and I was on the best horse for the job. He pulled the hackamore off and got a choke rope on her. Two cowboys eared her down till he got the saddle buckled. He spurred her every jump and when she quit bucking I caught her and Misner got off.

Then he put the hackamore back on her and said, "This little pony can't buck. You orter see some of those ol' Montana broncs fire up."

Well, she got rode, but she'd bucked so long she couldn't quit. Misner let Ruby ride the filly but he warned Dad it wasn't safe. So Ruby traded her to Bill Standerfer.

In 1924 Aggie Standerfer and Griff Misner married. They had three of the cutest little boys there ever was. Our friendship with that cowboy had been one case where race made no difference to a Choctaw. My dad judged a man by his own tough standards, and Misner measured up to them.

A Man with a Sword in His Side

(Continued from page 31)

all agog at the wild and woolly Westerners, so they laid it on thick. Bierce played a different game. It wasn't fame he craved, so much as bona fide credentials as an intellectual. To some extent, he got what he went for.

Under the pen name Dod Grile, Bierce wrote a number of stories and sketches that were anything but for a magazine called *Fun*. He also wrote for *Figaro*, and by 1874 the prolific Dod Grile had become the author of three books: *The Fiend's Delight*, *Nuggets And Dust Panned Out In California*, and *Cobwebs From An Empty Skull*.

Bierce had also managed to father two sons, Day and Leigh, in the brief intervals he spent with his wife, who remained in Bath or Bristol while he, himself, lived in London.

BIERCE'S WORK brought him considerable attention and a job as a writer and editor for a magazine called *The Lantern*, whose patroness was none other than the Empress Eugenie of France. Bierce soon made such an impression on the Empress that she commanded him to appear in her presence. To most writers it would have seemed an honor; for Ambrose Bierce it was merely a bad choice of wording on the part of the Empress. He didn't show up, and the Empress was furious. She fired him on the spot.

Meanwhile, Mollie, who had since returned to America, cabled to tell him their third child (a daughter this time) was on the way. As if all that weren't enough, the damp London climate was playing havoc with his asthma. Bierce packed his trunk and booked passage for San Francisco.

Back home, he found himself something of a celebrity. His reputation as Dod Grile had preceded him, as had the nickname bestowed on him by his London colleagues: "Bitter Bierce."

He began writing his famous "Prattler" column for the San Francisco *Argonaut*, but in 1879 quit to embark on a fruitless mining expedition to the Black Hills. He returned in 1881, resumed his "Prattler" column in the San Francisco *Wasp*, and for the first time began grouping some of his cynical epigrams under the heading, "The Devil's Dictionary." Eventually many of them were collected and published in book form under the same name.

Definitions ranged from Happiness ("An agreeable sensation arising from contemplating the misery of another") to Love ("A temporary insanity curable by marriage").

When the *Wasp* went out of business in 1886, Bierce went to work for William Randolph Hearst who had just acquired the San Francisco *Examiner*. This was the beginning of a love-hate relationship that was to last for twenty years. It was not at all uncommon for Bierce to quit in a huff. When this happened, Hearst would say nothing, but would continue paying him, knowing Bierce's sense of honor would never allow him to accept money for doing nothing. Eventually, he would return.

On one such occasion, Bierce explained why. "I persuaded myself that I could do more good by addressing those who had the greatest need of me—the millions of readers to whom Mr. Hearst was a misleading light." It was one of his kinder comments about his employer. Most were unprintable—at least, in those days.

By 1890 Bierce's position on the *Examiner* and his modest but rising national reputation as a fiction writer had made him the virtual literary dictator of San Francisco. From the hills above The City (to which his chronic asthma had driven him) he hurled his thunderbolts at the heads of the unlucky. He may have been arbitrary and unfair, as many have suggested, but at least he played no favorites. At one time or another he was down on just about everybody.

"A. G. Bierce," his detractors sneered, "Almighty God, no doubt—" Bierce shrugged. "Egotist," he defined in *The Devil's Dictionary* as, "A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me."

In his personal life, there was less about which to be flippant. On his return from England he had resumed the same domestic arrangements he had used abroad, living apart from his family,

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seeing them only occasionally. His marriage soon found itself in trouble.

The showdown, when it came, supposedly involved some letters Mollie had received from an old admirer. Whatever the reason, Bierce left her. He saw her again only twice, though he always said she was the only woman he ever really loved. In 1904 she finally got around to divorcing him, charging desertion.

Tragedy engulfed his two sons. Day killed both himself and a rival after a fight over a fifteen-year-old girl, and Leigh became an alcoholic and died of pneumonia. Bierce seldom saw his daughter. She grew up a virtual stranger to him. Of his inner circle of literary disciples, George Sterling committed suicide and Herman Scheffauer killed both himself and his wife.

THERE were all sorts of stories about Bierce in those days, many of them true. When Leigh died, Bierce had his body cremated and kept the ashes on his desk in a cigar box. Sometimes he would hold the box in his hands and talk to it. It was also said Bierce wrote with a human skull propped up before him.

He was fond of animals (dogs excepted) and there are accounts of his whistling down wild birds to perch on his shoulders, like a sardonic Saint Francis.

He kept a pet lizard, and later a toad which, it was rumored, shared both his table and his pillow. From time to time, the lizard and the toad were evicted in favor of various female companions. Bierce was not unhandsome, in a rugged sort of way, and friend and foe alike agreed that he possessed a strange sort of animal vitality that men found fascinating and women found irresistible.

But no one could abide his sharp tongue for very long. With each passing year, his circle of friends and lovers grew smaller. Perhaps that is why, in 1896, he accepted a job as Hearst's Washington correspondent, after turning down an earlier offer of a similar job in New York.

At any rate, he remained in Washington until 1909, when he resigned to edit his *Collected Works* and to write for *Cosmopolitan*. By 1912 his task was completed, and his works filled twelve volumes. But Bierce was exhausted and depressed.

War had been a catalyst for him once —perhaps it could be again; he set off on a pilgrimage to the Civil War battlefields of his youth. But there were too many years between the young lieutenant and the aging writer of seventy. Whatever Bierce was looking for, he failed to find it. What he really needed, he decided, was a fresh war.

As it happened, one was available. Just south of the Mexican border, the forces of Venustiano Carranza and Pancho Villa had locked horns with President Huerta and the Mexican Army. At times the contest became so heated that it threatened the peace and serenity of their gringo neighbors to the north, and American troops were massed protectively at the border.

Bierce had been following the conflict eagerly in the papers, and by fall of 1913 had decided he would go there.

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For some time he had been saying he was through with writing for good. But he told reporters in New Orleans, in effect: "Maybe, maybe not—" On his journey southward he kept up a steady stream of correspondence to his secretary, his daughter, and others. The farther south he traveled, the more enthusiastic his letters became. By the time he reached the Mexican border they sounded almost like those of a young man.

In late November 1913, at the age of seventy-one, he crossed the border at Laredo, Texas. A final letter, posted from Chihuahua sometime around Christmas, told of his joining Villa's army as an advisor and of being awarded a sombrero in token of his marksmanship against enemy snipers.

It was the last real word the world ever heard from Ambrose Bierce. After he mailed it, he disappeared.

Some say he planned it that way: one last riddle to vex mankind and insure that his name would never be forgotten. Others contend that the fiery Villa finally got enough of the eccentric American, and had him shot. This is likely. Still others maintain that he was killed at the Battle of Ojinaga in January 1914; that he died of a fever in 1916; that he was seen alive, living incognito, in Mexico as late as 1926.

Whatever happened, the whole truth probably will never be known. And that must have suited Bitter Bierce just dandy!

Mystery of Standing Rock

(Continued from page 13)

first commanding officer, Major William Bradford, heard the story of the Spanish Treasure and its location. Aroused by the thought of finding a fortune, Bradford took a detachment of soldiers, with the help of an Indian guide, found the rock. After studying the markings, the Major was certain that somewhere in the vicinity Spanish gold was buried. Like so many others, Bradford became obsessed with the thought. He returned to Fort Smith, supplied a large expedition, and returned to the site.

The Major and his men spent several weeks in futile search for the gold. In fact, Bradford was so occupied in his quest for the buried fortune that he neglected most, or all, of his duties back at the fort and after an investigation was transferred.

BRADFORD'S FOLLY wasn't the end of military quests for the treasure, however. A few years later Colonel Mathew Arbuckle was assigned as commander at nearby Fort Gibson. He heard the story and went on a scouting trip to Standing Rock. Like Bradford, after viewing the Spanish symbols, he took a bad case of treasure hunter's fever.

Arbuckle organized his own searches, and even though he came away empty-handed, the Colonel was always convinced that the Spanish gold was there. Arbuckle is also said to have been the

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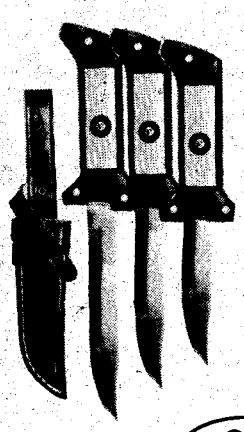

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one who named the big stone "Standing Rock."

The legend passed from one generation to another. After the Civil War, as more whites moved into the area, treasure hunting intensified. No riches were found, but many near misses were reported and circulated widely, bringing in more hunters.

Even the notorious Belle Starr became interested in the treasure. But Belle was different from the others. As she did on any other venture she undertook, Belle made a thorough study of the situation. After researching the Spanish explorers' travels through Oklahoma, she decided the buried fortune was a myth.

There is a story that Belle did turn a profit from all her work, however. She is supposed to have drawn a treasure map and sold it to some Easterner. If Belle did sell a fake map, she doesn't claim the sole honor. There have been other maps of Spanish Treasure at Standing Rock sold, and no doubt will be more.

During the Depression years, the lure of any kind of riches created excitement, and the action around Standing Rock became frenzied. A small army of treasure hunters descended on the region. The rocky hillsides of the surrounding country were dug and blasted until the area resembled a crater-marked battlefield.

Just before World War II, a group from Texas began the biggest of all treasure hunts at Standing Rock, and probably one of the largest ever undertaken in the United States. Whether it was a cooperative, a company, or a group of individuals pooling their resources is not known. But for certain the operation was well financed and organized. They leased hundreds of acres of land. Some stories say the leases guaranteed the land-owners a percentage of the treasure, if found. Others say the leases were for cash. None of the landowners would reveal the lease agreements. The entire operation was secret. Guards were hired to keep out trespassers.

The organization moved in a large crew of men and many pieces of heavy equipment. The work crew's camp and the rumble of heavy motors gave the appearance of a big mining operation more than a treasure hunt.

After about a year, the outfit pulled up stakes and called it quits. They found no fortune, but no doubt spent one.

The failure of this endeavor seemed to have dulled the appetites of the treasure hunters until the mid-fifties. Then the invention and promotion of electronic metal detectors brought another flurry of activity. The search for the Spanish Treasure at Standing Rock intensified in the early sixties. Almost any warm weekend would find swarms of treasure hunters with some kind of metal detecting device combing the region.

The only known valuable ever reported was a small bar of silver found by Wilbert Martin of Tulsa, shortly before the gates to the dam were closed.

STANDING ROCK was about one hundred feet in diameter at its base and rose some forty feet above the bed of the Canadian. The symbols which attracted all the attention and touched off the age old and massive treasure hunt are carved about ten feet from the top of the big rock, just above a ledge. Whoever carved the markings probably stood on the ledge while working.

There were three symbols: a turtle, a triangle, and a handle-like mark attached to one point of the triangle. Also, there were many other carvings and markings on Standing Rock made by later travelers, treasure hunters and sightseers in the area.

What is the meaning of the symbols which have attracted so much attention? It seems each treasure hunter is an authority, and has his own interpretation. Most do agree, however, that they signify that a treasure is buried in the center of a marked triangle in the vicinity. According to this theory a large tree, or rock, would be marked with a turtle at points which would form an equilateral triangle.

Many markings can still be found in the vicinity of Standing Rock. Others were submerged. On a high rock ledge to the north and overlooking the location are many carvings. Among them is a turtle's head, which appears to be pointing directly at the spot where the big rock is submerged. Along this same ledge are several old names and dates of by-gone visitors to the area. Many claim the turtle's head on the ledge is one corner of the triangle.

Today, talk continues among treasure hunters about the Spanish Treasure at Standing Rock. Whether or not the Spanish buried any treasure in the vicinity is uncertain. But two things aren't. First anyone wishing to renew the search will find the hunting grounds drastically reduced in size by the big lake. Second, they should be expert skin divers if they want to study the symbols carved on the big rock. Because according to the U. S. Corps of Engineers in charge of the lake, when it is at an average power pool depth of 585 feet above sea level, the top of Standing Rock is 25 feet below the surface, and that never again will the rock be above the water level unless some catastrophe destroys the dam.

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION required by the Act of Congress, October 23, 1962; Section 3685, Title 39, United States Code. TRUE WEST, published bimonthly in Austin, Texas. Location of Publication and General Business Offices: 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Travis County, Texas 78704. Publisher: Joe Austell Small, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Editor: Pat Wagner, P.O. Box 3338, Austin, Texas 78764. Managing Editor: None. Owner: Western Publications, Inc., 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78704; Joe Austell Small, sole shareholder. Average number of copies printed during last twelve months: 175,916; last single issue: 171,714. Average number of sales during last twelve months through dealers and carriers, street vendors and counter sales: 69,670; last single issue: 63,905. Average mail subscriptions during last twelve months: 24,110; last single issue: 22,994. Average total paid circulation during last twelve months: 93,780; last single issue: 86,899. Average free distribution during last twelve months: 500; last single issue: 500. Total distribution during last twelve months: 94,280; last single issue: 87,399. Average number during last twelve months unaccounted, office use, left over, spoiled after printing: 1,000; last single issue: 1,000. Average number returns from news agents during last twelve months: 80,636; last single issue: 83,315. Total average (net press run) during last twelve months: 175,916; last single issue: 171,714. (Signed) Pat Wagner, September 22, 1977.

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Roy Belyeu Died in the Rain

(Continued from page 26)

easy going guy, never gets upset too much, and he came in the Wagon Wheel two or three days later and said to me, 'You know, Dallas, I think Roy took off with my car.' It took him that long to realize it. Meanwhile, Carlos was taking a cab back and forth to work every day and his old lady was gettin' on him askin' where the car was and, hell, Carlos didn't know. After about a week, Belyeu came walking back into the Wagon Wheel and Carlos says, 'Where the hell is my car?' Belyeu says, 'I don't know.'

"He drove to New Mexico, got arrested, and the cops impounded the car. He had to hitchhike back to the Wagon Wheel. Carlos billed him for cab fare back and forth to work every day and however much it took to get the car back." Belyeu paid.

FOR Roy Belyeu, the ranch was home. It was the one place he could live the life he wanted. And when his hell-raising nights in Tucson were over, he always headed back.

Mrs. Larsen recalled, "When I was livin' behind A-Mountain, Roy would call me and say, 'Come pick me up, I'm awful hungry.' He'd been runnin' all around town drinking. I'd pick him up, feed him and he'd say, 'Take me back to the ranch, Momma.' "

Belyeu's life was full of casual acquaintances, sometime friends, and drinking buddies he ran into on his frequent trips to town. Belyeu knew many people, but there were very few who knew him. Fargo Graham was one.

"We were punchin' cows together as far back as 1956. I cooked, ate, camped, worked and rode the country with Roy Belyeu," said Graham, a Tucson horse trader.

"First time I met Belyeu he was sittin' at a bar across from me. I'd got thrown from a horse and busted my foot and I was in town getting it checked. When I sat down at the bar, he hollered to the bartender that he wanted to buy me a drink. I said, 'No, I'll buy my own whiskey.' It was early in the morning, around ten, and we were the only two there. After a while, more people came in and he wound up sittin' next to me."

Graham and Belyeu became friends while working together for ranchers in the country around Deming in the late fifties. It was Graham who brought Belyeu to Arizona.

"I had come to Tucson and was working and I went to Clovis, New Mexico to buy some cattle. I ran into Belyeu's uncle and told him to tell Roy he could come to Arizona and work for me. Belyeu packed his suitcase, came to Tucson and we took to tradin' horses."

Belyeu and Graham worked together for four years—buying, breaking and selling horses, and when the time came, they drank together.

"We would be breakin' horses and decide to go for an ale. So we rode our horses right up 29th in South Tucson. There wasn't much traffic in those days. We'd ride right into the Wagon Wheel on horseback, pick up somebody's beer off the table, drink it and ride on out the other door.

"I remember one time Roy got thrown from a horse at my corrals. He fell right on top of an ocotilla cactus and split it right down the middle. It cut up his face and tore his shirt right off. A gal in the house came out with a wet cloth and was wiping his face with it and I said, 'Get up, Belyeu, get back to work.' He said, 'No, this feels good.' Crazy s-o-b was lyin' right in the middle of that cactus, but he liked havin' that girl nursin' him."

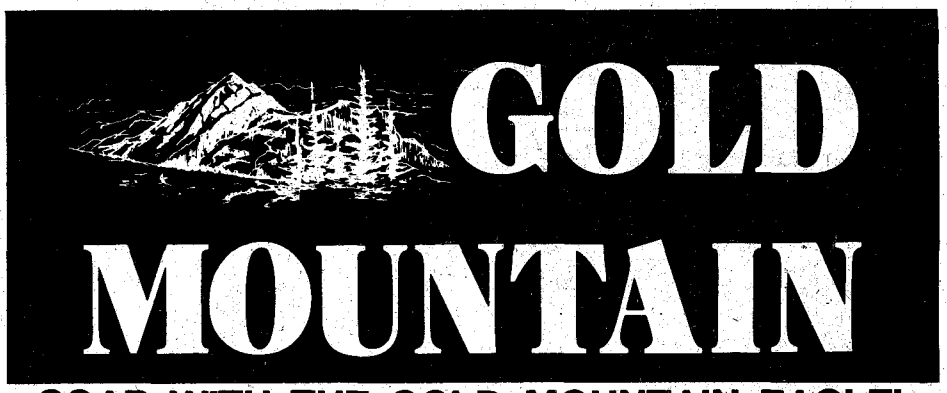
Belyeu never had a steady girlfriend. He knew a lot of women, but, like almost everything with Belyeu, they got in the way of cowboy life. It was the same with material possessions. Belyeu had very few, and that is the way he liked it. His hat—"He always wore a black hat and you never messed with it unless you wanted to die"—was the one possession he cherished.

BUT beneath the brawling, boisterous exterior was another man—a Roy Belyeu not many people knew. Fargo Graham did. "He was a good-hearted guy. He had a beard and pot belly and I used to tell him he looked like Santa Claus. He'd give you the shirt off his back. He enjoyed life, never stole nothin' and never hurt anybody. He'd go huntin' with some of the guys around here, but he only went because they'd give him beer and whiskey and he knew the land. He didn't care nothin' about huntin'. Time and flies is about the only thing he killed. He was good to his horses, too.

"He wasn't ambitious or aggressive. He was happy just being a cowboy. All he wanted was a place where there were good horses to ride so he could work his trade.

"And he was polite. When he'd come into your house, he'd take off his hat and it'd be 'yes ma'am and no ma'am' and no swear words around women. He was good people."

Roy Belyeu's life has been lived before in the pages of a thousand serial Westerns. He was a genuine cut from a mold they say vanished a century ago. He was a 19th century cowboy in a 20th century world and his life, like his death, was out of time.



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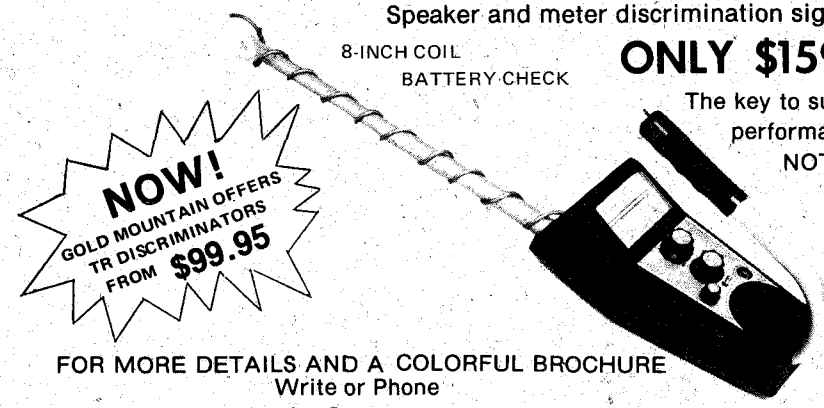

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The Great Blizzard of 1889

(Continued from page 39)

"The rain of a week ago was followed Thursday morning by blizzards of snow and sleet, which sent the herds in a southerly direction. In vain did the already half-frozen cowboys try to check the march of the herds. On they went,

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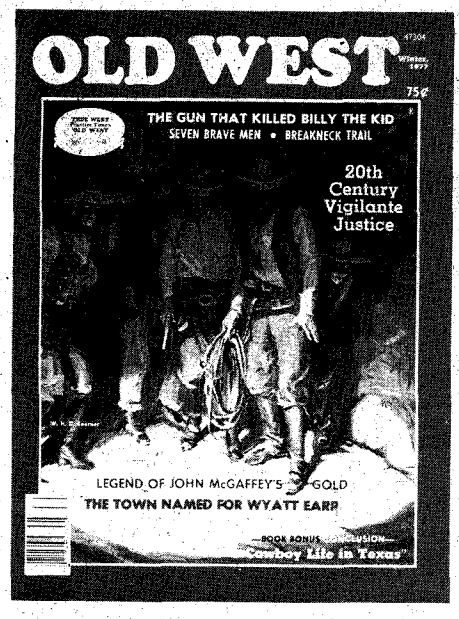

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through increasing storm, until, finding it utterly impossible to hold the cattle, the cowboys rode aside and let them pass.

"Then, when nearly dead, the cowboys rode the exhausted horses into cañons or partially sheltered places where they passed many hours of misery without food or fire. Two cowboys wandered into a cañon where they found a cedar tree, in which was a rat's nest. They managed to light a fire with this. During the second night one of their horses died from cold, and having nothing to eat, the men cut from the dead animal pieces of flesh, which they warmed and ate without salt. After being in the cañon more than sixty hours they started out, and after much suffering and hardship from their weakened condition, managed to reach the ranch, thirty miles away, where they were cared for.

"Five cowboys and two sheepherders are known to be frozen to death. Two men coming in this morning report the drifts in some places as seven and eight feet high, and containing hundreds of dead stock, many of the animals with the horns and heads above the snow. In one drift thirteen cattle were counted, in another ten. Some of these were alive, but unable to move from their frigid prison. Herds of sheep are completely wiped out of existence, and the range, for thirty miles from town, is covered with dead carcasses.

"It is estimated that 20,000 sheep have perished in this part of the Territory. The hay supply is nearly exhausted, and today $100 per ton was offered by stockmen.

"At Texline, nine miles below Clayton [N. M.], two passenger trains have been snowbound for a week. Provisions are running out, and the passengers are compelled to venture out in the storm and kill cattle, the quarters of which are taken into the cars and roasted for food. It is thought the snow plow will reach the imprisoned trains tomorrow and release them, and that the road will be open in a day or two. The storm is by far the worst ever known in New Mexico."

"NOVEMBER 9, 1889. Clayton, N.M.—The storm has abated, and for the first time in nine days the sun is shining. While no authentic reports have been received concerning the loss of life, reports have come from inland that several sheepherders have been frozen on the Leon, a small creek twenty miles south of town. No communications from the seven inland post offices have been received. Some apprehension is felt for the Trampers mail driver who should have reached Clayton yesterday, but has not yet appeared.

"Telegrams tell of Joe Martin, a cowboy who, with others, was employed in holding a herd of cattle. His horse gave out with him, leaving him on the prairie eight miles from the nearest house. This he endeavored to reach, but was overpowered and frozen after walking a short distance.

"The train men report much difficulty in different cuts, which in some places are completely filled with dead cattle and sheep. Stock will be unable to live for any length of time, and unless the cold weather moderates and the crust which has formed on the snow loosens, mortality among cattle will be extensive. Several cowboys who drifted off with herds have not been heard from, and rescuing parties who are looking for them will return tomorrow."

"NOVEMBER 11, 1889. Trinidad, Colorado.—The present snowstorm is without doubt the worst that has ever fallen in this section at this time of the year, and the damage to property will be very great. Hundreds of cattle, sheep and horses are no doubt frozen up on the plains, and stockmen who are shut out from town and cut off from provisions are suffering from cold and for want of food to keep them alive.

"Jud Lyon of Raton, inspector for the Northern New Mexico Stock Growers Association, came up today from Texline, Texas, and tells a harrowing tale of the suffering being undergone by the people living in the Territory south of here, while no one is in a position to render them assistance. He says fourteen men are known to have frozen to death in the neighborhood of Clayton and Folsom, and that when the storm has passed and search can be instituted the number will reach fifty.

"Many of the settlers who have moved into northeastern New Mexico in the past eighteen months are nearly destitute, and if the snow continues to fall much longer, many a poor family will perish for want of fuel and food."

As far as I have been able to learn, no photographs exist that record this blizzard—the devastated countryside and the devastated people. Only the pages of small town newspapers preserve its memory.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

world of fun, ended up getting skinned up good, and the horses were too.

In Texas towns in those days there was always a "Trade Day" each month. If it started in Decatur, then the next Trade Day would maybe be at Sunset, Bowie, or some other town; you see it was a rotating game and all the horse traders for miles around would come to those Trade Days or, as they called them, "First Monday."

All professional horse traders had a top wagon with a stove in it, a bed in the back, the smoke stack stuck out of the top. On cold days the traders would drive along with a little wood stove keeping the wagon warm.

Well, anyway, most all the traders would have a bunch of horses to trade or sell and generally had a horse or mule that he thought might buck. If anyone wanted to ride him, they would get some old boy that thought he could ride and the on-lookers formed a circle for the attraction.

The animal was led into the circle, and the owner would pass among the crowd with his hat and take up whatever he could to see the bronk rode; if some local boy rode the bronk he got the money, if he was bucked off, the owner got the money. Anyway we all would get a big bang out of the deal.

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One First Monday at Decatur, I remember real well a cowgirl bronk buster by the name of Annie Shafer. She wore a big black hat and a leather-fringed skirt. She was middle-aged and had been bustin' bronks for some of the little Wild West shows that were traveling through the country, making picnics and fairs; but she said she could make more money on her own, making those Trade Days, riding for hat collectors.

Well, on this day I'm talking about, she rode a big strawberry roan nose horse, and I mean he had rollers in his nose and she offered ten dollars to whoever wanted a ride on him. If he rode the roan, he got the dough, otherwise it was hers. They made up the ten dollars pronto. Well, that ole roan saddle horse she rode into town busted his rider wide open then tried to eat him. Then a man brought in an old work mule and Annie rode him with her saddle for a dollar.

A month later, the same thing happened. I remember real well this old man, but I'm not sure if he was from Memphis or Cleburne, Texas. I really believe it was Memphis. Anyway he drove a pair of mules pulling a covered wagon and leading behind a Jersey bull, "Muley."

This old bull would weigh maybe 1,400 pounds, give or trade a little. He was just as gentle as he could be. All the town kids could ride him, but the old man had another idea. Using burlap he made an arena, round of course, and charged 25 cents to see someone take a seat on this bull. Well, you might know someone would try to ride him. The old man would offer one dollar a jump. If a man rode the bull he would give the rider what money was taken in.

So this rider put his saddle on the bull in the middle of the ring. The guy pulled everything that was big enough to grip and he rode the bull thirteen jumps and —no doubt about it—he earned those thirteen bucks for riding the bull who was known as "Whirling Tom from Memphis." That bull was never, to my knowledge, rode again.

Well, I now live in Henryetta, Oklahoma. I have a Bit and Spur Shop here. My wife Atha and I have lived in Henryetta fifty-two years now and I was eighty years old on November 12.

If any of the old riders that lived in Decatur, Texas or near, remember these days and events, please write. Let me hear from you. I am—Dee D. Boone, 1311 W. Trudgeon, Henryetta, Oklahoma 74437

Bread Cast on the Plains Works Just Like Bread Cast on the Water

When I read the article by Walter Gann entitled "Friendship in Time of Drought" in the October 1977 issue, I was reminded of a story told to me many years ago of an incident very much like this one that happened in the Texas Panhandle near Silverton and involved a family named Burson and a second family whose name has long been forgotten.

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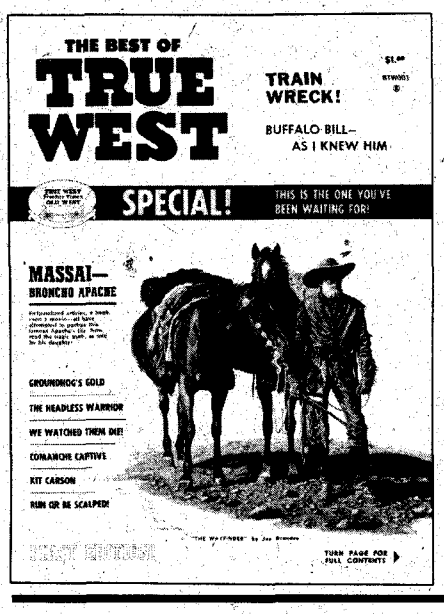

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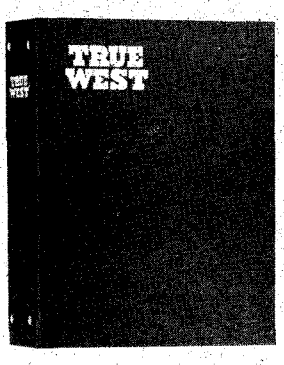

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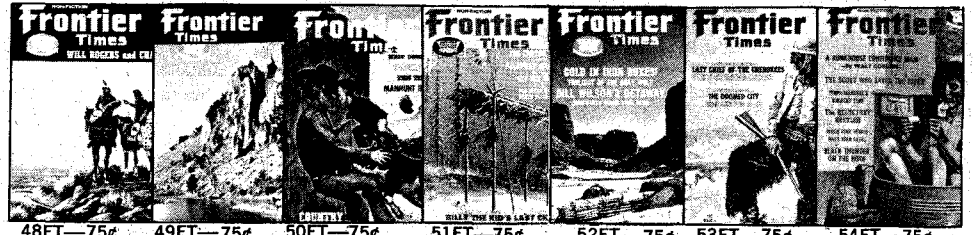

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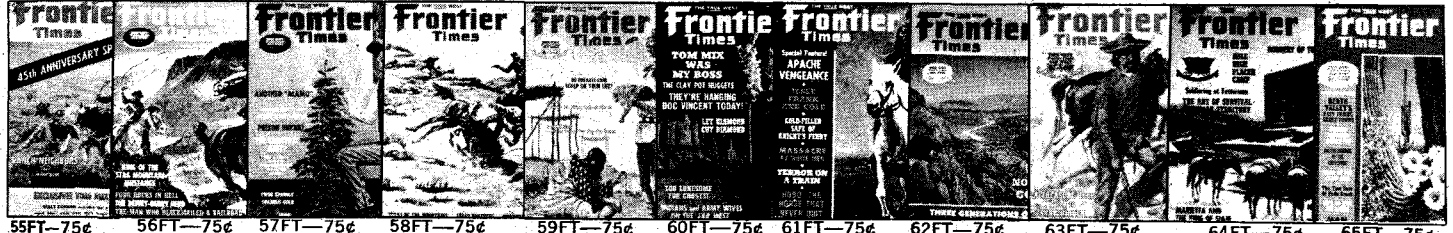

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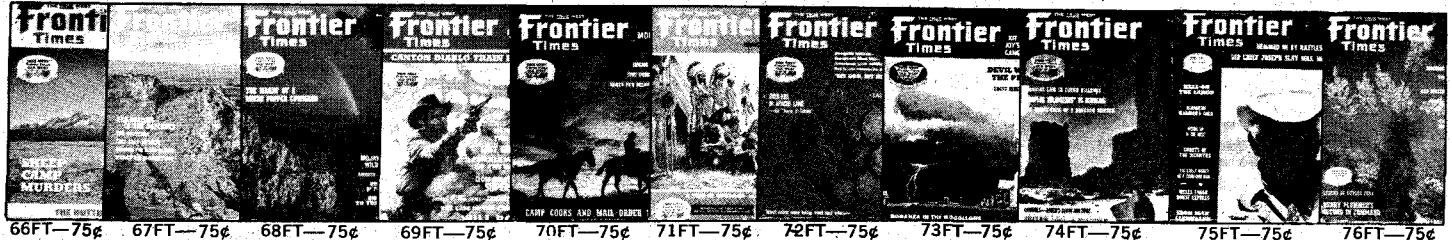

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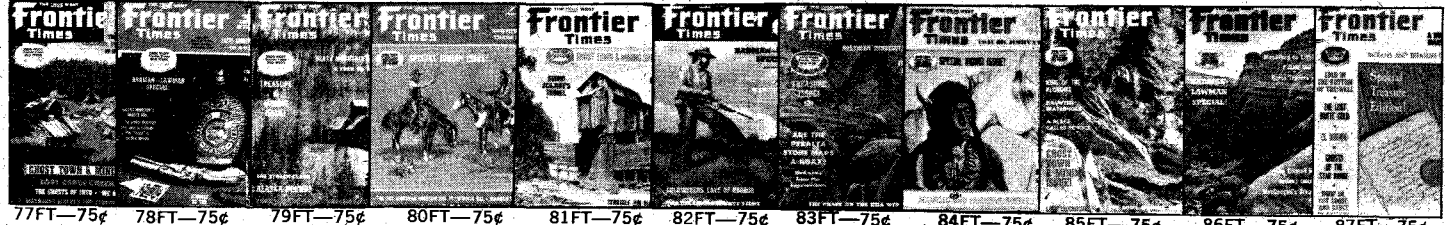

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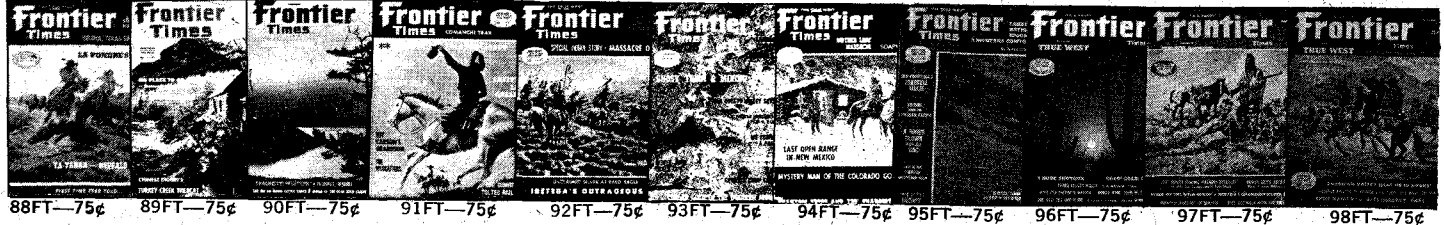

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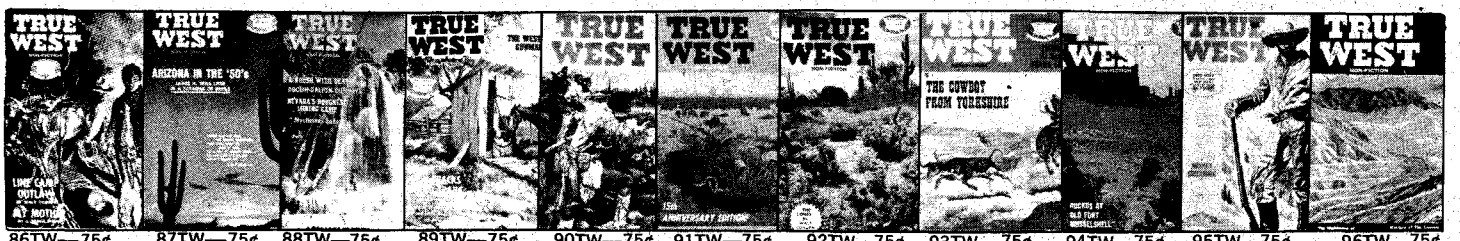

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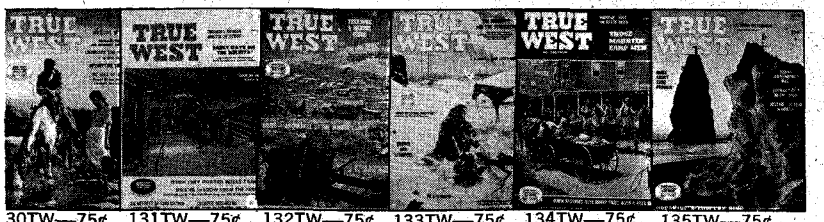

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stopped at the Burson ranch house and the couple asked if they might camp there overnight and water their horses at the Burson tank.

Permission was granted and when Mr. Burson talked with the man he learned that they had "starved out" someplace in East Texas and were heading for New Mexico in hopes they could find work and get a new start. The Bursons fed the family at their bountiful table, fed the horses and provided a warm place for them to stay overnight. When they left the next morning there was an abundance of horse feed and a generous quarter of Burson beef, flour and other staple foods in the wagon that would assure the strangers of good food for a while.

In the true manner of old-time West Texas hospitality the strangers and the Burson generosity were forgotten, but years later that part of the state was hit by another severe drought and the Bursons decided to move their cattle to Kansas where there would be wheat fields to graze.

On the trip they crossed a section of New Mexico where there were a number of small ranches and plenty of water and some grass. Late one evening Mr. Burson rode up to a well-kept ranch house and asked someone there if he might water his cattle at their tank and offered to pay for the water. The young man he was talking to called his father out and as soon as the father arrived he told Burson to turn his cattle in a certain pasture and to leave them there as long as he needed to.

After Burson expressed some amazement at the man's generous offer the man asked Burson if he remembered some strangers he had fed and helped at his own ranch many, many years ago and told Burson that he was the man and that he and his family had prospered through the years and owned a nice little ranch and were glad that they could, in a small way, return the favor and the help extended to them many years before.

A younger generation of the Bursons are still ranchers in the Panhandle and still carry on the traditions of their grandfather who never turned away a stranger in need who came to his door.

I enjoy your magazines and some of the articles in them refresh my memory of things I would not want to forget.—Rena F. Morris, Route 5, Box 253, Brownwood, Texas 76801

Violence in '84

About twelve years ago I picked up a copy of either *True West* or *Frontier Times* off a rack and started thumbing through it to kill some time (my wife was busy shopping). A story about a distant relative grabbed my attention. Now a person can read a lot of so-called "true" stories when in truth they are not, so I was somewhat skeptical. At any rate, the magazine promised to at least be entertaining, if not really accurate, and I bought it, read the story, and became a believer. The incidents described jibed with what I had been told in my younger days. I became a subscriber and have been ever since.

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Occasionally you folks come up with a story dealing with the south-central part of Colorado (Canon City—Cripple Creek area) and the story agrees with bits and pieces I had already known. Somebody obviously knows more about that part of the country than I do, and I grew up there!

I am enclosing a copy of a letter my grandmother wrote to her parents, Jason and Sarah Blakeslee, and sister Cora about a hanging in Rosita, Colorado. The letter was written in 1884. Cora, my great-aunt, was nearly 100 years old when she died in the early 1960s.

"Rosita, Colo. Jan. 29, 1884

"Dear Pa & Ma & Cora

"I expect you have heard what an awful time we have been having in Rosita. One man shot dead and two men hung and it was so close to home it seems like I can't ever get over it. They were hung on the corner of that little log cabin that belongs to Doc's mother this side of the corral and you know that is pretty close. I know one thing I never want to pass another such a night. Doc was at home and we went to bed but we knew what was coming. We heard them break the door open and then men follow.

"John Grey and Frank Williams were the two that were hung. John Grey did not have hardly a word to say but Williams begged awful. It was a mob that hung them—40 or 50 they say. They made the officers give up their arms and after they had hung the men they went to shooting just to raise _____.

"It was caused from the fuss I told Cora about at the dance. You remember Kirts knocked Williams down with a chair thinking they had stabbed Schoolfield.

"So on Sunday morning they met in the saloon and Kirts told the boy he did not have one thing against them and then it commenced. They first hit him on the head with the pistol and stunned him, and shot him 3 times, once in the head and twice in the breast. Kirts shot Williams through the shoulder. Kirts never spoke after he was shot. The other boys ran to get away and Williams ran up to Kirts house and drew his pistol on Kirts wife, but the officers were after him so close that he kept right on and Bill Schoolfield caught him and they were hung at five o'clock this morning.

"We did not know that they were hung so close. So when I got up early this morning and peeked out the front room door there they both hung facing toward me, and it was awful.

"Their parents and all their folks live here, their mothers did not come to see them but their fathers did, both old men. I felt so sorry for them. They will be buried tomorrow. Kirts will be taken back to Kentucky to be buried.

"Well, I can not tell you all the particulars by writing. We are all well. I hope Pa & Cora got home all right. Did Cora get to the dance? I will not write any more this time.

"Write soon. Yours as ever

Sarah Warner"

Aunt Cora used to tell us youngsters many stories about things that happened when she came West in a wagontrain when she was a young girl.—W. Warner Bessey, 1736 Halsey Avenue, San Leandro, California 94578

CORRECTION

The photograph on page 25 of the December '77 TRUE WEST showing the office of John Banister should have read Coleman instead of Comanche. His grandson tells us the old photo was labeled incorrectly as to the location of the office. Mr. Banister moved around a lot.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 5)

Puyallup, Washington and a sister, Dora Bertschy McVittie. My grandfather lived with Dora and her family until he passed away in March, 1913 or '14. Their home was at Yelm, Washington.

All letters about John Bertschy's relatives will be greatly appreciated and answered.—J. L. Bertschy, 920 Trinity Street, Orland, California 95963

Arnold-Webb-Cook-Barnett

I am interested in hearing from descendants of Jonathan Arnold, a roving Methodist preacher. He married Elizabeth Webb in South Carolina in 1823. They later moved to Marion County, Alabama where they had five daughters and seven sons. Another son was born in Illinois. In 1843 they moved to Marion County, Illinois. Their children were: John Wesley; Nancy; Mahalie, Margret Adline; Esther; William; Joseph; Ivy; James; Feliz; George (my line); and Fletcher, who was born in Illinois.

After the Civil War they moved to Kingman County, Kansas and in 1867 they moved to Ennis, Texas, where John died in 1882. George had married early in life to Lucy Cole in Illinois. She died sometime during the Civil War. They had one son. George later married Elizabeth Lee of Limestone County, Texas.

I would also like to hear from any descendants of John N. Cook who married Sarah J. Barnett on March 3, 1857 at Groesbeck, Texas. John was from Alabama where it is handed-down family history that he had been married before and had eleven boys and two girls. John and Sarah had four children: William, Mattie, Flora and Samuel. John died in Ennis, Texas in 1869 of pneumonia. His wife Sarah died two days later of childbirth. Their children were sent to live with the Barnetts near Weatherford, Texas.—George W. Cook, Jr., 807 West 3rd Street, Pittsburg, Kansas 66762.

Hollinger-Leathers

Ahymen Valentine (Dick) Hollinger was born in Pennsylvania about 1840. His brothers were William, Smithton and Wesley, who was a doctor. He married and had four children: Ella, Elmer, Del and Ida. He married the second time about 1875 to Iowa P. Niece in Leon, Iowa. They had six children: Mary, Smithton, Helen, Fred, Ruth, and Homer. They also raised two orphan girls, Viola and Venus Hazard.

They moved from Iowa to Kansas and lived in Leota, Dighton and Coffeyville. He operated a mercantile store, livery stable and ranches in this area.

(Continued on page 64)

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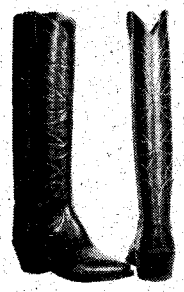

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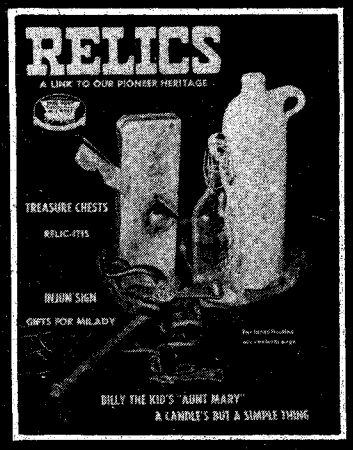

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Ball One on the Frontier

(Continued from page 44)

Thomas Moonlight, Commander of the 11th Kansas Regiment. He organized a team at Leavenworth on his return home.

The early games between cities were huge social gatherings, with lavish entertainment and even brass bands to speed the visiting team's departure.

The much-traveled Red Stockings were invited to play at the Topeka Fairgrounds in 1870, but the Ohio team could not make it and one from Rockford, Illinois came instead. The Rockford nine featured a player whose name was to appear on more baseballs than any other player. He was A. G. Spalding who went into the sporting goods business, furnishing baseballs for the game for over 100 years.

Courtesy Pyne Press

An artist's portrayal of an early ball game, with catcher, umpire, and spectators in unlikely positions as compared with a modern game.

ARIZONA was honeycombed with military bases. Here, as well as elsewhere in the West, baseball was often referred to as the "Army game." Between Apache raids and the monotony of garrison duty, ball games as sizzling as the Sonora sun took place.

There also were a few civilian teams. "Too tough to die" Tombstone went out and hired "too tough to lose" ball players. Phoenix, on the other hand, had only a pair of outstanding ball players. One was from Boston; the other from Philadelphia. But in their big contest at the Territorial Fairgrounds, Phoenix "spiked up" with players from Fort Apache and other military bases. They played well enough to send the Tombstone backers home with heavy hearts and light purses.

Young men in Nebraska City, Nebraska Territory, talked of forming a baseball club as early as 1860, explaining that "it improves the wind, puts blood in circulation, gives energy to the soul, buoyancy to the spirit, not half of which will ever be accomplished by dumb-bell exercises in the rear of some poorly lighted store or dusty office."

However the first recorded games took place in 1870 with the formation of the Elkhorn Club of Omaha. This team was led by a player named Hankens who had earlier played with the Union Club of Massena, New York. The center fielder, McCauley, delighted the local fans. He is remembered for his feat of making a one-handed catch while leaning over the back of a cow which had wandered across the playing field in search of greener pastures.

With the advent of the railroad and the homesteaders, towns appeared everywhere on the Nebraska prairie, and many soon had baseball teams—the Striped Stockings, Blue Belts, Bug-eaters, and Close-cuts. There was lively competition between Nebraska and Iowa teams. One of the latter featured a father and several sons. One of the sons, A. C. "Pop" Anson, was to reach great heights as a major league player and manager in Chicago.

Twenty-some years before baseball was recorded in the Omaha area, a wagontrain of Mormons led by Brigham Young crossed the Missouri at this point. One of the converts was a blacksmith, Jonathan Browning, who designed the repeating rifle that bears his name. He was also the father of Thomas E. Browning, one of twenty-two sons from a plurality of wives.

Thomas recalled that as a young boy he had probably played the earliest baseball in the Mormon settlement in Utah. He remembered putting in ten hours labor at the brickyard (one of his father's many enterprises) before heading for the baseball diamond. He played until darkness forced him home. The other members of the large family did not play the game and Thomas received very little sympathy when his left-over supper was skimpy or his broken bones were painful.

Thomas Browning played with the Ogden in a tree-lined park and in one game a triple play was caused by the trees. A batter, with two runners on base, hit the ball high into the foliage, where it stuck. As the batter circled the bases the fielder shook the tree, caught the ball as it was dislodged, and put out the batter and both base runners. No rules at this time covered the situation.

Fort Union, Dakota, one of the many Army teams of the 1870s and '80s which helped to make the game a national pastime.

Courtesy Fort Laramie Historical Association

IN NEW MEXICO baseball sometimes was hampered by the Women's Christian Temperance Union. The ladies of Santa Fe presented a petition "of solemn protest" in an attempt to prohibit baseball on Sunday. The protesters, according to their statement, believed in the Divine law but it was the civil law they wanted enforced.

The manager of the Santa Fe team, one George Preston, countered with, "The greater portion of our people do not construe that law in the puritanical sense set forth in the petition."

He must have made a point, for there's no record of any ball player being assessed the fifty dollar fine or having to serve fifteen days in jail, which constituted the penalty for Sunday baseball in old Santa Fe.

In the Pacific Northwest one of the

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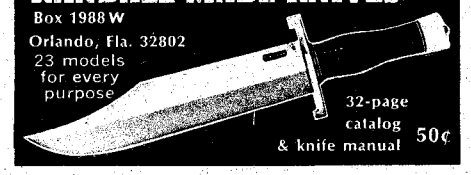

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earliest baseball clubs was the Dysardo team of Eugene, Oregon founded in 1867 as a "society for development of muscle."

In Portland, the next year, a team of a more organized nature was formed. Joseph Buchtel, a photographer who had trekked across country on the Oregon Trail (possibly the reason for the early team being named the Pioneers) managed and pitched on the first club.

Fort Laramie, in Wyoming, was one of Alexander Cartwright's rest stops on his journey to California but the earliest documented game at the Fort took place July 4, 1871 when a game between the "Upper Nine" and the "Lower Nine" was played for a purse of $100. It was collected by the Uppers. The game was umpired by Lieutenant Baker, and as stated in the *Army and Navy Journal*, he was "a recent importation from West Point who managed to get in the way of the ball on all possible and impossible occasions."

Fort Russell also had baseball. It played not only the Fort Laramie team, but also the civilians of Cheyenne. One game recorded in the Cheyenne press did not give the score, but complimented a Dr. Glover for hitting a home run of such magnitude that the distance was to be measured the next day.

Oklahoma was a baseball state but because white settlers were later in arriving, it got off to a slow start. At Fort Supply the soldiers chose croquet as their favorite diversion. Missionary teachers tried to introduce baseball to the Indian youths but the game did not catch on. They preferred their own games. Later, some of the Indians, among them the great Jim Thorpe, became proficient enough to play professionally.

Baseball on the Western frontier was many times "wild and woolly," not unlike the country itself. Clubs were organized for diversion. Later they would develop into competitive teams playing for the honor of camp and community, as well as purses or side bets. Professional baseball stopped at the banks of the Mississippi. It was not for lack of interest, but rather the lack of people. Larger population areas were needed to support what became the national game.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 61)

After the blizzard of 1890 he moved the family to Cheyenne Wells, Colorado where he operated a hotel and livery stable. Leaving Colorado for Elgin, Oregon, he went to Caldwell, Idaho where he died in 1924.

James Zacariah Leathers was born March 20, 1866 in Shenandoah, Iowa. He married Maria Rankin Marshall, March 23, 1858 in Arkansas City, Kansas. He won a homestead in the race for land in the Cherokee Strip in Oklahoma. They had eight children: Clyde, Iva, Samuel, Leona, Hazel, Florence, Edna and Robert. The family left Oklahoma about 1912 and moved to Portland, Oregon and then to Winlock, Washington where James died in 1934.

I would appreciate any information at all on the Leathers or Hollinger families. —Mrs. Edna Hollinger, 482 State Hwy. 506, Castle Rock, Washington 98611

Duff

I would appreciate information on Martha Alice Stewart Duff. She was born April 12, 1858 in Ritchie County, West Virginia. Her daughters were Ethel M. Duff Allen, Flossie E. Duff Deerben and Gracie Duff Williams.—Elsie I. Stewart, P. O. Box 367, Grand View, Idaho 83624

Pearsall-Blackmore-Erhardt

I am looking for the family of my father, Ernest Blackmore Pearsall, born 1880 somewhere in North Carolina. His brother was Iley White Pearsall, born 1860 or 1861 somewhere in Virginia or North Carolina. There were other children whose names I do not know, except for a sister, Cordelia Pearsall, date of birth unknown. My grandfather's name is believed to have been William Pearsall; my grandmother's Anne Blackmoor or Blackmore. We believe she was a Cherokee Indian.

I am also looking for any possible living relatives of my uncle, Charles Erhardt, who came to Helena, Montana in 1898 in search of silver. He was born in Dimbsthal, Alsace, France. Perhaps some brothers also came to Montana and their families still live near there. My uncle eventually settled in Alaska and had a large family. I would like, however, to hear from anyone who knew him in Montana. He was my maternal uncle.—Carlton J. Pearsall, 95-16 107th Street, Ozone Park, New York 11416

Hammons-Hammond

About the time of the Civil War Alfred Hammons, with family, left Johnson County, Tennessee, near Mountain City, and went West. Would any of your good readers know of this family. If so, please write.—Nathan Hammond, 931 Camelot Drive, Salem, Virginia 24153

Misuse of This Department

Recently I placed a query in your "Trails Grown Dim" column. Since then I have been deluged by letters, not from people who had information concerning the family members I requested information on, but from people who were (for lack of a better word) "peddling" their religion.

I did receive the family information requested, but believe me I am tired of being put upon by the religious people who don't have anything else to do. I am a church-goer, but is there any way to let these people know that your magazines are not church directories? I wonder if others have this trouble.—Mrs. E. M. Ritter, 56 Calle El Avion, Camarillo, California 93010

Mrs. Ritter, we don't know if other users of this column have been bothered, but we surely hope not. You are correct in stating that we are not running a church directory—or a political directory —or any other kind.

Western Book Roundup

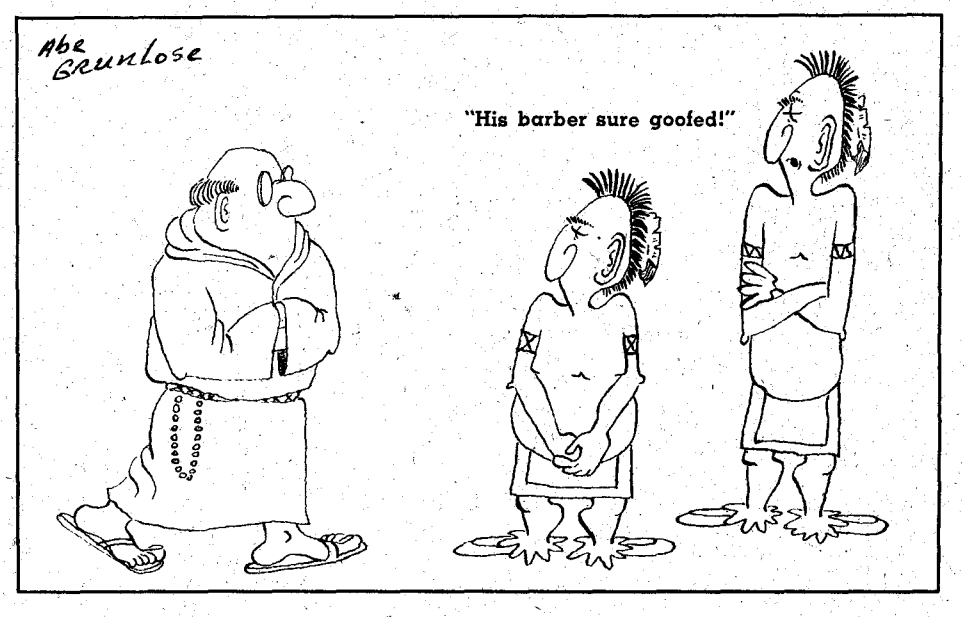
(Continued from page 27)

$4.95 paper). The book was reprinted in 1964 and made available in paperback in 1974. It is, of course, the story of Coronado and the Spaniards who led an expedition northward from what is today Mexico into present-day Kansas during the 1450s. This 491-page book was written by an outstanding historian who was able to piece together the fascinating story of San Francisco Vazquez de Coronado. It's fine history. We're glad to learn it's still available.

GUNFIGHTERS

A number of years ago Carl Breihan wrote a book on gunfighters of the Old West. Now the book has been revised and expanded in a new edition. *Great Gunfighters of the West* (New American Library, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N. Y. 10019, $1.50 paperback) first examines the guns they used and looks at gunfighters in general. Then Breihan looks at Wild Bill Hickok, Wild Bill Longley, Cullen Baker, Bat Masterson, Henry Starr, Henry Brown, Ben Thompson, Clay Allison and Frank Leslie. Breihan examines the colorful background of these men, their legends and the facts as he found them. Sixteen photographs are included. There is no bibliography or index.

Breihan has written more than a dozen books on various aspects of the Old West.



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